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CHAPTER XXI.

MADNESS?

MR. CLEMENT LINDSAY returned to the city and his usual labors in a state of strange mental agitation. He had received an impression for which he was unprepared. He had seen for the second time a young girl whom, for the peace of his own mind, and for the happiness of others, he should never again have looked upon until Time had taught their young hearts the lesson which all hearts must learn, sooner or later.

What shall the unfortunate person do who has met with one of those disappointments, or been betrayed into one of those positions, which do violence to all the tenderest feelings, blighting the happiness of youth, and the prospects of after years?

If the person is a young man, he has various resources. He can take to the philosophic meerschaum, and nicotine himself at brief intervals into a kind of buzzing and blurry insensibility, until he begins to "color" at last like the bowl of his own pipe, and even his mind gets the tobacco flavor. Or he

can have recourse to the more suggestive stimulants, which will dress his future up for him in shining possibilities that glitter like Masonic regalia, until the morning light and the waking headache reveal his illusion. Some kind of spiritual anæsthetic he must have, if he holds his grief fast tied to his heart-strings. But as grief must be fed with thought, or starve to death, it is the best plan to keep the mind so busy in other ways that it has no time to attend to the wants of that ravening passion. To sit down and passively endure it, is apt to end in putting all the mental machinery into disorder.

Clement Lindsay had thought that his battle of life was already fought, and that he had conquered. He believed that he had subdued himself completely, and that he was ready, without betraying a shadow of disappointment, to take the insufficient nature which destiny had assigned him in his companion, and share with it all of his own larger being it was capable, not of comprehending, but of apprehending.

He had deceived himself. The battle was not fought and won. There

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had been a struggle, and what seemed to be a victory, but the enemy—in-trenched in the very citadel of life—had rallied, and would make another desperate attempt to retrieve his defeat.

The haste with which the young man had quitted the village was only a proof that he felt his danger. He believed that, if he came into the presence of Myrtle Hazard for the third time, he should be no longer master of his feelings. Some explanation must take place between them, and how was it possible that it should be without emotion? and in what do all emotions shared by a young man with such a young girl as this tend to find their last expression?

Clement determined to stun his sensibilities by work. He would give himself no leisure to indulge in idle dreams of what might have been. His plans were never so carefully finished, and his studies were never so continuous as now. But the passion still wrought within him, and, if he drove it from his waking thoughts, haunted his sleep until he could endure it no longer, and must give it some manifestation. He had covered up the bust of Liberty so closely, that not an outline betrayed itself through the heavy folds of drapery in which it was wrapped. His thoughts recurred to his unfinished marble, as offering the one mode in which he could find a silent outlet to the feelings and thoughts which it was torture to keep imprisoned in his soul. The cold stone would tell them, but without passion; and having got the image which possessed him out of himself into a lifeless form, it seemed as if he might be delivered from a presence which, lovely as it was, stood between him and all that made him seem honorable and worthy of himself.

He uncovered the bust which he had but half shaped, and struck the first flake from the glittering marble. The toil, once begun, fascinated him strangely, and after the day's work was done, and at every interval he could snatch from his duties, he wrought at his secret task.

"Clement is graver than ever," the young men said at the office. "What's the matter, do you suppose? Turned off by the girl they say he means to marry by and by? How pale he looks too! Must have something worrying him: he used to look as fresh as a clove pink."

The master with whom he studied saw that he was losing color, and looking very much worn, and determined to find out, if he could, whether he was not overworking himself. He soon discovered that his light was seen burning late into the night, that he was neglecting his natural rest, and always busy with some unknown task, not called for in his routine of duty or legitimate study.

"Something is wearing on you, Clement," he said. "You are killing yourself with undertaking too much. Will you let me know what keeps you so busy when you ought to be asleep, or taking your ease and comfort in some way or other?"

Nobody but himself had ever seen his marble or its model. He had now almost finished it, laboring at it with such sleepless devotion, and he was willing to let his master have a sight of his first effort of the kind,—for he was not a sculptor, it must be remembered, though he had modelled in clay, not without some success, from time to time.

"Come with me," he said.

The master climbed the stairs with him up to his modest chamber. A closely shrouded bust stood on its pedestal in the light of the solitary window.

"That is my ideal personage," Clement said. "Wait one moment, and you shall see how far I have caught the character of our uncrowned queen."

The master expected, very naturally, to see the conventional young woman with classical wreath or feather head-dress, whom we have placed upon our smallest coin, so that our children may all grow up loving Liberty.

As Clement withdrew the drapery that covered his work, the master

stared at it in amazement. He looked at it long and earnestly, and at length turned his eyes, a little moistened by some feeling which thus betrayed itself, upon his pupil.

"This is no ideal, Clement. It is the portrait of a very young but very beautiful woman. No common feeling could have guided your hand in shaping such a portrait from memory. This must be that friend of yours of whom I have often heard as an amiable young person. Pardon me, for you know that nobody cares more for you than I do, — I hope that you are happy in all your relations with this young friend of yours. How could one be otherwise?"

It was hard to bear, very hard. He forced a smile. "You are partly right," he said. "There is a resemblance, I trust, to a living person, for I had one in my mind."

"Did n't you tell me once, Clement, that you were attempting a bust of Innocence? I do not see any block in your room but this. Is that done?"

"Done *with*!" Clement answered; and as he said it, the thought stung through him that this was the very stone which was to have worn the pleasant blandness of pretty Susan's guileless countenance. How the new features had effaced the recollection of the others!

In a few days more Clement had finished his bust. His hours were again vacant to his thick-coming fancies. While he had been busy with his marble, his hands had required his attention, and he must think closely of every detail upon which he was at work. But at length his task was done, and he could contemplate what he had made of it. It was a triumph for one so little exercised in sculpture. The master had told him so, and his own eye could not deceive him. He might never succeed in any repetition of his effort, but this once he most certainly had succeeded. He could not disguise from himself the source of this extraordinary good fortune in so doubtful and difficult an attempt. Nor could he resist the desire of contemplating the

portrait bust, which — it was foolish to talk about ideals — was not Liberty, but Myrtle Hazard.

It was too nearly like the story of the ancient sculptor: his own work was an over-match for its artist. Clement had made a mistake in supposing that by giving his dream a material form he should drive it from the possession of his mind. The image in which he had fixed his recollection of its original served only to keep her living presence before him. He thought of her as she clasped her arms around him, and they were swallowed up in the rushing waters, coming so near to passing into the unknown world together. He thought of her as he stretched her lifeless form upon the bank, and looked for one brief moment on her unsunned loveliness, — "a sight to dream of, not to tell." He thought of her as his last fleeting glimpse had shown her, beautiful, not with the blossomy prettiness that passes away with the spring sunshine, but with a rich vitality of which noble outlines and winning expression were only the natural accidents. And that singular impression which the sight of him had produced upon her, — how strange! How could she but have listened to him, — to him, who was, as it were, a second creator to her, for he had brought her back from the gates of the unseen realm, — if he had recalled to her the dread moments they had passed in each other's arms, with death, not love, in all their thoughts. And if then he had told her how her image had remained with him, how it had colored all his visions, and mingled with all his conceptions, would not those dark eyes have melted as they were turned upon him? Nay, how could he keep the thought away, that she would not have been insensible to his passion, if he could have suffered its flame to kindle in his heart? Did it not seem as if Death had spared them for Love, and that Love should lead them together through life's long journey to the gates of Death?

Never! never! never! Their fates were fixed. For him, poor insect as he

was, a solitary flight by day, and a return at evening to his wingless mate! For her—he thought he saw her doom.

Could he give her up to the cold embraces of that passionless egotist, who, as he perceived plainly enough, was casting his shining net all around her? Clement read Murray Bradshaw correctly. He could not perhaps have spread his character out in set words, as we must do for him, for it takes a long apprenticeship to learn to describe analytically what we know as soon as we see it; but he felt in his inner consciousness all that we must tell for him. Fascinating, agreeable, artful, knowing, capable of winning a woman infinitely above himself, incapable of understanding her,—O, if he could but touch him with the angel's spear, and bid him take his true shape before her whom he was gradually enveloping in the silken meshes of his subtle web! He would make a place for her in the world,—O yes, doubtless. He would be proud of her in company, would dress her handsomely, and show her off in the best lights. But from the very hour that he felt his power over her firmly established, he would begin to remodel her after his own worldly pattern. He would dismantle her of her womanly ideals, and give her in their place his table of market-values. He would teach her to submit her sensibilities to her selfish interest, and her tastes to the fashion of the moment, no matter which world or half-world it came from. "As the husband is, the wife is,"—he would subdue her to what he worked in.

All this Clement saw, as in apocalyptic vision, stored up for the wife of Murray Bradshaw, if he read him rightly, as he felt sure he did, from the few times he had seen him. He would be rich by and by, very probably. He looked like one of those young men who are sharp and hard enough to come to fortune. Then she would have to take her place in the great social exhibition where the gilded cages are daily opened that the animals may

be seen, feeding on the sight of stereotyped toilets and the sound of impoverished tattle. O misery of semi-provincial fashionable life, where wealth is at its wit's end to avoid being tired of an existence which has all the labor of keeping up appearances, without the piquant profligacy which saves it at least from being utterly vapid! How many fashionable women at the end of a long season would be ready to welcome heaven itself as a relief from the desperate monotony of dressing, dawdling, and driving!

This could not go on so forever. Clement had placed a red curtain so as to throw a rose-bloom on his marble, and give it an aspect which his fancy turned to the semblance of life. He would sit and look at the features his own hand had so faithfully wrought, until it seemed as if the lips moved, sometimes as if they were smiling, sometimes as if they were ready to speak to him. His companions began to whisper strange things of him in the studio,—that his eye was getting an unnatural light,—that he talked as if to imaginary listeners,—in short, that there was a look as if something were going wrong with his brain, which it might be feared would spoil his fine intelligence. It was the undecided battle, and the enemy, as in his noblest moments he had considered the growing passion, was getting the better of him.

He was sitting one afternoon before the fatal bust which had smiled and whispered away his peace, when the postman brought him a letter. It was from the simple girl to whom he had given his promise. We know how she used to prattle in her harmless way about her innocent feelings, and the trifling matters that were going on in her little village world. But now she wrote in sadness. Something, she did not too clearly explain what, had grieved her, and she gave free expression to her feelings. "I have no one that loves me but you," she said; "and if you leave me I must droop and die.

Are you true to me, dearest Clement, — true as when we promised each other that we would love while life lasted? Or have you forgotten one who will never cease to remember that she was once your own Susan?”

Clement dropped the letter from his hand, and sat a long hour looking at the exquisitely wrought features of her who had come between him and honor and his plighted word.

At length he arose, and, lifting the bust tenderly from its pedestal, laid it upon the cloth with which it had been covered. He wrapped it closely, fold upon fold, as the mother whom man condemns and God pities wraps the child she loves before she lifts her hand against its life. Then he took a heavy hammer and shattered his lovely idol into shapeless fragments. The strife was over.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

MR. WILLIAM MURRAY BRADSHAW was in pretty intimate relations with Miss Cynthia Badlam. It was well understood between them that it might be of very great advantage to both of them if he should in due time become the accepted lover of Myrtle Hazard. So long as he could be reasonably secure against interference, he did not wish to hurry her in making her decision. Two things he did wish to be sure of, if possible, before asking her the great question; — first, that she would answer it in the affirmative; and secondly, that certain contingencies, the turning of which was not as yet absolutely capable of being predicted, should happen as he expected. Cynthia had the power of furthering his wishes in many direct and indirect ways, and he felt sure of her co-operation. She had some reason to fear his enmity if she displeased him, and he had taken good care to make her understand that her interests would be greatly promoted by the success of the plan which he had formed, and which was confided to her alone.

He kept the most careful eye on every possible source of disturbance to this quietly maturing plan. He had no objection to have Gifted Hopkins about Myrtle as much as she would endure to have him. The youthful bard entertained her very innocently with his bursts of poetry, but she was in no danger from a young person so intimately associated with the yard-stick, the blunt scissors, and the brown-paper parcel. There was Cyprian too, about whom he did not feel any very particular solicitude. Myrtle had evidently found out that she was handsome and stylish and all that, and it was not very likely she would take up with such a bashful, humble, country youth as this. He could expect nothing beyond a possible rectorate in the remote distance, with one of those little shingle chapels to preach in, which, if it were set up on a stout pole, would pass for a good-sized martin-house. Cyprian might do to practise on, but there was no danger of her looking at him in a serious way. As for that youth, Clement Lindsay, if he had not taken himself off as he did, Murray Bradshaw confessed to himself that he should have felt uneasy. He was too good-looking, and too clever a young fellow to have knocking about among fragile susceptibilities. But on reflection he saw there could be no danger.

“All up with him, — poor diavolo! Can’t understand it — such a little sixpenny miss — pretty enough boiled parsnip blonde, if one likes that sort of thing — pleases some of the old boys, apparently. Look out, Mr. L. — remember Susanna and the Elders. Good!

“Safe enough if something new does n’t turn up. Youngish. Sixteen’s a little early. Seventeen will do. Marry a girl while she’s in the gristle, and you can shape her bones for her. Splendid creature — without her trimmings. Wants training. Must learn to dance, and sing something besides psalm-tunes.”

Mr. Bradshaw began humming the hymn, “When I can read my title

clear," adding some variations of his own. "That's the solo for my *prima donna*!"

In the mean time Myrtle seemed to be showing some new developments. One would have said that the instincts of the coquette, or at least of the city belle, were coming uppermost in her nature. Her little nervous attack passed away, and she gained strength and beauty every day. She was becoming conscious of her gifts of fascination, and seemed to please herself with the homage of her rustic admirers. Why was it that no one of them had the look and bearing of that young man she had seen but a moment the other evening? To think that he should have taken up with such a weakling as Susan Posey! She sighed, and not so much thought as felt how kind it would have been in Heaven to have made her such a man. But the image of the delicate blonde stood between her and all serious thought of Clement Lindsay. She saw the wedding in the distance, and very foolishly thought to herself that she could not and would not go to it.

But Clement Lindsay was gone, and she must content herself with such worshippers as the village afforded. Murray Bradshaw was surprised and confounded at the easy way in which she received his compliments, and played with his advances, after the fashion of the trained ball-room belles, who know how to be almost caressing in manner, and yet are really as far off from the deluded victim of their suavities as the topmost statue of the Milan cathedral from the peasant that kneels on its floor. He admired her all the more for this, and yet he saw that she would be a harder prize to win than he had once thought. If he made up his mind that he would have her, he must go armed with all implements, from the red hackle to the harpoon.

The change which surprised Murray Bradshaw could not fail to be noticed by all those about her. Miss Silence had long ago come to pantomime,—rolling up of eyes, clasping of hands,

making of sad mouths, and the rest,—but left her to her own way, as already the property of that great firm of World & Co. which drives such sharp bargains for young souls with the better angels. Cynthia studied her for her own purposes, but had never gained her confidence. The Irish servant saw that some change had come over her, and thought of the great ladies she had sometimes looked upon in the old country. They all had a kind of superstitious feeling about Myrtle's bracelet, of which she had told them the story, but which Kitty half believed was put in the drawer by the fairies, who brought her ribbons and partridge-feathers, and other simple adornments with which she contrived to set off her simple costume, so as to produce those effects which an eye for color and cunning fingers can bring out of almost nothing.

Gifted Hopkins was now in a sad, vacillating condition, between the two great attractions to which he was exposed. Myrtle looked so immensely handsome one Sunday when he saw her going to church,—not to meeting, for she would not go, except when she knew Father Pemberton was going to be the preacher,—that the young poet was on the point of going down on his knees to her, and telling her that his heart was hers and hers alone. But he suddenly remembered that he had on his best pantaloons; and the idea of carrying the marks of his devotion in the shape of two dusty impressions on his most valued article of apparel turned the scale against the demonstration. It happened the next morning, that Susan Posey wore the most becoming ribbon she had displayed for a long time, and Gifted was so taken with her pretty looks that he might very probably have made the same speech to her that he had been on the point of making to Myrtle the day before, but that he remembered her plighted affections, and thought what he should have to say for himself when Clement Lindsay, in a frenzy of rage and jealousy, stood before him, probably armed with as

many deadly instruments as a lawyer mentions by name in an indictment for murder.

Cyprian Eveleth looked very differently on the new manifestations Myrtle was making of her tastes and inclinations. He had always felt dazzled, as well as attracted, by her; but now there was something in her expression and manner which made him feel still more strongly that they were intended for different spheres of life. He could not but own that she was born for a brilliant destiny,—that no ball-room would throw a light from its chandeliers too strong for her,—that no circle would be too brilliant for her to illuminate by her presence. Love does not thrive without hope, and Cyprian was beginning to see that it was idle in him to think of folding these wide wings of Myrtle's so that they would be shut up in any cage he could ever offer her. He began to doubt whether, after all, he might not find a meeker and humbler nature better adapted to his own. And so it happened that one evening after the three girls, Olive, Myrtle, and Bathsheba, had been together at the Parsonage, and Cyprian, availing himself of a brother's privilege, had joined them, he found he had been talking most of the evening with the gentle girl whose voice had grown so soft and sweet, during her long ministry in the sick-chamber, that it seemed to him more like music than speech. It would not be fair to say that Myrtle was piqued to see that Cyprian was devoting himself to Bathsheba. Her ambition was already reaching beyond her little village circle, and she had an inward sense that Cyprian found a form of sympathy in the minister's simple-minded daughter which he could not ask from a young woman of her own aspirations.

Such was the state of affairs when Master Byles Gridley was one morning surprised by an early call from Myrtle. He had a volume of Walton's Polyglot open before him, and was reading Job in the original, when she entered.

"Why, bless me, is that my young

friend Miss Myrtle Hazard?" he exclaimed. "I might call you *Keren-Happuch*, which is Hebrew for Child of Beauty, and not be very far out of the way,—Job's youngest daughter, my dear. And what brings my young friend out in such good season this morning? Nothing going wrong up at our ancient mansion, The Poplars, I trust?"

"I want to talk with you, dear Master Gridley," she answered. She looked as if she did not know just how to begin.

"Anything that interests you, Myrtle, interests me. I think you have some project in that young head of yours, my child. Let us have it, in all its dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. I think I can guess, Myrtle, that we have a little plan of some kind or other. We don't visit Papa Job quite so early as this without some special cause,—do we, Miss Keren-Happuch?"

"I want to go to the city—to school," Myrtle said, with the directness which belonged to her nature.

"That is precisely what I want you to do myself, Miss Myrtle Hazard. I don't like to lose you from the village, but I think we must spare you for a while."

"You're the best and dearest man that ever lived. What could have made you think of such a thing for me, Mr. Gridley?"

"Because you are ignorant, my child,—partly. I want to see you fitted to take a look at the world without feeling like a little country miss. Has your Aunt Silence promised to bear your expenses while you are in the city? It will cost a good deal of money."

"I have not said a word to her about it. I am sure I don't know what she would say. But I have some money, Mr. Gridley."

She showed him a purse with gold, telling him how she came by it. "There is some silver besides. Will it be enough?"

"No, no, my child, we must not meddle with that. Your aunt will let me put it

in the bank for you, I think, where it will be safe. But that shall not make any difference. I have got a little money lying idle, which you may just as well have the use of as not. You can pay it back perhaps some time or other; if you did not, it would not make much difference. I am pretty much alone in the world, and except a book now and then — *Aut liberos aut libros*, as our valiant heretic has it, — you ought to know a little Latin, Myrtle, but never mind — I have not much occasion for money. You shall go to the best school that any of our cities can offer, Myrtle, and you shall stay there until we agree that you are fitted to come back to us an ornament to Oxbow Village, and to larger places than this if you are called there. We have had some talk about it, your Aunt Silence and I, and it is all settled. Your aunt does not feel very rich just now, or perhaps she would do more for you. She has many pious and poor friends, and it keeps her funds low. Never mind, my child, we will have it all arranged for you, and you shall begin the year 1860 in Madam Delacoste's institution for young ladies. Too many rich girls and fashionable ones there, I fear, but you must see some of all kinds, and there are very good instructors in the school, — I know one, — he was a college boy with me, — and you will find pleasant and good companions there, so he tells me; only don't be in a hurry to choose your friends, for the least desirable young persons are very apt to cluster about a new-comer."

Myrtle was bewildered with the suddenness of the prospect thus held out to her. It is a wonder that she did not bestow an embrace upon the worthy old master. Perhaps she had too much tact. It is a pretty way enough of telling one that he belongs to a past generation, but it does tell him that not over-pleasing fact. Like the title of Emeritus Professor, it is a tribute to be accepted, hardly to be longed for.

When the curtain rises again, it will show Miss Hazard in a new character, and surrounded by a new world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MYRTLE HAZARD AT THE CITY SCHOOL.

MR. BRADSHAW was obliged to leave town for a week or two on business connected with the great land-claim. On his return, feeling in pretty good spirits, as the prospects looked favorable, he went to make a call at The Poplars. He asked first for Miss Hazard.

"Bliss your soul, Mr. Bridshaw," answered Mistress Kitty Fagan, "she's been gahn nigh a wake. It's to the city, to the big school, they've sint her."

This announcement seemed to make a deep impression on Murray Bradshaw, for his feelings found utterance in one of the most energetic forms of language to which ears polite or impolite are accustomed. He next asked for Miss Silence, who soon presented herself. Mr. Bradshaw asked, in a rather excited way, "Is it possible, Miss Withers, that your niece has quitted you to go to a city school?"

Miss Silence answered, with her chief-mourner expression, and her death-chamber tone: "Yes, she has left us for a season. I trust it may not be her destruction. I had hoped in former years that she would become a missionary, but I have given up all expectation of that now. Two whole years, from the age of four to that of six, I had prevailed upon her to give up sugar, — the money so saved to go to a graduate of our institution — who was afterwards — he labored among the cannibal-islanders. I thought she seemed to take pleasure in this small act of self-denial, but I have since suspected that Kitty gave her secret lumps. It was by Mr. Gridley's advice that she went, and by his pecuniary assistance. What could I do? She was bent on going, and I was afraid she would have fits, or do something dreadful, if I did not let her have her way. I am afraid she will come back to us spoiled. She has seemed so fond of dress lately, and

once she spoke of learning — yes, Mr. Bradshaw, of learning to — dance ! I wept when I heard of it. Yes, I wept.”

That was such a tremendous thing to think of, and especially to speak of in Mr. Bradshaw's presence, — for the most pathetic image in the world to many women is that of themselves in tears, — that it brought a return of the same overflow, which served as a substitute for conversation until Miss Badlam entered the apartment.

Miss Cynthia followed the same general course of remark. They could not help Myrtle's going if they tried. She had always maintained that, if they had only once broke her will when she was little, they would have kept the upper hand of her ; but her will never *was* broke. They came pretty near it once, but the child would n't give in.

Miss Cynthia went to the door with Mr. Bradshaw, and the conversation immediately became short and informal.

“Demonish pretty business ! All up for a year or more, — hey?”

“Don't blame me, — I could n't stop her.”

“Give me her address, — I 'll write to her. Any young men teach in the school?”

“Can't tell you. She 'll write to Olive and Bathsheba, and I 'll find out all about it.”

Murray Bradshaw went home and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, of 24 Carat Place, containing many interesting remarks and inquiries, some of the latter relating to Madam Delacoste's institution for the education of young ladies.

While this was going on at Oxbow Village, Myrtle was establishing herself at the rather fashionable school to which Mr. Gridley had recommended her. Mrs. or Madam Delacoste's boarding-school had a name which on the whole it deserved pretty well. She had some very good instructors for girls who wished to get up useful knowledge in case they might marry

professors or ministers. They had a chance to learn music, dancing, drawing, and the way of behaving in company. There was a chance, too, to pick up available acquaintances, for many rich people sent their daughters to the school, and it was something to have been bred in their company.

There was the usual division of the scholars into a first and second set, according to the social position, mainly depending upon the fortune, of the families to which they belonged. The wholesale dealer's daughter very naturally considered herself as belonging to a different order from the retail dealer's daughter. The keeper of a great hotel and the editor of a widely circulated newspaper were considered as ranking with the wholesale dealers, and their daughters belonged also to the untitled nobility which has the dollar for its armorial bearing. The second set had most of the good scholars, and some of the prettiest girls ; but nobody knew anything about their families, who lived off the great streets and avenues, or vegetated in country towns.

Myrtle Hazard's advent made something like a sensation. They did not know exactly what to make of her. Hazard ? Hazard ? No great firm of that name. No leading hotel kept by any Hazard, was there ? No newspaper of note edited by anybody called Hazard, was there ? Came from where ? Oxbow Village. O, rural district. Yes. — Still they could not help owning that she was handsome, — a concession which of course had to be made with reservations.

“Don't you think she's vurry good-lookin' ?” said a Boston girl to a New York girl. “I think she's real pooty.”

“I dew, indeed. I did n't think she was haaf so handsome the fœest time I saw her,” answered the New York girl.

“What a pity she had n't been bawn in Bawston !”

“Yes, and moved very young to Ne Yock !”

“And married a sarsaparilla man,

and lived in Fiff Avenoo, and moved in the fust society."

"Better dew that than be strong-mained, and dew your own cook'n, and live in your own kitch'n."

"Don't forgit to send your card when you are Mrs. Old Dr. Jacob!"

"Indeed I shaän't. What's the name of the alley, and which bell?" The New York girl took out a memorandum-book as if to put it down.

"Had n't you better let me write it for you, dear?" said the Boston girl. "It is as well to have it legible, you know."

"Take it," said the New York girl. "There's tew York shill'ns in it when I hand it to you."

"Your whole quarter's allowance, I bullieve, — ain't it?" said the Boston girl.

"Elegant manners, correct deportment, and propriety of language will be strictly attended to in this institution. The most correct standards of pronunciation will be inculcated by precept and example. It will be the special aim of the teachers to educate their pupils out of all provincialisms, so that they may be recognized as well-bred English scholars wherever the language is spoken in its purity." — *Extract from the Prospectus of Madam Delacoste's Boarding-School.*

Myrtle Hazard was a puzzle to all the girls. Striking, they all agreed, but then the criticisms began. Many of the girls chattered a little broken French, and one of them, Miss Euphrosyne De Lacy, had been half educated in Paris, so that she had all the phrases which are to social operators what his cutting instruments are to the surgeon. Her face she allowed was handsome; but her style, according to this oracle, was a little *bourgeoise*, and her air not exactly *comme il faut*. More specifically, she was guilty of *contours fortement prononcés*, — *corsage de paysanne*, — *quelque chose de sauvage*, etc., etc. This girl prided herself on her figure.

Miss Bella Pool, (*La Belle Poule* as the demi-Parisian girl had christened

her,) the beauty of the school, did not think so much of Myrtle's face, but considered her figure as better than the De Lacy girl's.

The two sets, first and second, fought over her as the Greeks and Trojans over a dead hero, or the Yale College societies over a live freshman. She was nobody by her connections, it is true, so far as they could find out, but then, on the other hand, she had the walk of a queen, and she looked as if a few stylish dresses and a season or two would make her a belle of the first water. She had that air of indifference to their little looks and whispered comments which is surest to disarm all the critics of a small tattling community. On the other hand, she came to this school to learn, and not to play; and the modest and more plainly dressed girls, whose fathers did not sell by the cargo, or keep victualling establishments for some hundreds of people, considered her as rather in sympathy with them than with the daughters of the rough-and-tumble millionnaires who were grappling and rolling over each other in the golden dust of the great city markets.

She did not mean to belong exclusively to either of their sets. She came with that sense of manifold deficiencies, and eager ambition to supply them, which carries any learner upward, as if on wings, over the heads of the mechanical plodders and the indifferent routinists. She learned, therefore, in a way to surprise the experienced instructors. Her somewhat rude sketching soon began to show something of the artist's touch. Her voice, which had only been taught to warble the simplest melodies, after a little training began to show its force and sweetness and flexibility in the airs that enchant drawing-room audiences. She caught with great readiness the manner of the easiest girls, unconsciously, for she inherited old social instincts which became nature with the briefest exercise. Not much license of dress was allowed in the educational establishment of Madam Delacoste,

but every girl had an opportunity to show her taste within the conventional limits prescribed. And Myrtle soon began to challenge remark by a certain air she contrived to give her dresses, and the skill with which she blended their colors.

"Tell you what, girls," said Miss Berengaria Topping, female representative of the great dynasty that ruled over the world-famous Planet Hotel, "she's got style, lots of it. I call her perfectly splendid, when she's got up in her swell clothes. That oriole's wing she wears in her bonnet makes her look gorgeous, — she'll be a stunning Pocahontas for the next *tableau*."

Miss Rose Bugbee, whose family opulence grew out of the only merchantable article a Hebrew is never known to seek profit from, thought she could be made presentable in the first circles if taken in hand in good season. So it came about that, before many weeks had passed over her as a scholar in the great educational establishment, she might be considered as on the whole the most popular girl in the whole bevy of them. The studious ones admired her for her facility of learning, and her extraordinary appetite for every form of instruction, and the showy girls, who were only enduring school as the purgatory that opened into the celestial world of society, recognized in her a very handsome young person, who would be like to make a sensation sooner or later.

There were, however, it must be confessed, a few who considered themselves the thickest of the cream of the school-girls, who submitted her to a more trying ordeal than any she had yet passed.

"How many horses does your papa keep?" asked Miss Florence Smythe. "We keep nine and a pony for Edgar."

Myrtle had to explain that she had no papa, and that they did not keep any horses. Thereupon Miss Florence Smythe lost her desire to form an acquaintance, and wrote home to her mother (who was an ex-bonnet-maker)

that the school was getting common, she was afraid, — they were letting in persons one knew nothing about.

Miss Clara Browne had a similar curiosity about the amount of plate used in the household from which Myrtle came. *Her* father had just bought a complete silver service. Myrtle had to own that they used a good deal of china at her own home, — old china, which had been a hundred years in the family, some of it.

"A hundred years old!" exclaimed Miss Clara Browne. "What queer-looking stuff it must be! Why, everything in our house is just as new and bright! Papa had all our pictures painted on purpose for us. Have you got any handsome pictures in your house?"

"We have a good many portraits of members of the family," she said, "some of them older than the china."

"How very very odd! What do the dear old things look like?"

"One was a great beauty in her time."

"How jolly!"

"Another was a young woman who was put to death for her religion, — burned to ashes at the stake in Queen Mary's time."

"How very very wicked! It was n't nice a bit, was it? Ain't you telling me stories? Was that a hundred years ago? — But you've got some new pictures and things, have n't you? Who furnished your parlors?"

"My great-grandfather, or his father, I believe."

"Stuff and nonsense. I don't believe it. What color are your carriage-horses?"

"Our woman, Kitty Fagan, told somebody once we did n't keep any horse but a cow."

"Not keep any horses! Do for pity's sake let me look at your feet."

Myrtle put out as neat a little foot as a shoemaker ever fitted with a pair of number two. What she would have been tempted to do with it, if she had been a boy, we will not stop to guess. After all, the questions amused her

quite as much as the answers instructed Miss Clara Browne. Of that young lady's ancestral claims to distinction there is no need of discoursing. Her "papaä" commonly said *sir* in talking with a gentleman, and her "mammaä" would once in a while forget, and go down the area steps instead of entering at the proper door; but they lived in a brown-stone front, which veneers everybody's antecedents with a facing of respectability.

Miss Clara Browne wrote home to *her* mother in the same terms as Miss Florence Smythe,—that the school was getting dreadful common, and they were letting in very queer folks.

Still another trial awaited Myrtle, and one which not one girl in a thousand would have been so unprepared to meet. She knew absolutely nothing of certain things with which the vast majority of young persons were quite familiar.

There were literary young ladies, who had read everything of Dickens and Thackeray, and something at least of Sir Walter, and occasionally, perhaps, a French novel, which they had better have left alone. One of the talking young ladies of this set began upon Myrtle one day.

"O, is n't Pickwick nice?" she asked.

"I don't know," Myrtle replied; "I never tasted any."

The girl stared at her as if she were a crazy creature. "Tasted any! Why, I mean the Pickwick Papers, Dickens's story. Don't you think they're nice?"

Poor Myrtle had to confess that she had never read them, and did n't know anything about them.

"What! did you never read any novels?" said the young lady.

"O, to be sure I have," said Myrtle, blushing as she thought of the great trunk and its contents. "I have read Caleb Williams, and Evelina, and Tristram Shandy" (naughty girl!), "and the Castle of Otranto, and the Mysteries of Udolpho, and the Vicar of Wakefield, and Don Quixote—"

The young lady burst out laughing. "Stop! stop! for mercy's sake," she cried. "You must be somebody that's been dead and buried and come back to life again. Why you're Rip Van Winkle in a petticoat! You ought to powder your hair and wear patches."

"We've got the oddest girl here," this young lady wrote home. "She has n't read any book that is n't a thousand years old. One of the girls says she wears a trilobite for a breastpin; some horrid old stone, I believe that is, that was a bug ever so long ago. Her name, she says, is Myrtle Hazard, but I call her Rip Van Myrtle."

Notwithstanding the quiet life which these young girls were compelled to lead, they did once in a while have their gatherings, at which a few young gentlemen were admitted. One of these took place about a month after Myrtle had joined the school. The girls were all in their best, and by and by they were to have a *tableau*. Myrtle came out in all her force. She dressed herself as nearly as she dared like the handsome woman of the past generation whom she resembled. The very spirit of the dead beauty seemed to animate every feature and every movement of the young girl, whose position in the school was assured from that moment. She had a good solid foundation to build upon in the jealousy of two or three of the leading girls of the style of pretensions illustrated by some of their talk which has been given. There is no possible success without some opposition as a fulcrum: force is always aggressive, and crowds something or other, if it does not hit or trample on it.

The cruelest cut of all was the remark attributed to Mr. Livingston Jenkins, who was what the opposition girls just referred to called the great "swell" among the privileged young gentlemen who were present at the gathering.

"Rip Van Myrtle, you call that handsome girl, do you, Miss Clara? By Jove, she's the stylishest of the whole lot, to say nothing of being a first-class beauty. Of course you know I except

one, Miss Clara. If a girl can go to sleep and wake up after twenty years looking like that, I know a good many who had better begin their nap without waiting. If I were Florence Smythe, I'd try it, and begin now, — eh, Clara?"

Miss Browne felt the praise of Myrtle to be slightly alleviated by the depreciation of Miss Smythe, who had long been a rival of her own. A little later in the evening Miss Smythe enjoyed almost precisely the same sensation, produced in a very economical way by Mr. Livingston Jenkins's repeating pretty nearly the same sentiments to her, only with a change in two of the proper names. The two young ladies were left feeling comparatively comfortable with regard to each other, each intending to repeat Mr. Livingston Jenkins's remark about her friend to such of her other friends as enjoyed clever sayings, but not at all comfortable with reference to Myrtle Hazard, who was evidently considered by the leading "swell" of their circle as the most noticeable personage of the assembly. The individual exception in each case did very well as a matter of politeness, but they knew well enough what he meant.

It seemed to Myrtle Hazard, that evening, that she felt the bracelet on her wrist glow with a strange, unaccustomed warmth. It was as if it had just been unclasped from the arm of a young woman full of red blood and tingling all over with swift nerve-currents. Life had never looked to her as it did that evening. It was the swan's first breasting the water, — bred on the desert sand, with vague dreams of lake and river, and strange longings as the mirage came and dissolved, and at length afloat upon the sparkling wave. She felt as if she had for the first time found her destiny. It was to please, and so to command, — to rule with gentle sway in virtue of the royal gift of beauty, — to enchant with the commonest exercise of speech, through the rare quality of a voice which could not help being always gracious and winning, of a manner which came to her as an in-

heritance of which she had just found the title. She read in the eyes of all that she was more than any other the centre of admiration. Blame her who may, the world was a very splendid vision as it opened before her eyes in its long vista of pleasures and of triumphs. How different the light of these bright saloons from the glimmer of the dim chamber at The Poplars! Silence Withers was at that very moment looking at the portraits of Anne Holyoake and of Judith Pride. "The old picture seems to me to be fading faster than ever," she was thinking. But when she held her lamp before the other, it seemed to her that the picture never was so fresh before, and that the proud smile upon its lips was more full of conscious triumph than she remembered it. A reflex, doubtless, of her own thoughts, for she believed that the martyr was weeping even in heaven over her lost descendant, and that the beauty, changed to the nature of the malignant spiritual company with which she had long consorted in the under-world, was pleasing herself with the thought that Myrtle was in due time to bring her news from the Satanic province overhead, where she herself had so long indulged in the profigacy of *embonpoint* and loveliness.

The evening at the school-party was to terminate with some *tableaux*. The girl who had suggested that Myrtle would look "stunning" or "gorgeous" or "jolly," or whatever the expression was, as Pocahontas, was not far out of the way, and it was so evident to the managing heads that she would make a fine appearance in that character, that the "Rescue of Captain John Smith" was specially got up to show her off.

Myrtle had sufficient reason to believe that there was a hint of Indian blood in her veins. It was one of those family legends which some of the members are a little proud of, and others are willing to leave uninvestigated. But with Myrtle it was a fixed belief that she felt perfectly distinct currents of her ancestral blood at intervals, and she had sometimes thought there were instincts

and vague recollections which must have come from the old warriors and hunters and their dusky brides. The Indians who visited the neighborhood recognized something of their own race in her dark eyes, as the reader may remember they told the persons who were searching after her. It had almost frightened her sometimes to find how like a wild creature she felt when alone in the woods. Her senses had much of that delicacy for which the red people are noted, and she often thought she could follow the trail of an enemy, if she wished to track one through the forest, as unerringly as if she were a Pequot or a Mohegan.

It was a strange feeling that came over Myrtle, as they dressed her for the part she was to take. Had she never worn that painted robe before? Was it the first time that these strings of wampum had ever rattled upon her neck and arms? And could it be that the plume of eagle's feathers with which they crowned her dark, fast-lengthening locks had never shadowed her forehead until now? She felt herself carried back into the dim ages when the wilderness was yet untrodden save by the feet of its native lords. Think of her wild fancy as we may, she felt as if that dusky woman of her midnight vision on the river were breathing for one hour through her lips. If this belief had lasted, it is plain enough where it would have carried her. But it came into her imagination and vivifying consciousness with the putting on of her unwonted costume, and might well leave her when she put it off. It is not for us, who tell only what happened, to solve these mysteries of the seeming admission of unhoused souls into the fleshly tenements belonging to air-breathing personalities. A very little more, and from that evening forward the question would have been treated in full in all the works on medical jurisprudence published throughout the limits of Christendom. The story must be told, or we should not be honest with the reader.

TABLEAU I. Captain John Smith

(Miss Euphrosyne de Lacy) was to be represented prostrate and bound, ready for execution; Powhatan (Miss Florence Smythe) sitting upon a log; savages with clubs (Misses Clara Browne, A. Van Boodle, E. Van Boodle, Heister, Booster, etc., etc.) standing around; Pocahontas holding the knife in her hand, ready to cut the cords with which Captain John Smith is bound. — Curtain.

TABLEAU 2. Captain John Smith released and kneeling before Pocahontas, whose hand is extended in the act of raising him and presenting him to her father. Savages in various attitudes of surprise. Clubs fallen from their hands. Strontian flame to be kindled. — Curtain.

This was a portion of the programme for the evening, as arranged behind the scenes. The first part went off with wonderful *éclat*, and at its close there were loud cries for Pocahontas. She appeared for a moment. Bouquets were flung to her; and a wreath, which one of the young ladies had expected for herself in another part, was tossed upon the stage, and laid at her feet. The curtain fell.

"Put the wreath on her for the next *tableau*," some of them whispered, just as the curtain was going to rise, and one of the girls hastened to place it upon her head.

The disappointed young lady could not endure it, and, in a spasm of jealous passion, sprang at Myrtle, snatched it from her head, and trampled it under her feet at the very instant the curtain was rising. With a cry which some said had the blood-chilling tone of an Indian's battle-shriek, Myrtle caught the knife up, and raised her arm against the girl who had thus rudely assailed her. The girl sank to the ground, covering her eyes in her terror. Myrtle, with her arm still lifted, and the blade glistering in her hand, stood over her, rigid as if she had been suddenly changed to stone. Many of those looking on thought all this was a part of the show, and were thrilled with the wonderful acting. Before those immediately around her had had time to

recover from the palsy of their fright, Myrtle had flung the knife away from her, and was kneeling, her head bowed and her hands crossed upon her breast. The audience went into a rapture of applause as the curtain came suddenly down; but Myrtle had forgotten all but the dread peril she had just passed, and was thanking God that his angel — her own protecting spirit, as it seemed to her — had stayed the arm which a passion such as her nature had never known, such as she believed was alien to her truest self, had lifted with deadliest purpose. She alone knew how extreme the danger had been. "She meant to scare her, — that's all," they said. But Myrtle tore the eagle's feathers from her hair, and stripped off her colored beads, and threw off her painted robe. The metempsychosis was far too real for her to let her wear the semblance of the savage from whom, as she believed, had come the lawless impulse at the thought of which her soul recoiled in horror.

"Pocahontas has got a horrid headache," the managing young ladies gave it out, "and can't come to time for the last *tableau*." So this all passed over, not only without loss of credit to Myrtle, but with no small addition to her local fame, — for it must have been acting; and "was n't it stunning to see her with that knife, looking as if she was going to stab Bella, or to scalp her, or something?"

As Master Gridley had predicted, and as is the case commonly with newcomers at colleges and schools, Myrtle came first in contact with those who were least agreeable to meet. The low-bred youth who amuse themselves with scurvy tricks on freshmen, and the vulgar girls who try to show off their gentility to those whom they think less important than themselves, are exceptions in every institution; but they make themselves odiously prominent before the quiet and modest young people have had time to gain the new scholar's confidence. Myrtle found friends

in due time, some of them daughters of rich people, some poor girls, who came with the same sincerity of purpose as herself. But not one was her match in the facility of acquiring knowledge. Not one promised to make such a mark in society, if she found an opening into its loftier circles. She was by no means ignorant of her natural gifts, and she cultivated them with the ambition which would not let her rest.

During the year she spent in the great school, she made but one visit to Oxbow Village. She did not try to startle the good people with her accomplishments, but they were surprised at the change which had taken place in her. Her dress was hardly more showy, for she was but a school-girl, but it fitted her more gracefully. She had gained a softness of expression, and an ease in conversation, which produced their effect on all with whom she came in contact. Her aunt's voice lost something of its plaintiveness in talking with her. Miss Cynthia listened with involuntary interest to her stories of school and schoolmates. Master Byles Gridley accepted her as the great success of his life, and determined to make her his sole heiress, if there was any occasion for so doing. Cyprian told Bathsheba that Myrtle must come to be a great lady. Gifted Hopkins confessed to Susan Posey that he was afraid of her, since she had been to the great city school. She knew too much, and looked too much like a queen, for a village boy to talk with.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw tried all his fascinations upon her, but she parried compliments so well, and put off all his nearer advances so dexterously, that he could not advance beyond the region of florid courtesy, and never got a chance, if so disposed, to risk a question which he would not ask rashly, believing that, if Myrtle once said *No*, there would be little chance of her ever saying *Yes*.

HOSPITAL MEMORIES

I.

WHEN the first wave of patriotism rolled over the land at the outbreak of the late Rebellion, fathers and mothers were proudly willing to send forth sons and daughters to take their part in the struggle. The young men were speedily marshalled and marched to the scene of action; but the young women were not so fortunate in getting off to places in the hospitals before the first ardor of excitement had cooled. Indeed, all hospital organization was in such an imperfect state that no definite plan could be made for ladies desiring to enter upon the good work.

Then came grave doubts from sage heads as to the propriety and expediency of young women's going at all. One said that they would always be standing in the way of the doctors; another, that they would run at the first glimpse of a wounded man, or certainly faint at sight of a surgical instrument; others still, that no woman's strength could endure for a week the demands of hospital life. In fact, it was looked upon as the most fanatical folly, and suggestions were made that at least a slight experiment of hospital horrors ought to be made before starting on such a mad career. Accordingly, in Boston, a few who cherished the project most earnestly began a series of daily visits to the Massachusetts General Hospital. To the courtesy and kindness of Dr. B. S. Shaw and the attending surgeons, — especially Dr. J. Mason Warren, — these novices were indebted for the privilege of witnessing operations and being taught the art of dressing wounds. The omission of fainting on the part of the new pupils rather disappointed general expectation; and though the knowledge gained in a few weeks was superficial, yet for practical purposes the nurses were not deemed totally incompetent.

After receiving a certificate of fitness for the work from medical authority, it was discouraging at last to be denied the consent of parents. However, some favored ones went forth, and, returning home in a few months, brought back such accounts of satisfaction in finding themselves of use, and of their enjoyment in ministering to our suffering soldiers, that at length the prejudices which withheld consent were overcome, and one of the last of those who went was allowed to take part in the most interesting duties to which the war called women.

I have often thought that one day of hospital employment, with its constant work and opportunities, was worth a year of ordinary life at home, and I remember with thankfulness how many times I was permitted to take the place of absent mothers and sisters in caring for their sons and brothers. It seemed to me that we women in the hospitals received our reward a hundred-fold in daily sights of patient heroism, and expressions of warm gratitude, and that we did not deserve mention or remembrance in comparison with the thousands at home whose zeal never wavered in labors indirect and unexciting, until the day of victory ended their work.

No place in the country could have been better adapted to the uses of a hospital than the grounds and buildings belonging to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, enclosed on two sides, as they are, by an arm of the Chesapeake Bay and the river Severn, and blessed with a varied view, and fresh, invigorating breezes. At the opening of the war General Butler landed troops at this point, thus communicating with Washington without passing through Baltimore. The Naval School was immediately removed to Newport, where it remained until after the close of our

national troubles. The places of the young students preparing for the naval service were soon filled by the sick and wounded of the volunteer armies.

The city of Annapolis is old and quaint. Unlike most of our American capitals, it gives a stranger the impression of having been finished for centuries, and one would imagine that the inhabitants are quite too contented to have any idea of progress or improvement. The Episcopal church, destroyed by fire a few years since, has been rebuilt; but even that is crowned with the ancient wooden tower rescued from the flames, and preserved in grateful memory of Queen Anne, who bestowed valuable gifts on this church of her namesake city.

Within easy access of all the conveniences of a city, and with excellent railroad facilities, the hospital grounds were perfectly secluded by surrounding walls. As one entered through the high gates, an indescribable repose was felt, enhanced by the charm with which Nature has endowed the spot, in the abundant shade, evergreen, and fruit trees, and rose-bushes, holly, and other shrubbery. The classical naval monument, formerly at the Capitol in Washington, has within a few years been removed, and with two others — one of which perpetuates the memory of the adventurous Herndon — stands here. The wharf built for the embarkation of the Burnside Expedition in 1861 is also here. About sixty brick buildings, comprising the chapel, post-office, dispensary, and laundry, with long rows of tents stretched across the grassy spaces, afforded accommodation for patients varying from five hundred to twenty-two hundred in number.

In the summer of 1863, Dr. B. A. Vanderkeift was appointed surgeon in charge of the U. S. General Hospital, Division I., at Annapolis, more frequently called the Naval School Hospital. Dr. Vanderkeift, from his uncommon energy of character, his large experience, and rare executive ability, was admirably fitted for his position. By day and night he never spared him-

self in the most watchful superintendence of all departments of the hospital; no details were too minute for his care, no plan too generous which could tend to the comfort of the suffering. Absolute system and punctuality were expected to be observed by all who came under his military rule. The reveille bugle broke the silence of early dawn. Its clear notes, repeated at intervals during the day, announced to the surgeons the time for visits and reports, and to the men on duty — such as the guards, police, nurses, and cooks — the time for their meals. One of the most original of the Doctor's plans was the establishment of a stretcher corps. At one time there was daily to be seen upon the green in front of headquarters a company of men, ward-masters, nurses, and cooks, performing the most surprising evolutions, playing alternately the parts of patients and nurses, studying by experiment, under the eye and direction of skilful surgeons, the most comfortable method of conveying the helpless. In this way the stretcher corps acquired an amount of skill and tenderness which was brought into good use when the long roll on the drum summoned them to meet an approaching transport, bringing either the wounded from the last battle-field, or the emaciated victims who had been held as prisoners of war at the South.

Shortly after Dr. Vanderkeift came to the hospital, he invited "Sister Tyler" to take the head of the ladies' department. She will always be remembered as identified with the war from the very beginning. She was the only woman in Baltimore who came forward on the 19th of April, 1861, when the men of our Massachusetts Sixth were massacred in passing through that city. She insisted upon being permitted to see the wounded, and with dauntless devotion, in the face of peril, had some of them removed to her own home, where she gave them the most faithful care for many weeks. These men were but the first few of thousands who can never forget the kindness received from her hands, the words of cheer which

came from her lips. Until within ten months of the closing events of the war, she was constantly engaged in hospital service, and then only left for Europe because too much exhausted to continue longer in the work. "Sister Tyler" had supervision of the hospital, and of the fourteen ladies who had a subdivision of responsibility resting upon each of them. Their duties consisted in the special care of the wards assigned them, and particular attention to the diet and stimulants; they supplied the thousand nameless little wants which occurred every day, furnished books and amusements, wrote for and read to the men, — did everything, in fact, which a thoughtful tact could suggest without interfering with surgeons or stewards.

Dr. Vanderkeift wisely considered nourishing diet of more importance than medicine. There were three departments for the preparation of low and special diet, over each of which a lady presided. The cooks and nurses, throughout the hospital, were furnished from the number of convalescent patients not fit to go to the front. They made excellent workers in these positions, learning with a ready intelligence their new duties, and performing them with cheerful compliance; but they often regained their strength too rapidly, and the whole order and convenience of kitchens and wards would be thrown into wild confusion by a stern mandate from Washington, that every able-bodied man was to go to his regiment. No matter what the exigency of the case might be, these men were despatched in haste. Then came a new training of men, some on crutches, some with one hand, and all far from strong. When the ladies remonstrated at having such men put on duty, they were told that feebleness must be made good by numbers, and it was no uncommon thing for four or five crippled men to be employed in the work of one strong one. These changes made wild confusion for a few days, but gradually we began to consider them a part of the fortunes of war, and to find that a sto-

ical tranquillity was the best way in which to meet them. Though exceedingly inconvenient, there was rarely any serious result attending them. Occasionally a lady would be fortunate enough to evade the loss of a valuable man by sending him into the city on an errand, or by keeping him out of sight while an inspection was going on. In this way my chief of staff, as I used to call a certain German youth, was kept a year in the hospital. His efficiency and constant interest in the patients made him a valuable auxiliary in my little department; and I know that his services were appreciated by others than myself, for one of the chief surgeons advised me to keep him by all means, even if hiding him in the ice-chest were necessary.

The regular supplies from the commissary were comparatively plentiful, but fell short of the demand, both as to quantity and variety. The Christian and Sanitary Commissions met this want in great measure, providing good stimulants, dried fruits, butter, and various other luxuries. But with the utmost delight were received boxes packed by generous hands at home. I shall ever feel indebted to many Boston friends for their laborious care and munificent contributions. One of them, Mrs. James Reed, has now entered upon the full reward of a life rich in noble impulses and kindly deeds. Her cordial sympathy for those languishing in distant hospital wards was manifested in sending gifts of the choicest and most expensive home luxuries.

A gentleman well known in England, as well as our own country, for his friendly patronage of art, was never forgetful of our warriors in their dreary days of suffering. Many a cheery message did he send in letters, and never without liberal "contents." His name was gratefully associated by the men with bountiful draughts of punch and milk, fruits, ice-cream, and many other satisfying good things. His request was never to allow a man to want for anything that money could buy; and though "peanuts and oranges" — of

which he desired the men should have plenty—were not always the most judicious articles of diet, the spirit of his command was strictly obeyed.

Mrs. Alexander Randall, who lived near the hospital at Annapolis, was exceedingly kind in sending in timely delicacies for the men. Fruits and flowers from her own garden in lavish profusion were the constant expressions of her thoughtful interest. I remember especially one morning when a poor boy who was very low could not be persuaded to take any food; many tempting things had been suggested, but with feeble voice he said that some grapes were all that he cared for. It was early in the season, and they could not be bought. But just at this moment Mrs. Randall opportunely sent in some beautiful clusters. The countenance of the dying boy brightened with delight as he saw them. They made his last moments happy, for within half an hour he turned his head on the pillow, and with one short sigh was gone.

The large basketfuls of rosy apples from this lady were hailed with the utmost delight by those allowed to eat them. "I have wanted an apple more than anything," was often the eager reply, as they were offered to those who had recently come from a long captivity; and as they were distributed through the wards, not the least gratifying circumstance was the invariable refusal of the ward-masters and nurses to take any. Their diet was not sumptuous, and apples were a great luxury to all; but they would say, "No, thank you, let the men who have just come have them all."

On the 17th of November, 1863, the steamer *New York* came in, bringing one hundred and eighty men from Libby Prison and Belle Isle. Most of these were the soldiers who had fought at Gettysburg. Never was there an army in the world whose health and strength were better looked after than our own; the weak and sick were always sent to the general hospitals; and the idea that our men were ever in other

than the most sound and robust condition at the time of their becoming prisoners has no foundation. Language fails to describe them on their return from the most cruel of captivities. Ignominious insults, bitter and galling threats, exposure to scorching heat by day and to frosty cold at night, torturing pangs of hunger,—these were the methods by which stalwart men had been transformed into ghastly beings with sunken eyes and sepulchral voices. They were clothed in uncleanly rags, many without caps, and most without shoes. Their hair and beards were overgrown and matted. The condition of their teeth was the only appearance of neatness about them: and these were as white as ivory, from eating bread made of corn and cobs ground up together. A piece of such bread four inches square daily, with a morsel of meat once a week and a spoonful of beans three times a week, had been their food for several months. Some were too far gone to bear the strain of removal from the steamer; nine died on the day of arrival, and one third of the whole number soon followed them. Roses, which had lingered through the mellow autumn, were wreathed with laurel and laid upon their coffins as they were carried into the beautiful little chapel for the funeral services, before they were laid in the government cemetery, about a mile from the hospital. It is a lovely place, with many trees surrounding its gentle slopes; and here thousands sleep, with their name, rank, company, and regiment inscribed upon wooden slabs. But "Unknown" is the only sad record on many a headboard. These were men who died either on transports, or who when brought to us were too much impaired in mind to remember anything,—for the loss or derangement of mental faculties was no uncommon occurrence. When the first cases of starvation were brought under treatment, the doctors prescribed the lightest diet, mostly rice, soup, and tea. By experiment it was proved that just as many died in proportion under this

care as when an intense desire for any particular article of food was allowed in a measure to be satisfied. Almost every man on his arrival would have his mind concentrated on some one thing: with many, pickles were the coveted luxury; with others, milk. Often, as I passed through the wards, one or another would call out, "Lady, do you think there is such a thing as a piece of Bologna sausage here?" or, "Lady, is there a lemon in this place? I have been longing for one for months." The first thing that one man asked for was a cigar. He was very low, but said, "I would like one sweet smoke before I die." He finished his cigar only a few moments before he breathed his last.

The gratification of an insane craving for food cost many a poor fellow his life. One morning a man who had just come received some money from a friendly comrade; going in to the sutler's, he bought a quart of dried apples. After eating them he became quite thirsty, and drank an alarming quantity of cold water. It is needless to say that he died the next day. At another time a boy received a box from home; his fond mother, with more kindness than good judgment, sent, with other things, a mince-pie, which delighted him, and he was greatly disappointed in not being allowed to taste it. Though warned of the danger, when the nurse left him for a few moments to bring him some beef-tea, he got at the pie, ate half of it, and when the nurse returned was lying dead. Perhaps his death was not caused, but only hastened, by this. It was impossible always to guard against such imprudences.

One of the most interesting of the patients, who lived a few weeks after coming, was Hiram Campbell, of the Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. An imprisonment of one hundred and thirty-eight days had reduced him to a point beyond recovery. Day by day he grew weaker, yet clung to life for the sake of going home to see his friends once more. A few

weeks before, Dr. Vanderkeift had allowed a man in similar condition to start for home, and he had died on the way; so that the Doctor had made a rule that no man should leave the hospital unless able to walk to head-quarters to ask for his own papers. An exception to this rule could not be granted, and the only chance was to try to build up Campbell's little remaining strength for the journey, to relieve his sufferings by comforts, and to keep hope alive in his mind by interesting him in stories and books. He was delighted to have "Evangeline" read to him, and the faint smile which passed over his haggard features as he listened told of a romance in his own life, begun, but destined too soon to be broken off by death. When too low to write, as a lady was answering a letter from his sister for him, he asked to have it read over to him. In her letter the sister had requested him to name her infant daughter. When the lady came to this request, he stopped her by asking what she thought a pretty name. Edith was suggested, but he did not seem satisfied with that; at last he said shyly, "How do you spell your name? I think I would like to have her named for you." The lady felt rather embarrassed in writing this, and persuaded him to let her mention several names, so that at least the sister might have a choice. This was only a few days before his death. His father was sent for, because it was evident that there could no longer be any hope of returning strength for him. The poor old man was heart-broken when he saw his son in such an emaciated condition. They had heard at home of his severe sufferings, but said he, "How could I ever expect to see him the like of this?" With patient resignation to God's will, the sufferer waited, and his life ebbed slowly away.

The sorrow-stricken father took to his home in the interior of Pennsylvania the body of his son, that he might rest in the village graveyard by the side of his mother. By his grassy grave a little child often hears from

her mother's lips how her uncle fought and died for the country, and with questioning wonder asks, "And am I named for the lady who was kind to Uncle Hiram?" Such are the strange links in life.

At this time there was in the wards an elderly man, who for months had been vainly trying to recruit his strength. He had not been a prisoner, but had been sent to the rear on account of feebleness. Now John Bump thought it a great waste of time to be staying here in the hospital, where he was doing no good to the nation, while, if he were at home, he might be acquiring quite a fortune from his "profession," for he was a chair-maker. His descriptive list not having been sent from the regiment, he could draw no pay. One day he received the following important queries from his anxious wife, who with eight small children at home did seem to be in a precarious condition: "The man who owns the house says I must move out if I cannot pay the rent: what shall I do? I have nothing for the children to eat: what shall I do? There is nothing to feed the hens with: what shall I do? The pigs are starving: what shall I do?" An application was made, which resulted in John Bump's being sent to his regiment, from which he no doubt soon received his discharge papers.

Around the post-office at noon might always be seen an eager group awaiting the distribution of the mail. A letter from friends was the most cheering hope of the day, often proving more effectual than anything else toward the restoration of health, by bringing vividly to minds languid with disease all the little interests and charms of home.

Gathered about the fire on a wintry day, the men would recount the experiences of their captivity, from the moment when they first found themselves with dismay in the power of the enemy, and, relieved of muskets, were marched without food to Richmond. There whatever they chanced to have of money or of value was taken into the care of a Rebel officer, with the assurance that

it would be returned on their release. The promise was never fulfilled, and the men were hurried off to the sandy plains of Belle Isle. The death of companions was the principal change in their dreary, monotonous life, varied also by the addition from time to time of others doomed to share their fate. Efforts to escape were not always unsuccessful. At one time eight men burned spots on their faces and hands with hot wire, and then sprinkled the spots with black pepper. When the doctor came round, they feigned illness, and he ordered these cases of small-pox to be taken to the pestilence-house beyond the guards. In the night the men started for their homes in the West, and were not caught.

Tracy Rogers, with his bright, sunny face, and sweet voice, whose merry music resounded through the wards, was one of the first to regain strength and spirits. His patriotic zeal had only been reanimated by his sufferings, and he was in haste to be in his place at the front again. A brother had been killed in the same battle in which he was taken prisoner, and another had died in a Philadelphia hospital. He was sure that he should yet die for his country, and talked of death as soon to come to him. With earnest thoughtfulness, he recalled the teachings of a Christian mother in his far-off Connecticut home. As the tears filled his manly blue eyes one day, he asked if the hymn,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,"

could be found in the hospital. He said that it had been sung at his mother's funeral, on his fourteenth birthday; that he had never seen it since, but that lately he had thought much about it. The hymn was brought, and he committed it to memory. We were sorry to part with him, when, after serving as ward-master, he was strong enough to go to his regiment. Not long after he left, a letter came, saying that he had been badly wounded, and wished himself back among his Annapolis friends once more. We never

heard of him again, and fear that his wounds must have proved fatal.

Those were quiet, solemn hours passed in the hospital in the intervals between past and coming dangers. At the close of the day, the men would gather into one ward for prayers. Many a stern voice was uplifted that never prayed before. After petitions for pardon and guidance had arisen to the Giver of all good things, the men would sit and sing, for hours sometimes, each one wishing for his favorite hymn to be sung, and saying that this time was more homelike than any other of the day.

The inspection on Sunday forenoon made it the busiest morning of the week. In the chapel at two o'clock, and again at seven, short services were held, conducted either by the chaplain, or by the Rev. Mr. Sloan, the devoted agent of the Christian Commission at this post. After a while the second service was changed into a Sunday school, very interesting to our grown-up scholars. The ladies found themselves fully occupied as teachers in answering the various difficult questions crowded into a short space of time. Sometimes the officers who were patients would take classes too, which was far less embarrassing than having them ask permission to take the part of scholars, as they sometimes did. Before we had Sunday school, the men in my own wards would ask to have psalms and passages selected for them to learn on Sundays. On Monday mornings each one would have his little book ready to recite his lesson.

For a week before Christmas, active preparations were made for its celebration. The men were allowed to go into the woods across the river, and bring boughs of hemlock, pine, and laurel, and of holly laden with bright berries. Every evening was occupied in twisting and tying evergreen in the chapel. Many a reminiscence of home was told, as we sat in clusters, wreathing garlands of rejoicing so strangely contrasting with the sights and sounds of life and death around us. Late on

Christmas eve, some of the men from Section V., a tent department, came to ask as a great favor that I would assist them in decorating the tent of Miss H——. They said that she had been "fixing up" the wards all day, and they wanted to have her own tent adorned as a surprise when she came down in the morning.

On going over to the tent, I found that they had already cut out of red and blue flannel the letters for "A Merry Christmas to Miss H——." These were soon sewed upon white cotton, which, being surrounded with evergreen, was hung in the most conspicuous place. Then there were crosses, stars, and various other designs to go up, among them a Goddess of Liberty of remarkable proportions, considered the masterpiece of the whole. There were only a few men present, not more than a dozen; each had been seriously wounded, and nearly every one had lost either a leg or an arm. It was a weird sight as they eagerly worked, by the light of dimly burning candles, on this cold, full-mooned midnight, cheerfully telling where they were a year ago, lying in rifle-pits or on picket duty, and wishing themselves only able to be there again.

Christmas morning came at last. As the sun shone brightly on the frosty windows, each one showed its wreath, and the wards were gayly festooned. In some of the larger ones there were appropriate mottoes made of evergreen letters; as, "Welcome home,"—"He bringeth the prisoners out of captivity." Friends in Philadelphia had requested to provide the dinner, which was most lavish and luxurious. The tables were loaded with turkeys, pies of various kinds, fruits, and candies. This was a feast indeed to the thousand heroes gathered around the board, and to those too ill to leave the wards a portion of all was taken, that at least they might see the good things which the others were enjoying. The thoughts of many of the sick had centred on this Christmas dinner, and they had named the favorite morsels that they wished for.

An Episcopal service was held in the chapel in the evening, by the Rev. Mr. Davenport of Annapolis. A crowded congregation gathered within the walls, which were hung with scrolls bearing the names of our battle-fields, and richly adorned with evergreen, while the national flag gracefully draped the large window. Carols were merrily sung, and the shattered, scarred, and emaciated soldiers in the most righteous cause that ever brought warfare to a nation joined in heralding the advent of the Prince of Peace.

The Christmas had been rendered still happier by the reception of a telegram, that another exchange of paroled prisoners had been made, and we were hourly expecting their arrival. In the cold, gray dawn of the 29th of December, the shrill whistle of the "New York" coming up the bay was heard. Every one was soon astir in preparation for a warm welcome. Large quantities of coffee, chocolate, and gruels were to be made, clothes were to be in readiness, and the stretcher corps to be mustered.

As the sun arose, a great crowd assembled, and when the New York neared the wharf, shouts and cheers greeted her. The decks were covered with men, whose skeleton forms and vacant countenances told of starvation, the languid glimmer that at moments overspread their faces feebly betokening the gratitude in their hearts at their escape from "Dixie."

This time the Rebel authorities had allowed only "well men," as they called them, to come, because so much had been said at the North about "the last lot," who came in November. Those able to walk were landed first, the bare-footed receiving shoes. Many were able to crawl as far as Parole Camp, a little beyond the city. The more feeble were received into the hospital, where hot baths awaited them; and when they had been passed under scissors and razor, and were laid in comfortable beds, — only too soft after the hard ground they had lain on for months, with as much earth as they could scrape to-

gether for a pillow, — they expressed the change in their whole condition as like coming from the lower regions of misery into heaven itself.

Handkerchiefs and combs, writing-materials and stamps, were among the first requisites of the new-comers. A few were able to write; and for the others, the ladies were but too happy to apprise the friends at home of their arrival, even if recovery were doubtful. In taking the names of the men, I came to a white-headed patriarch, and expressed surprise at finding him in the army. His name was R. B. Darling; and as I wrote it down, he said: "You might as well put 'Reverend' before it, for I am a Methodist minister. I lived in Greenville, Green County, Tennessee, and when this Rebellion came on, I preached and preached, until it did not seem to do any good; so I took up the musket to try what fighting would do." He had left a wife and six children at home, from whom he had heard only once, and then through a friend taken prisoner six months after himself. He had been down with "those fiends," as he called them, twenty-one months, and had been in nine different prisons. He had worked for the Rebels — only at the point of the bayonet — while his strength lasted, in digging wells. He had passed three months in the iron cage at Atlanta, and three months in Castle Thunder under threat of being tried for his life for some disrespectful speech about Rebeldom; finally, after all the perils of Libby Prison and Belle Isle, he was free once more. "These are tears of gratitude," he said, in answer to the welcome given him, as they rolled down his furrowed cheeks; "it is the first word of kindness that I have heard for so long." On soiled scraps of paper he had the names of many of his fellow-prisoners. He had promised, should he ever escape, to let their friends at home know when and where they had died. Letters were at once written, carrying the painful certainty of loss to anxious hearts. To his own family it was useless to write, for the Rebels surrounded his home,

cutting off postal communication. He brought with him six little copies of the Gospels, one for each child at home ; they had been given to him at the South, having been sent over by the British and Foreign Bible Society for distribution. Surely no men ever more needed the promises of divine consolation than the captives whom these volumes reached.

It was difficult to restrict the diet of this old hero. After eating an enormous meal of soup, meat, vegetables, pudding, and bread, his appetite would not be in the least satisfied ; he would very coolly remark that he had had a very nice dinner ; there was only one trouble about it, there was not enough. On being told that we would gladly give him more, were it considered safe, he would persist in saying that he felt "right peart," and begged me to remember that it was twenty-one months since he had had any dinners. As he gained strength enough to walk about, he became acquainted with the system of the hospital and made a discovery one day ; namely, that he was on low diet, and that there was such a thing as full diet for the well men. "If my present fare is low, what may not the full be ?" he reasoned, as visions of illimitable bounty floated through his insatiable mind. So he asked the doctor one morning to transfer his name to the full-diet list ; and when the bugle sounded, he joined the procession as it moved to the dining-hall. Salt-fish, bread, and molasses chanced to be all that presented themselves to the famished, disappointed old man ; his countenance was forlorn indeed, as he came to the window of the low-diet serving-room to ask for something to eat. "I shall get the doctor to put my name back on to this list, for I like this cook-shop the best, if it is called low diet."

Father Darling, as he used to be called, soon became a favorite all over the hospital. He delighted to perform any act of kindness for his fellow-sufferers. On Sunday mornings he might be seen wandering through the grounds, carrying books and newspapers into the

wards, with a bright smile and cheery word for each man. His eloquence reached its highest pitch, when, talking of the Southern Confederacy, he declared that he did not believe in showing mercy to traitors, but that God intended them to be "clean exterminated" from the face of the earth, like the heathen nations the Israelites were commanded to destroy ages ago. He had but too good reason for wishing justice to be done. After he returned to his home in Tennessee, he wrote : "There is but one tale in the whole country : every comfort of life is purloined, clothes all in rags, a great many men and boys murdered, and, worst of all, Christianity seems to have gone up from the earth, and plunder and rapine to have filled its place. Surely war was instituted by Beelzebub. The guerrillas are yet prowling about, seeking what they may devour. In these troublesome times, all who can lift a hoe or cut a weed are trying to make support, but unless we get help from the North many must suffer extremely. The Rebs have not left my family anything. They went so far as to smash up the furniture, take my horse, all my cattle, and carry off and destroy my library. They smashed up the clock and cut up the bedsteads ; and, in fact, ruin stares us in the face, and doleful complaint stuns the ear. Even sick ladies have been dragged out of bed by the hair of the head, so that the fiends of Davis could search for hid treasure. All who have labored for the government are destitute. Since the winter broke, I have been fighting the thieving, murdering Rebels, and now their number is diminished from two hundred to nine, and I can ride boldly forth where for the last three years it would have been certain death. O, how are the mighty fallen !"

On New Year's evening the ladies held a reception. Huge logs burned brightly in the large old-fashioned fireplace of their dining-room, and a "Happy New Year to all," in evergreen letters, stood out from the whitewashed wall. Surgeons and stewards, officers, extra-duty men, and patients, mingled

in groups to exchange friendly good-wishes. Conversation and singing, with a simple repast of apples, cake, and lemonade, proved allurements to a long stay. Those who had gained admission were reluctant to depart to make room for the hundreds awaiting entrance outside. For days afterwards this evening was talked over with delight by the men: it was the only party they had attended since the war began, and it formed the greatest gayety of hospital experience.

Some of the vessels of the Russian fleet, then cruising in our waters, wintered at Annapolis. A severe sickness breaking out among the sailors, their accommodations on shipboard were not found adequate, and, by invitation of our government, they were received into the hospital. Their inability to speak one word of English made their sojourn rather a melancholy affair. Their symptoms were often more successfully guessed from signs and gestures, than from their attempts to express some particular wish in words. They all returned to their floating homes in a little while quite recovered, except one, who met with an accidental death, and was buried from our chapel with the full ceremonies of the Greek Church. With his face uncovered, he was carried by his comrades to the cemetery, and laid by the side of our soldiers. A Greek cross of black iron, among the white slabs, designates this stranger's grave.

The Vanderkeift Literary Association held a meeting every Tuesday evening in the chapel, which was always crowded. Some of the citizens of Annapolis, with their families, did not disdain a constant attendance. An animated discussion of some popular topic was held by the debating club; and the intelligence often shown did credit to the attainments of the men who filled the ranks of our army. Ballads were sung by the Kelsey Minstrels,—so named from their leader, a clerk at head-quarters. "The Knapsack," a paper edited by the ladies, was read. Into it was gathered whatever of local interest or amusement there was going on at the

time. Contributions in prose or verse, stories, and conundrums filled the little sheet.

The short Southern winter wore quickly away, with little of unusual excitement in the constantly changing scenes of war. Our prisoners pined in dreary captivity, and the clash of arms was stilled for a season.

So many strange ideas are entertained about a woman's life in hospital service that I am tempted to transcribe a page from my own experience, in order that a glimpse may be had of its reality. Imagine me, then, in a small attic room, carpeted with a government blanket, and furnished with bed, bureau, table, two chairs, and, best of all, a little stove, for the morning is cold, and the lustrous stars still keep their quiet watch in the blue heavens. A glow of warmth and comfort spreads from gas-light and fire,—an encouraging roar in the chimney having crowned with success the third attempt at putting paper, wood, and coal together in exact proportions. After all, the difficulty has been chiefly in the want of a sufficient amount of air, for there could be no draught through the dead embers, and these could be disturbed only noiselessly, for the lady in the next room has the small-pox, and it will not do to awake her from her morning slumbers.

A glance at the wonderful beauty in which day is breaking is sufficient compensation for such early rising, as with hurried step I go to the wards, about seven rods off. The kind-hearted steward stands at the door: "Talbot died at two o'clock; he was just the same till the last." I am not surprised, for when I left him I knew that his feeble frame could not much longer endure the violence of delirium. He was by no means among the most hopeless of the last prisoners who came, but an unaccountable change had passed suddenly over him within the last few days. And now tidings of his death must carry a sad revulsion to hearts at home, made happy, but a short time since, by news of his safety.

The patients rouse themselves from

the drowsiness of a sleepless night, expecting a morning greeting as I pass through the wards, giving to each his early stimulant of whiskey or cherry-brandy. The men in the ward where poor Talbot died seem in especial need of it; for, as they glance at the vacant corner, they say, "He screamed so badly, we did n't get much sleep."

At the call of the bugle a general stampede takes place for breakfast, and I must repair to the serving-room to oversee the last preparations for low and special diet; for on his return each of the male nurses will appear at the window with a large tray to be filled for his hungry men. Beef essence, jellies, and puddings for the day's requirement claim a little personal attention. Such things are not always left to servants at home; and how could our "boys in blue" be expected to handle the spoon with the same dexterity as the musket? They are not, however, deficient in culinary skill, as the savory hash, well-turned beefsteaks, nicely dropped eggs, and good coffee will testify.

After the procession of heavily laden breakfast-bearers has moved off, supplies from the commissary need a little arranging; and one must plan how they may be made the most of, and what additions for the next three meals are to be furnished from private resources. The result of which consideration is usually the despatch of Henry, the chief cook, into the city to purchase chickens, oysters, and milk in as great quantity as can be bought.

At eight o'clock the ladies meet for their morning meal. Good cold water, bread and molasses, with the occasional luxury of a salt-fish cake, suffice to keep soul and body together. The coffee is said to be good by those in the habit of taking it, and some, too, enjoy the butter.

The preparation of lemonade in large quantities, and drinks of various degrees of sweetness and acidity, is next to be superintended. As rapidly as possible the little pitchers are filled, and I follow them to the wards.

Wondering what can be the matter, and cooling his parched lips and bathing his burning brow, I stand over Allen as the doctor enters. Doubt is soon dispelled, for he pronounces it a violent case of small-pox. It is becoming very prevalent, but this is my first introduction to it. The doctor orders the immediate removal of the patient to Horn Point, the small-pox quarters, about two miles across the bay. It is too bleak for the open-boat conveyance, and so he must be jolted six miles round in an ambulance. On his bed, buried in blankets and stupefied with fever, he starts for his new abode, not without a plentiful supply of oranges, lemons, and bay-water.

The plaintive, whining tones of William Cutlep, a boy of sixteen, who is a picture of utter woe, with mind enough only left to know that he is in "awful pain," detain me too long; and when I must leave him, it is with the promise of coming up soon again, for he says he always did like to see "women folks around." His home is in Southern Virginia, whence he escaped to join the Union army; and he will never hear from his home again, for thirty-six ounces of brandy daily will not keep him alive much longer. He has already taken a ring from his finger, to be sent home with a dying message after the war is over.

The lower ward is not reached too soon, for the manly, gentle Mason is near his end. He faintly presses my hand, begging me not to leave him again, for it will soon be all over. An attack of pneumonia has proved too much for his reduced system to resist, and, meekly submitting to its ravages, he lies at last upon his death-bed. A saintly fortitude sustains him, as in broken accents these sentences come from his lips: "It is a country worth dying for." "Others will enjoy in coming years what I have fought for." "I can trust my Saviour. He is lighting me through the valley of death." "All is well." Low words of prayer commend the departing soul to the God who made it, and the sweet hymn,

"O sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,"

breaks the stillness of the ward.

"It is growing dark, — I can't see you any more," — he whispers ; and then, as the bugle notes strike his ear, "Before that sound is heard again, I shall be far away." His heavy breathing grows thicker and shorter, until that radiance which comes but once, to any mortal face, streaming through the open portal of eternity, tells of the glory upon which his soul is entering, as his eyelids are quietly closed on earth. The men in the beds around mutely gaze upon him, wishing that they may die like him when their last summons comes. The tender-hearted McNally, the faithful nurse, tearfully laments the loss of the first patient who has died since he took charge of the ward, and is sure that he could not have done more for him had he been his own brother. Nor could he.

I go back to the upper wards. Little Cutlep moans deeply in restless sleep. But there are others to be cheered, and many a promise to be fulfilled from the heterogeneous contents of a small basket, a constant and most valuable companion. Comfort-bags, braces, knives, come forth at requirement. Books, too, are always in demand. After they have been read, they are sent to many a distant fireside by mail ; some of the boys have several treasured up to take with them when they go home, for such books are rare where they live, and their little brothers and sisters will greatly prize them. One boy still keeps under his pillow, clinging to it until the last, the little book, "Come to Jesus," which he requests shall be sent to his mother after his death, with the message that it has been the saving of his soul.

New wants arise to be remembered, and special desires for additions to the next meal are expressed. On the whole, the men seem comfortable and happy to-day, as they rest on their elbows partly sitting up in bed, playing backgammon, or scanning the last pictorial newspaper, or working over

puzzles, for which last they are indebted to Rev. Mr. Ware, who made a visit to our hospital a few weeks since, and on his return sent from Boston a goodly assortment of amusements.

By this time the stimulants are to be given out again, and preparations made for dinner. For it will hardly be welcome, unless the promised mug of milk or ale, fried onions or sour-kROUT, fruit or jelly, shall come with it. Each tray receives its burden of hearty nourishment, and by one o'clock the ladies may be seen returning to their quarters for rations of beef and bread. It is well that we are blessed with elastic spirits, for "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." All sadness for the dead must be concealed for the sake of the living. As we cheerfully meet at dinner-time, an occasional letter in the following strain is not without a salutary and amusing effect : —

"DEAR MISS T——:—I set down to tell you that I 've arrove hum, an wish I was sum whar else. I 've got 3 Bully boys an they are helpin me about gettin the garden sass into the groun ; but they haint got no mother, an ive got a hous and a kow an I thort youd be kinder handy to take care of um, if youd stoop so much. I've thort of you ever sense I com from the hospittle, and how kinder jimmy you used to walk up and down them wards. You had the best gate I ever see, an my 1st wife stepped of jis so, an she pade her way I tell you. I like to work, and the boys likes to work, an I kno you do, so ide like to jine if youv no objecshuns ; an now ive maid so bold to rite sich, but I was kinder pussued on by my feelins an so I hope youl excuse it and rite soon. I shant be mad if you say no, but its no hurt to ask an the boys names are Zebalon, Shadrac and peter, they want to see you as does your respectful frend wich oes his present helth to you

"I—— G——."

A few letters for the men are to be written for the afternoon mail. Twin-

ing a wreath of immortelles and laurel, is the last that can be done for brave Tenny, who died yesterday, and will be buried with military honors to-day. The little procession, with reversed arms, winds slowly through the grounds, and at the sound of the bugle four patriots, each wrapped in the flag he has died for, are borne into the chapel. Inspired passages are read, "There is rest for the weary" is sung by the ladies, and prayers are offered for bereaved relatives at a distance. The chaplain precedes the short train to the cemetery, where the final portion of the church burial-service is said, and over the newly made graves resound three sharp volleys of musketry.

There is not much time to-day to read to the group around the fire, but with evident pride and pleasure they listen to "The Blue Coat of the Soldier," and "The Empty Sleeve," a touching poem, inscribed to the noble General Howard. I would gladly tarry longer at the request of the little audience, but the other wards must be looked after. An awkward man stands in the first one I enter, and begins a protest against being put on duty. He says he "listed to fight," and knows nothing about "nussing." He hands over the materials for a mustard plaster, as he professes profound ignorance on the subject, saying that he fears the men left to his charge will not get very good care. This is the only instance I remember of a man who did not cheerfully try to do his best for his sick comrades. Fortunately, he was soon sent to his regiment.

Preparation of stimulants and supper keep me busily occupied until, in the shadowy twilight, the men from the fifteen wards gather into one, where the patients are not too ill to listen to a few texts from the Holy Book, which come with a diviner meaning of consolation than ever before, in the hush of closing day, with death so familiar a thought to each. Sergeant Murphy leads in prayer with true Methodist fervor, and the hymn,

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,"

concludes the short service.

After their tea, the ladies meet in the chapel, to teach in the evening school held for an hour four times a week. It serves to interest the men in useful study. A large library in one corner of the chapel furnishes, too, stores of knowledge and amusement in works of history, travel, and fiction.

On going back again to the wards, I am glad to find that Carney's wife has come in the evening train. She was startled by the last news from him. It is well that she is here: if anything can save his life, it will be her presence. The poor woman is worn out by anxiety and a two days' journey. The chaplain must be found to write a permit for her entrance into the "Home" provided by the Sanitary Commission for the accommodation of those coming to see their friends in the hospital. The good-natured orderly, Frank Hall, conducts her out to the comfortable house.

The lurid gas flickers in the chilly breeze, for never are the windows allowed to be closed by day or night, in sunshine or storm. It does sometimes seem as if a circulation of air a little less like a hurricane from an iceberg might conduce more to the health and comfort of the inmates; but then this is one of Dr. Vanderkeiff's pet points of practice, and woe betide any one who dares to shut out a breath of the exhilarating element. Most of the men are stilled in merciful slumbers, more or less peaceful or unquiet. One shout from a sleeper of "We'll whip them yet, boys!" tells that Colby is fighting over in a dream his last battle, while from others come groans only audible in hours of unconsciousness. In wakeful uneasiness, others sigh for sleep, and are at length lulled to rest by soothing words or rhymes, not unfrequently by the childish melodies of Mother Goose. And so the day's privilege of duty ends with gratitude, and a healthful weariness that vanishes before the next morning.

DIRGE FOR A SAILOR.

SLOW, slow! toll it low,
 As the sea-waves break and flow;
 With the same dull, slumberous motion
 As his ancient mother, Ocean,
 Rocked him on, through storm and calm,
 From the iceberg to the palm:
 So his drowsy ears may deem
 That the sound which breaks his dream
 Is the ever-moaning tide
 Washing on his vessel's side.

Slow, slow! as we go,
 Swing his coffin to and fro;
 As of old the lusty billow
 Swayed him on his heaving pillow:
 So that he may fancy still,
 Climbing up the watery hill,
 Plunging in the watery vale,
 With her wide-distended sail,
 His good ship securely stands
 Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow! — heave-a-ho! —
 Lower him to the mould below;
 With the well-known sailor ballad,
 Lest he grow more cold and pallid
 At the thought that Ocean's child,
 From his mother's arms beguiled,
 Must repose for countless years,
 Reft of all her briny tears,
 All the rights he owned by birth,
 In the dusty lap of earth.

UP THE EDISTO.

IN reading military history, one finds the main interest to lie, undoubtedly, in the great campaigns, where a man, a regiment, a brigade, is but a pawn in the game. But there is a charm also in the more free and adventurous life of partisan warfare, where, if the total sphere be humbler, yet the individual has more relative importance, and the

sense of action is more personal and keen. This is the reason given by the eccentric Revolutionary biographer, Weems, for writing the Life of Washington first, and then that of Marion. And there were, certainly, in the early adventures of the colored troops in the Department of the South, some of the same elements of picturesqueness that

belonged to Marion's band, with the added feature that the blacks were fighting for their personal liberties, of which Marion had helped to deprive them.

It is stated by Major-General Gillmore, in his "Siege of Charleston," as one of the three points in his preliminary strategy, that an expedition was sent up the Edisto River to destroy a bridge on the Charleston and Savannah Railway. As one of the early raids of the colored troops, this expedition may deserve narration, though it was, in a strategic point of view, a disappointment. It has already been told, briefly and on the whole with truth, by Greeley and others, but I will venture on a more complete account.

The project dated back earlier than General Gillmore's siege, and had originally no connection with that movement. It had been formed by Captain Trowbridge and myself in camp, and was based on facts learned from the men. General Saxton and Colonel W. W. H. Davis, the successive post-commanders, had both favored it. It had been also approved by General Hunter, before his sudden removal, though he regarded the bridge as a secondary affair, because there was another railway communication between the two cities. But as my main object was to obtain permission to go, I tried to make the most of all results which might follow, while it was very clear that the raid would harass and confuse the enemy, and be the means of bringing away many of the slaves. General Hunter had, therefore, accepted the project mainly as a stroke for freedom and black recruits; and General Gillmore, because anything that looked toward action found favor in his eyes, and because it would be convenient to him at that time to effect a diversion, if nothing more.

It must be remembered, that, after the first capture of Port Royal, the outlying plantations along the whole Southern coast were abandoned, and the slaves withdrawn into the interior. It was necessary to ascend some river for

thirty miles in order to reach the black population at all. This ascent could only be made by night, as it was a slow process, and the smoke of a steamboat could be seen for a great distance. The streams were usually shallow, winding, and muddy, and the difficulties of navigation were such as to require a full moon and a flood tide. It was really no easy matter to bring everything to bear; especially as every projected raid must be kept a secret so far as possible. However, we were now somewhat familiar with such undertakings, half military, half naval, and the thing to be done on the Edisto was precisely what we had proved to be practicable on the St. Mary's and the St. John's, — to drop anchor before the enemy's door some morning at day-break, without his having dreamed of our approach.

Since a raid made by Colonel Montgomery up the Coribahee, two months before, the vigilance of the Rebels had increased. But we had information that upon the South Edisto or Pon-Pon River the rice plantations were still being actively worked by a large number of negroes, in reliance on obstructions placed at the mouth of that narrow stream, where it joins the main river, some twenty miles from the coast. This point was known to be further protected by a battery of unknown strength, at Wiltown Bluff, a commanding and defensible situation. The obstructions consisted of a row of strong wooden piles across the river; but we convinced ourselves that these must now be much decayed, and that Captain Trowbridge, an excellent engineer officer, could remove them by the proper apparatus. Our proposition was to man the "John Adams," an armed ferry-boat, which had before done us much service, — and which has now reverted to the pursuits of peace, it is said, on the East Boston line, — to ascend in this to Wiltown Bluff, silence the battery, and clear a passage through the obstructions. Leaving the "John Adams" to protect this point, we could then ascend the smaller stream

with two light-draft boats, and perhaps burn the bridge, which was ten miles higher, before the enemy could bring sufficient force to make our position at Wiltown Bluff untenable.

The expedition was organized essentially upon this plan. The smaller boats were the "Enoch Dean,"—a river steamboat, which carried a ten-pound Parrott gun, and a small howitzer,—and a little mosquito of a tug, the "Governor Milton," upon which, with the greatest difficulty, we found room for two twelve-pound Armstrong guns, with their gunners, forming a section of the First Connecticut Battery, under Lieutenant Clinton, aided by a squad from my own regiment, under Captain James. The "John Adams" carried, if I remember rightly, two Parrott guns (of twenty and ten pounds caliber) and a howitzer or two. The whole force of men did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

We left Beaufort, S. C., on the afternoon of July 9th, 1863. In former narrations I have sufficiently described the charm of a moonlight ascent into a hostile country, upon an unknown stream, the dark and silent banks, the rippling water, the wail of the reed-birds, the anxious watch, the breathless listening, the veiled lights, the whispered orders. To this was now to be added the vexation of an insufficient pilotage, for our negro guide knew only the upper river, and, as it finally proved, not even that, while, to take us over the bar which obstructed the main stream, we must borrow a pilot from Captain Dutch, whose gunboat blockaded that point. This active naval officer, however, whose boat expeditions had penetrated all the lower branches of those rivers, could supply our want, and we borrowed from him not only a pilot, but a surgeon, to replace our own, who had been prevented by an accident from coming with us. Thus accompanied, we steamed over the bar in safety, had a peaceful ascent, passed the island of Jehossee, — the fine estate of Governor Aiken, then left undisturbed by both sides, — and fired our first shell into the

camp at Wiltown Bluff at four o'clock in the morning.

The battery — whether fixed or movable we knew not — met us with a promptness that proved very short-lived. After three shots it was silent, but we could not tell why. The bluff was wooded and we could see but little. The only course was to land, under cover of the guns. As the firing ceased and the smoke cleared away, I looked across the rice-fields which lay beneath the bluff. The first sunbeams glowed upon their emerald levels, and on the blossoming hedges along the rectangular dikes. What were those black dots which everywhere appeared? Those moist meadows had become alive with human heads, and along each narrow path came a straggling file of men and women, all on a run for the river-side. I went ashore with a boat-load of troops at once. The landing was difficult and marshy. The astonished negroes tugged us up the bank, and gazed on us as if we had been Cortez and Columbus. They kept arriving by land much faster than we could come by water; every moment increased the crowd, the jostling, the mutual clinging, on that miry foothold. What a scene it was! With the wild faces, eager figures, strange garments, it seemed, as one of the poor things reverently suggested, "like notin' but de judgment day." Presently they began to come from the houses also, with their little bundles on their heads; then with larger bundles. Old women, trotting on the narrow paths, would kneel to pray a little prayer, still balancing the bundle; and then would suddenly spring up, urged by the accumulating procession behind, and would move on till irresistibly compelled by thankfulness to dip down for another invocation. Reaching us, every human being must grasp our hands, amid exclamations of "Bress you, mas'r," and "Bress de Lord," at the rate of four of the latter ascriptions to one of the former. Women brought children on their shoulders; small black boys carried on their backs little brothers equally inky, and,

gravely depositing them, shook hands. Never had I seen human beings so clad, or rather so unclad, in such amazing squalidness and destitution of garments. I recall one small urchin without a rag of clothing save the basque waist of a lady's dress, bristling with whalebones, and worn wrong side before, beneath which his smooth ebony legs emerged like those of an ostrich from its plumage. How weak is imagination, how cold is memory, that I ever cease, for a day of my life, to see before me the picture of that astounding scene!

Yet at the time we were perforce a little impatient of all this piety, protestation, and hand-pressing; for the vital thing was to ascertain what force had been stationed at the bluff, and whether it was yet withdrawn. The slaves, on the other hand, were too much absorbed in their prospective freedom to aid us in taking any further steps to secure it. Captain Trowbridge, who had by this time landed at a different point, got quite into despair over the seeming deafness of the people to all questions. "How many soldiers are there on the bluff?" he asked of the first-comer.

"Mas'r," said the man, stuttering terribly, "I c-c-c—"

"Tell me how many soldiers there are!" roared Trowbridge, in his mighty voice, and all but shaking the poor old thing, in his thirst for information.

"O mas'r," recommenced in terror the incapacitated witness, "I c-c-car-penter!" holding up eagerly a little stump of a hatchet, his sole treasure, as if his profession ought to excuse him from all military opinions.

I wish that it were possible to present all this scene from the point of view of the slaves themselves. It can be most nearly done, perhaps, by quoting the description given of a similar scene on the Combahee River, by a very aged man, who had been brought down on the previous raid, already mentioned. I wrote it down in my tent, long after, while the old man recited the tale, with much gesticulation, at the door; and it

is by far the best glimpse I have ever had, through a negro's eyes, at these wonderful birthdays of freedom.

"De people was all a hoein', mas'r," said the old man. "Dey was a hoein' in de rice-field, when de gunboats come. Den ebry man drap dem hoe, and leff de rice. De mas'r he stand and call, 'Run to de wood for hide! Yankee come, sell you to Cuba! run for hide!' Ebry man he run, and, my God! run all toder way!

"Mas'r stand in de wood, peep, peep, faid for truss [afraid to trust]. He say, 'Run to de wood!' and ebry man run by him, straight to de boat.

"De brack sojer so presumptious, dey come right ashore, hold up dere head. Fus' ting I know, dere was a barn, ten tousand bushel rough rice, all in a blaze, den mas'r's great house, all cracklin' up de roof. Did n't I keef for see 'em blaze? Lor, mas'r, did n't care notin' at all, *I was gwine to de boat.*"

Doré's Don Quixote could not surpass the sublime absorption in which the gaunt old man, with arm uplifted, described this stage of affairs, till he ended in a shrewd chuckle, worthy of Sancho Panza. Then he resumed.

"De brack sojers so presumptious!" This he repeated three times, slowly shaking his head in an ecstasy of admiration. It flashed upon me that the apparition of a black soldier must amaze those still in bondage, much as a butterfly just from the chrysalis might astound his fellow-grubs. I inwardly vowed that my soldiers, at least, should be as "presumptious" as I could make them. Then he went on.

"Ole woman and I go down to de boat; den dey say behind us, 'Rebels comin'! Rebels comin'!' Ole woman say, 'Come ahead, come plenty ahead!' I hab notin' on but my shirt and pantaloons; ole woman one single frock he hab on, and one handkerchief on he head; I leff all-two my blanket and run, for de Rebel come, and den dey did n't come, did n't truss for come.

"Ise eighty-eight year old, mas'r. My ole Mas'r Lowndes keep all de ages in a big book, and when we come to

age ob sense we mark em down ebry year, so I know. Too ole for come? Mas'r joking. Neber too ole for leave de land o' bondage. I old, but great good for chil'en, gib tousand tank ebry day. Young people can go through, *force* [forcibly], mas'r, but de ole folk mus' go slow."

Such emotions as these, no doubt, were inspired by our arrival, but we could only hear their hasty utterance in passing; our duty being, with the small force already landed, to take possession of the bluff. Ascending, with proper precautions, the wooded hill, we soon found ourselves in the deserted camp of a light battery, amid scattered equipments and suggestions of a very unattractive breakfast. As soon as possible, skirmishers were thrown out through the woods to the farther edge of the bluff, while a party searched the houses, finding the usual large supply of furniture and pictures,—brought up for safety from below,—but no soldiers. Captain Trowbridge then got the "John Adams" beside the row of piles, and went to work for their removal.

Again I had the exciting sensation of being within the hostile lines,—the eager explorations, the doubts, the watchfulness, the listening for every sound of coming hoofs. Presently a horse's tread was heard in earnest, but it was a squad of our own men bringing in two captured cavalry soldiers. One of these, a sturdy fellow, submitted quietly to his lot, only begging that, whenever we should evacuate the bluff, a note should be left behind, stating that he was a prisoner. The other, a very young man, and a member of the "Rebel Troop," a sort of Cadet corps among the Charleston youths, came to me in great wrath, complaining that the corporal of our squad had kicked him after he had surrendered. His air of offended pride was very rueful, and it did indeed seem a pathetic reversal of fortunes for the two races. To be sure, the youth was a scion of one of the foremost families of South Carolina, and when I considered the wrongs which the black race had encountered from those of his

blood, first and last, it seemed as if the most scrupulous Recording Angel might tolerate one final kick, to square the account. But I reproved the corporal, who respectfully disclaimed the charge, and said the kick was an incident of the scuffle. It certainly was not their habit to show such poor malice: they thought too well of themselves.

I recall with delight my conversation with this captured boy, he was such a naïve specimen of the true Southern arrogance. For instance:—

"Colonel," said he, respectfully, "are there any gentlemen on board the steamboat where I am to be placed?"

I told him that such a question sounded strangely from a captured private soldier.

"Perhaps it does," said he wistfully, "and I know my position too well to offend an enemy. I only wished to know"—and here he paused, evidently trying to find some form of expression which could not possibly disturb the keenest sensibilities—"if there is likely to be any one on board with whom I can associate."

This was carrying the joke rather too far. I told him that he would find United States officers on board, and United States soldiers, and that it was to be hoped he would like their society, as he probably would have no other for some time to come. But the characteristic feature of the thing is, that I do not believe he meant to commit any impertinence whatever, but that the youth rather aimed to compliment me by assuming that I appreciated the feelings of a man made of porcelain, and would choose for him only the most choice and fastidious companionship. But I must say that he seemed to me in no way superior, but rather quite inferior, to my own black soldiers, who equalled him in courage and in manners, and far surpassed him in loyalty, modesty, and common sense.

His demeanor seemed less lofty, but rather piteous, when he implored me not to put him on board any vessel which was to ascend the upper stream, and hinted, by awful implications, the

danger of such ascent. This meant torpedoes, a peril which we treated, in those days, with rather mistaken contempt. But we found none on the Edisto, and it may be that it was only a foolish attempt to alarm us.

Meanwhile, Trowbridge was toiling away at the row of piles, which proved easier to draw out than to saw asunder, either work being hard enough. It took far longer than we had hoped, and we saw noon approach and the tide rapidly fall, taking with it, inch by inch, our hopes of effecting a surprise at the bridge. During this time, and indeed all day, the detachments on shore, under Captains Whitney and Sampson, were having occasional skirmishes with the enemy, while the colored people were swarming to the shore, or running to and fro like ants, with the poor treasures of their houses. Our busy Quartermaster, Mr. Bingham, — who died afterwards from the overwork of that sultry day, — was transporting the refugees on board the steamer, or hunting up bales of cotton, or directing the burning of rice-houses, in accordance with our orders. No dwelling-houses were destroyed or plundered by our men, — Sherman's "bummers" not having yet arrived, — though I asked no questions as to what the plantation negroes might bring in their great bundles. One piece of property, I must admit, seemed a lawful capture, — a United States dress-sword, of the old pattern, which had belonged to the Rebel general who afterwards gave the order to bury Colonel Shaw "with his niggers." That I have retained, not without some satisfaction, to this day.

A passage having been cleared at last, and the tide having turned by noon, we lost no time in attempting the ascent, leaving the bluff to be held by the "John Adams" and by the small force on shore. We were scarcely above the obstructions, however, when the little tug went aground, and the "Enoch Dean," ascending a mile farther, had an encounter with a battery on the right, — perhaps our old enemy, — and drove it back. Soon after, she

also ran aground, a misfortune of which our opponent strangely took no advantage; and, on getting off, I thought it best to drop down to the bluff again, as the tide was still hopelessly low. None can tell, save those who have tried them, the vexations of those muddy Southern streams, navigable only during a few hours of flood-tide.

After waiting an hour, the two small vessels again tried the ascent. The enemy on the right had disappeared; but we could now see, far off on our left, another light battery moving parallel with the river, apparently to meet us at some upper bend. But for the present we were safe, with the low rice-fields on each side of us; and the scene was so peaceful, it seemed as if all danger were done. For the first time, we saw in South Carolina blossoming riverbanks and low emerald meadows, that seemed like New England. Everywhere there were the same rectangular fields, smooth canals, and bushy dikes. A few negroes stole out to us in dug-outs, and breathlessly told us how others had been hurried away by the overseers. We glided safely on, mile after mile. The day was unutterably hot, but all else seemed propitious. The men had their combustibles all ready to fire the bridge, and our hopes were unbounded.

But by degrees the channel grew more tortuous and difficult, and while the little "Milton" glided smoothly over everything, the "Enoch Dean," my own boat, repeatedly grounded. On every occasion of especial need, too, something went wrong in her machinery, — her engine being constructed on some wholly new patent, of which, I should hope, this trial would prove entirely sufficient. The black pilot, who was not a soldier, grew more and more bewildered, and declared that it was the channel, not his brain, which had gone wrong; the captain, a little elderly man, sat wringing his hands in the pilot-box; and the engineer appeared to be mingling his groans with those of the diseased engine. Meanwhile I, in equal ignorance of machinery and channel, had to give orders only justified by

minute acquaintance with both. So I navigated on general principles, until they grounded us on a mud-bank, just below a wooded point, and some two miles from the bridge of our destination. It was with a pang that I waved to Major Strong, who was on the other side of the channel in a tug, not to risk approaching us, but to steam on and finish the work, if he could.

Short was his triumph. Gliding round the point, he found himself instantly engaged with a light battery of four or six guns, doubtless the same we had seen in the distance. The "Milton" was within two hundred and fifty yards. The Connecticut men fought their guns well, aided by the blacks, and it was exasperating for us to hear the shots, while we could see nothing and do nothing. The scanty ammunition of our bow gun was exhausted, and the gun in the stern was useless, from the position in which we lay. In vain we moved the men from side to side, rocking the vessel, to dislodge it. The heat was terrific that August afternoon; I remember I found myself constantly changing places, on the scorched deck, to keep my feet from being blistered. At last the officer in charge of the gun, a hardy lumberman from Maine, got the stern of the vessel so far round that he obtained the range of the battery through the cabin windows, "but it would be necessary," he coolly added, on reporting to me this fact, "to shoot away the corner of the cabin." I knew that this apartment was newly painted and gilded, and the idol of the poor captain's heart; but it was plain that even the thought of his own upholstery could not make the poor soul more wretched than he was. So I bade Captain Dolly blaze away, and thus we took our hand in the little game, though at a sacrifice.

It was of no use. Down drifted our little consort round the point, her engine disabled and her engineer killed, as we afterwards found, though then we could only look and wonder. Still pluckily firing, she floated by upon

the tide, which had now just turned; and when, with a last desperate effort, we got off, our engine had one of its impracticable fits, and we could only follow her. The day was waning, and all its range of possibility had lain within the limits of that one tide.

All our previous expeditions had been so successful, it now seemed hard to turn back; the river-banks and rice-fields, so beautiful before, seemed only a vexation now. But the swift current bore us on, and after our Parthian shots had died away, a new discharge of artillery opened upon us, from our first antagonist of the morning, which still kept the other side of the stream. It had taken up a strong position on another bluff, almost out of range of the "John Adams," but within easy range of us. The sharpest contest of the day was before us. Happily the engine and engineer were now behaving well, and we were steering in a channel already traversed, and of which the dangerous points were known. But we had a long, straight reach of river before us, heading directly toward the battery, which, having once got our range, had only to keep it, while we could do nothing in return. The Rebels certainly served their guns well. For the first time I discovered that there were certain compensating advantages in a slightly-built craft, as compared with one more substantial: the missiles never lodged in the vessel, but crashed through some thin partition as if it were paper, to explode beyond us, or fall harmless in the water. Splintering, the chief source of wounds and death in wooden ships, was thus entirely avoided; the danger was, that our machinery might be disabled, or that shots might strike below the water-line, and sink us.

This, however, did not happen. Fifteen projectiles, as we afterwards computed, passed through the vessel or cut the rigging. Yet few casualties occurred, and those instantly fatal. As my orderly stood leaning on a comrade's shoulder, the head of the latter was shot off. At last I myself felt a

sudden blow in the side, as if from some prize-fighter, doubling me up for a moment, while I sank upon a seat. It proved afterwards to have been produced by the grazing of a ball, which, without tearing a garment, had yet made a large part of my side black and blue, leaving a sensation of paralysis which made it difficult to stand. Supporting myself on Captain Rogers, I tried to comprehend what had happened, and I remember being impressed by an odd feeling that I had now got my share, and should henceforth be a great deal safer than any of the rest. I am told that this often follows one's first experience of a wound.

But this immediate contest, sharp as it was, proved brief; a turn in the river enabled us to use our stern gun, and we soon glided into the comparative shelter of Wiltown Bluff. There, however, we were to encounter the danger of shipwreck, superadded to that of fight. When the passage through the piles was first cleared, it had been marked by stakes, lest the rising tide should cover the remaining piles and make it difficult to run the passage. But when we again reached it, the stakes had somehow been knocked away, the piles were just covered by the swift current, and the little tug-boat was aground upon them. She came off easily, however, with our aid, and, when we in turn essayed the passage, we grounded also, but more firmly. We getting off at last, and making the passage, the tug again became lodged, when nearly past danger, and all our efforts proved powerless to pull her through. I therefore dropped down below, and sent the "John Adams" to her aid, while I superintended the final recall of the pickets, and the embarkation of the remaining refugees.

While thus engaged, I felt little solicitude about the boats above. It was certain that the "John Adams" could safely go close to the piles on the lower side, that she was very strong, and that the other was very light. Still, it was natural to cast some anxious glances up the river, and it was with surprise

that I presently saw a canoe descending, which contained Major Strong. Coming on board, he told me with some excitement that the tug could not possibly be got off, and he wished for orders.

It was no time to consider whether it was not his place to have given orders, instead of going half a mile to seek them. I was by this time so far exhausted that everything seemed to pass by me as by one in a dream; but I got into a boat, pushed up stream, met presently the "John Adams" returning, and was informed by the officer in charge of the Connecticut battery that he had abandoned the tug, and — worse news yet — that his guns had been thrown overboard. It seemed to me then, and has always seemed, that this sacrifice was utterly needless, because, although the captain of the "John Adams" had refused to risk his vessel by going near enough to receive the guns, he should have been compelled to do so. Though the thing was done without my knowledge, and beyond my reach, yet, as commander of the expedition, I was technically responsible. It was hard to blame a lieutenant when his senior had shrunk from a decision, and left him alone; nor was it easy to blame Major Strong, whom I knew to be a man of personal courage, though without much decision of character. He was subsequently tried by court-martial and acquitted, after which he resigned, and was lost at sea on his way home.

The tug, being thus abandoned, must of course be burned to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. Major Strong went with prompt fearlessness to do this, at my order; after which he remained on the "Enoch Dean," and I went on board the "John Adams," being compelled to succumb at last, and transfer all remaining responsibility to Captain Trowbridge. Exhausted as I was, I could still observe, in a vague way, the scene around me. Every available corner of the boat seemed like some vast auction-room of second-hand goods. Great piles of bedding and

bundles lay on every side, with black heads emerging and black forms reclining in every stage of squalidness. Some seemed ill, or wounded, or asleep, others were chattering eagerly among themselves, singing, praying, or soliloquizing on joys to come. "Bress de Lord," I heard one woman say, "I spec' I get salt victual now,—notin' but fresh victual dese six months, but Ise get salt victual now,"—thus reversing, under pressure of the salt-embargo, the usual anticipations of voyagers.

Trowbridge told me, long after, that, on seeking a fan for my benefit, he could find but one on board. That was in the hands of a fat old "aunty," who had just embarked, and sat on an enormous bundle of her goods, in everybody's way, fanning herself vehemently, and ejaculating, as her gasping breath would permit, "Oh! Do, Jesus! Oh! Do, Jesus!" When the captain abruptly disarmed her of the fan, and left her continuing her pious exercises.

Thus we glided down the river in the waning light. Once more we encountered a battery, making five in all; I could hear the guns of the assailants, and could not distinguish the explosion of their shells from the answering throb of our own guns. The kind Quartermaster kept bringing me news of what occurred, like Rebecca in *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle, but discreetly withholding any actual casualties. Then all faded into safety and sleep; and we reached Beaufort in the morning, after thirty-six hours of absence. A kind friend, who acted in South Carolina a

nobler part amid tragedies than in any of her early stage triumphs, met us with an ambulance at the wharf, and the prisoners, the wounded, and the dead were duly attended.

The reader will not care for any personal record of convalescence; though, among the general military laudations of whiskey, it is worth while to say that one life was saved, in the opinion of my surgeons, by an habitual abstinence from it, leaving no food for peritoneal inflammation to feed upon. The able-bodied men who had joined us were sent to aid General Gillmore in the trenches, while their families were established in huts and tents on St. Helena Island. A year after, greatly to the delight of the regiment, in taking possession of a battery which they had helped to capture on James Island, they found in their hands the selfsame guns which they had seen thrown overboard from the "*Governor Milton*." They then felt that their account with the enemy was squared, and could proceed to further operations.

Before the war, how great a thing seemed the rescue of even one man from slavery; and since the war has emancipated all, how little seems the liberation of two hundred! But no one then knew how the contest might end; and when I think of that morning sunlight, those emerald fields, those thronging numbers, the old women with their prayers, and the little boys with their living burdens, it seems to me that the day was worth all it cost, and more.

POOR RICHARD.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

IN country districts, where life is quiet, incidents do duty as events; and accordingly Captain Severn's sudden departure for his regiment became very rapidly known among Gertrude's neighbors. She herself heard it from her coachman, who had heard it in the village, where the Captain had been seen to take the early train. She received the news calmly enough to outward appearance, but a great tumult rose and died in her breast. He had gone without a word of farewell! Perhaps he had not had time to call upon her. But bare civility would have dictated his dropping her a line of writing,—he who must have read in her eyes the feeling which her lips refused to utter, and who had been the object of her tenderest courtesy. It was not often that Gertrude threw back into her friends' teeth their acceptance of the hospitality which it had been placed in her power to offer them; but if she now mutely reproached Captain Severn with ingratitude, it was because he had done more than slight her material gifts: he had slighted that constant moral force with which these gifts were accompanied, and of which they were but the rude and vulgar token. It is but natural to expect that our dearest friends will accredit us with our deepest feelings; and Gertrude had constituted Edmund Severn her dearest friend. She had not, indeed, asked his assent to this arrangement, but she had borne it out by a subtle devotion which she felt that she had a right to exact of him that he should repay,—repay by letting her know that, whether it was lost on his heart or not, it was at least not lost to his senses,—that, if he could not return it, he could at least remember it. She had given him the flower of her womanly tenderness, and, when his moment came,

he had turned from her without a look. Gertrude shed no tears. It seemed to her that she had given her friend tears enough, and that to expend her soul in weeping would be to wrong herself. She would think no more of Edmund Severn. He should be as little to her for the future as she was to him.

It was very easy to make this resolution: to keep it, Gertrude found another matter. She could not think of the war, she could not talk with her neighbors of current events, she could not take up a newspaper, without reverting to her absent friend. She found herself constantly harassed with the apprehension that he had not allowed himself time really to recover, and that a fortnight's exposure would send him back to the hospital. At last it occurred to her that civility required that she should make a call upon Mrs. Martin, the Captain's sister; and a vague impression that this lady might be the depository of some farewell message—perhaps of a letter—which she was awaiting her convenience to present, led her at once to undertake this social duty. The carriage which had been ordered for her projected visit was at the door, when, within a week after Severn's departure, Major Luttrell was announced. Gertrude received him in her bonnet. His first care was to present Captain Severn's adieus, together with his regrets that he had not had time to discharge them in person. As Luttrell made his speech, he watched his companion narrowly, and was considerably reassured by the unflinching composure with which she listened to it. The turn he had given to Severn's message had been the fruit of much mischievous cogitation. It had seemed to him that, for his purposes, the assumption of a hasty, and as it were mechanical, allusion to Miss Whit-

taker, was more serviceable than the assumption of no allusion at all, which would have left a boundless void for the exercise of Gertrude's fancy. And he had reasoned well; for although he was tempted to infer from her calmness that his shot had fallen short of the mark, yet, in spite of her silent and almost smiling assent to his words, it had made but one bound to her heart. Before many minutes, she felt that those words had done her a world of good. "He had not had time!" Indeed, as she took to herself their full expression of perfect indifference, she felt that her hard, forced smile was broadening into the sign of a lively gratitude to the Major.

Major Luttrell had still another task to perform. He had spent half an hour on the preceding day at Richard's bedside, having ridden over to the farm, in ignorance of his illness, to see how matters stood with him. The reader will already have surmised that the Major was not pre-eminently a man of conscience: he will, therefore, be the less surprised and shocked to hear that the sight of the poor young man, prostrate, fevered, and delirious, and to all appearance rapidly growing worse, filled him with an emotion the reverse of creditable. In plain terms, he was very glad to find Richard a prisoner in bed. He had been racking his brains for a scheme to keep his young friend out of the way, and now, to his exceeding satisfaction, Nature had relieved him of this troublesome care. If Richard was condemned to typhoid fever, which his symptoms seemed to indicate, he would not, granting his recovery, be able to leave his room within a month. In a month, much might be done; nay, with energy, all might be done. The reader has been all but directly informed that the Major's present purpose was to secure Miss Whittaker's hand. He was poor, and he was ambitious, and he was, moreover, so well advanced in life—being thirty-six years of age—that he had no heart to think of building up his fortune by slow degrees. A man of good breeding, too, he had become sen-

sible, as he approached middle age, of the many advantages of a luxurious home. He had accordingly decided that a wealthy marriage would most easily unlock the gate to prosperity. A girl of a somewhat lighter calibre than Gertrude would have been the woman—we cannot say of his heart; but, as he very generously argued, beggars can't be choosers. Gertrude was a woman with a mind of her own; but, on the whole, he was not afraid of her. He was abundantly prepared to do his duty. He had, of course, as became a man of sense, duly weighed his obstacles against his advantages; but an impartial scrutiny had found the latter heavier in the balance. The only serious difficulty in his path was the possibility that, on hearing of Richard's illness, Gertrude, with her confounded benevolence, would take a fancy to nurse him in person, and that, in the course of her ministrations, his delirious ramblings would force upon her mind the damning story of the deception practised upon Captain Severn. There was nothing for it but bravely to face this risk. As for that other fact, which many men of a feebler spirit would have deemed an invincible obstacle, Luttrell's masterly understanding had immediately converted it into the prime agent of success,—the fact, namely, that Gertrude's heart was preoccupied. Such knowledge as he possessed of the relations between Miss Whittaker and his brother officer he had gained by his unaided observations and his silent deductions. These had been logical; for, on the whole, his knowledge was accurate. It was at least what he might have termed a good working knowledge. He had calculated on a passionate reactionary impulse on Gertrude's part, consequent on Severn's simulated offence. He knew that, in a generous woman, such an impulse, if left to itself, would not go very far. But on this point it was that his policy bore. He would not leave it to itself: he would take it gently into his hands, attenuate it, prolong it, economize it, and mould it into the clew to his own good fortune. He thus counted much upon

his skill and his tact ; but he likewise placed a becoming degree of reliance upon his solid personal qualities,—qualities too sober and too solid, perhaps, to be called *charms*, but thoroughly adapted to inspire confidence. The Major was not handsome in feature ; he left that to younger men and to lighter women ; but his ugliness was of a masculine, aristocratic, intelligent stamp. His figure, moreover, was good enough to compensate for the absence of a straight nose and a fine mouth ; and his general bearing offered a most pleasing combination of the gravity of the man of affairs and the versatility of the man of society.

In her sudden anxiety on Richard's behalf, Gertrude soon forgot her own immaterial woes. The carriage which was to have conveyed her to Mrs. Martin's was used for a more disinterested purpose. The Major, prompted by a strong faith in the salutary force of his own presence, having obtained her permission to accompany her, they set out for the farm, and soon found themselves in Richard's chamber. The young man was wrapped in a heavy sleep, from which it was judged imprudent to arouse him. Gertrude, sighing as she compared his thinly furnished room with her own elaborate apartments, drew up a mental list of essential luxuries which she would immediately send him. Not but that he had received, however, a sufficiency of homely care. The doctor was assiduous, and the old woman who nursed him was full of rough good-sense.

"He asks very often after you, Miss," she said, addressing Gertrude, but with a sly glance at the Major. "But I think you'd better not come too often. I'm afraid you'd excite him more than you'd quiet him."

"I'm afraid you would, Miss Whitaker," said the Major, who could have hugged the goodwife.

"Why should I excite him?" asked Gertrude. "I'm used to sick-rooms. I nursed my father for a year and a half."

"O, it's very well for an old woman

like me, but it's no place for a fine young lady like you," said the nurse, looking at Gertrude's muslins and laces.

"I'm not so fine as to desert a friend in distress," said Gertrude. "I shall come again, and if it makes the poor fellow worse to see me, I shall stay away. I am ready to do anything that will help him to get well."

It had already occurred to her that, in his unnatural state, Richard might find her presence a source of irritation, and she was prepared to remain in the background. As she returned to her carriage, she caught herself reflecting with so much pleasure upon Major Luttrell's kindness in expending a couple of hours of his valuable time on so unprofitable an object as poor Richard, that, by way of intimating her satisfaction, she invited him to come home and dine with her.

After a short interval she paid Richard a second visit, in company with Miss Pendexter. He was a great deal worse ; he lay emaciated, exhausted, and stupid. The issue was doubtful. Gertrude immediately pushed forward to M——, a larger town than her own, sought out a professional nurse, and arranged with him to relieve the old woman from the farm, who was worn out with her vigilance. For a fortnight, moreover, she received constant tidings from the young man's physician. During this fortnight, Major Luttrell was assiduous, and proportionately successful.

It may be said, to his credit, that he had by no means conducted his suit upon that narrow programme which he had drawn up at the outset. He very soon discovered that Gertrude's resentment—if resentment there was—was a substance utterly impalpable even to his most delicate tact, and he had accordingly set to work to woo her like an honest man, from day to day, from hour to hour, trusting so devoutly for success to momentary inspiration, that he felt his suit dignified by a certain flattering *faux air* of genuine passion. He occasionally reminded

himself, however, that he might really be owing more to the subtle force of accidental contrast than Gertrude's lifelong reserve — for it was certain she would not depart from it — would ever allow him to measure.

It was as an honest man, then, a man of impulse and of action, that Gertrude had begun to like him. She was not slow to perceive whither his operations tended; and she was almost tempted at times to tell him frankly that she would spare him the intermediate steps, and meet him at the goal without further delay. It was not that she was prepared to love him, but she would make him an obedient wife. An immense weariness had somehow come upon her, and a sudden sense of loneliness. A vague suspicion that her money had done her an incurable wrong inspired her with a profound distaste for the care of it. She felt cruelly hedged out from human sympathy by her bristling possessions. "If I had had five hundred dollars a year," she said in a frequent parenthesis, "I might have pleased him." Hating her wealth, accordingly, and chilled by her isolation, the temptation was strong upon her to give herself up to that wise, brave gentleman who seemed to have adopted such a happy medium betwixt loving her for her money and fearing her for it. Would she not always stand between men who would represent the two extremes? She would anticipate security by an alliance with Major Luttrell.

One evening, on presenting himself, Luttrell read these thoughts so clearly in her eyes, that he made up his mind to speak. But his mind was burdened with a couple of facts, of which it was necessary that he should discharge it before it could enjoy the freedom of action which the occasion required. In the first place, then, he had been to see Richard Clare, and had found him suddenly and decidedly better. It was unbecoming, however, — it was impossible, — that he should allow Gertrude to linger over this pleasant announcement.

"I tell the good news first," he said, gravely. "I have some very bad news, too, Miss Whittaker."

Gertrude sent him a rapid glance. "Some one has been killed," she said.

"Captain Severn has been shot," said the Major, — "shot by a guerilla."

Gertrude was silent. No answer seemed possible to that uncompromising fact. She sat with her head on her hand, and her elbow on the table beside her, looking at the figures on the carpet. She uttered no words of commonplace regret; but she felt as little like giving way to serious grief. She had lost nothing, and, to the best of her knowledge, *he* had lost nothing. She had an old loss to mourn, — a loss a month old, which she had mourned as she might. To give way to passion would have been but to impugn the solemnity of her past regrets. When she looked up at her companion, she was pale, but she was calm, yet with a calmness upon which a single glance of her eye directed him not inconsiderately to presume. She was aware that this glance betrayed her secret; but in view both of Severn's death and of the Major's attitude, such betrayal mattered less. Luttrell had prepared to act upon her hint, and to avert himself gently from the topic, when Gertrude, who had dropped her eyes again, raised them with a slight shudder. "I'm cold," she said. "Will you shut that window beside you, Major? Or stay, suppose you give me my shawl from the sofa."

Luttrell brought the shawl, placed it on her shoulders, and sat down beside her. "These are cruel times," he said, with studied simplicity. "I'm sure I hardly know what's to come of it all."

"Yes, they are cruel times," said Gertrude. "They make one feel cruel. They make one doubt of all he has learnt from his pastors and masters."

"Yes, but they teach us something new also."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Gertrude, whose heart was so full of bitterness that she felt almost malignant. "They teach us how mean we are."

War is an infamy, Major, though it *is* your trade. It's very well for you, who look at it professionally, and for those who go and fight; but it's a miserable business for those who stay at home, and do the thinking and the sentimentalizing. It's a miserable business for women; it makes us more spiteful than ever."

"Well, a little spite is n't a bad thing, in practice," said the Major. "War is certainly an abomination, both at home and in the field. But as wars go, Miss Whittaker, our own is a very satisfactory one. It involves something. It won't leave us as it found us. We're in the midst of a revolution, and what's a revolution but a turning upside down? It makes sad work with our habits and theories and our traditions and convictions. But, on the other hand," Luttrell pursued, warming to his task, "it leaves something untouched, which is better than these, — I mean our feelings, Miss Whittaker." And the Major paused until he had caught Gertrude's eyes, when, having engaged them with his own, he proceeded. "I think they are the stronger for the downfall of so much else, and, upon my soul, I think it's in them we ought to take refuge. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, if I understand you."

"I mean our serious feelings, you know, — not our tastes nor our passions. I don't advocate fiddling while Rome is burning. In fact it's only poor, unsatisfied devils that are tempted to fiddle. There is one feeling which is respectable and honorable, and even sacred, at all times and in all places, whatever they may be. It does n't depend upon circumstances, but they upon it; and with its help, I think, we are a match for any circumstances. I don't mean religion, Miss Whittaker," added the Major, with a sober smile.

"If you don't mean religion," said Gertrude, "I suppose you mean love. That's a very different thing."

"Yes, a very different thing; so I've always thought, and so I'm glad to hear you say. Some people, you know,

mix them up in the most extraordinary fashion. I don't fancy myself an especially religious man; in fact, I believe I'm rather otherwise. It's my nature. Half mankind are born so, or I suppose the affairs of this world would n't move. But I believe I'm a good lover, Miss Whittaker."

"I hope for your own sake you are, Major Luttrell."

"Thank you. Do you think now you could entertain the idea for the sake of any one else?"

Gertrude neither dropped her eyes, nor shrugged her shoulders, nor blushed. If anything, indeed, she turned somewhat paler than before, as she sustained her companion's gaze, and prepared to answer him as directly as she might.

"If I loved you, Major Luttrell," she said, "I should value the idea for my own sake."

The Major, too, blanched a little. "I put my question conditionally," he answered, "and I have got, as I deserved, a conditional reply. I will speak plainly, then, Miss Whittaker. Do you value the fact for your own sake? It would be plainer still to say, Do you love me? but I confess I'm not brave enough for that. I will say, Can you? or I will even content myself with putting it in the conditional again, and asking you if you could; although, after all, I hardly know what the *if* understood can reasonably refer to. I'm not such a fool as to ask of any woman — least of all of you — to love me contingently. You can only answer for the present, and say yes or no. I should n't trouble you to say either, if I did n't conceive that I had given you time to make up your mind. It does n't take forever to know James Luttrell. I'm not one of the great unfathomable ones. We've seen each other more or less intimately for a good many weeks; and as I'm conscious, Miss Whittaker, of having shown you my best, I take for granted that if you don't fancy me now, you won't a month hence, when you shall have seen my faults. Yes, Miss Whittaker, I can solemnly say," continued the Major, with genuine feeling, "I

have shown you my best, as every man is in honor bound to do who approaches a woman with those predispositions with which I have approached you. I have striven hard to please you,"—and he paused. "I can only say, I hope I have succeeded."

"I should be very insensible," said Gertrude, "if all your kindness and your courtesies had been lost upon me."

"In Heaven's name, don't talk about courtesies," cried the Major.

"I am deeply conscious of your devotion, and I am very much obliged to you for urging your claims so respectfully and considerately. I speak seriously, Major Luttrell," pursued Gertrude. "There is a happy medium of expression, and you have taken it. Now it seems to me that there is a happy medium of affection, with which you might be content. Strictly, I don't love you. I question my heart, and it gives me that answer. The feeling that I have is not a feeling to work prodigies."

"May it at least work the prodigy of allowing you to be my wife?"

"I don't think I shall over-estimate its strength, if I say that it may. If you can respect a woman who gives you her hand in cold blood, you are welcome to mine."

Luttrell moved his chair and took her hand. "Beggars can't be choosers," said he, raising it to his mustache.

"O Major Luttrell, don't say that," she answered. "I give you a great deal; but I keep a little,—a little," said Gertrude, hesitating, "which I suppose I shall give to God."

"Well, I shall not be jealous," said Luttrell.

"The rest I give to you, and in return I ask a great deal."

"I shall give you all. You know I told you I'm not religious."

"No, I don't want more than I give," said Gertrude.

"But, pray," asked Luttrell, with a delicate smile, "what am I to do with the difference?"

"You had better keep it for yourself. What I want is your protection, sir, and your advice, and your care. I want

you to take me away from this place, even if you have to take me down to the army. I want to see the world under the shelter of your name. I shall give you a great deal of trouble. I'm a mere mass of possessions: what I am, is nothing to what I have. But ever since I began to grow up, what I am has been the slave of what I have. I am weary of my chains, and you must help me to carry them,"—and Gertrude rose to her feet as if to inform the Major that his audience was at an end.

He still held her right hand; she gave him the other. He stood looking down at her, an image of manly humility, while from his silent breast went out a brief thanksgiving to favoring fortune.

At the pressure of his hands, Gertrude felt her bosom heave. She burst into tears. "O, you must be very kind to me!" she cried, as he put his arm about her, and she dropped her head upon his shoulder.

When once Richard's health had taken a turn for the better, it began very rapidly to improve. "Until he is quite well," Gertrude said, one day, to her accepted suitor, "I had rather he heard nothing of our engagement. He was once in love with me himself," she added, very frankly. "Did you ever suspect it? But I hope he will have got better of that sad malady, too. Nevertheless, I shall expect nothing of his good judgment until he is quite strong; and as he may hear of my new intentions from other people, I propose that, for the present, we confide them to no one."

"But if he asks me point-blank," said the Major, "what shall I answer?"

"It's not likely he'll ask you. How should he suspect anything?"

"O," said Luttrell, "Clare is one that suspects everything."

"Tell him we're not engaged, then. A woman in my position may say what she pleases."

It was agreed, however, that certain preparations for the marriage should meanwhile go forward in secret; and

that the marriage itself should take place in August, as Luttrell expected to be ordered back into service in the autumn. At about this moment Gertrude was surprised to receive a short note from Richard, so feebly scrawled in pencil as to be barely legible. "Dear Gertrude," it ran, "don't come to see me just yet. I'm not fit. You would hurt me, and *vice versa*. God bless you! R. CLARE." Miss Whittaker explained his request, by the supposition that a report had come to him of Major Luttrell's late assiduities (which it was impossible should go unobserved); that, leaping at the worst, he had taken her engagement for granted; and that, under this impression, he could not trust himself to see her. She despatched him an answer, telling him that she would await his pleasure, and that, if the doctor would consent to his having letters, she would meanwhile occasionally write to him. "She will give me good advice," thought Richard impatiently; and on this point, accordingly, she received no account of his wishes. Expecting to leave her house and close it on her marriage, she spent many hours in wandering sadly over the meadow-paths and through the woodlands which she had known from her childhood. She had thrown aside the last ensigns of filial regret, and now walked sad and splendid in the uncompromising colors of an affianced bride. It would have seemed to a stranger that, for a woman who had freely chosen a companion for life, she was amazingly spiritless and sombre. As she looked at her pale cheeks and heavy eyes in the mirror, she felt ashamed that she had no fairer countenance to offer to her destined lord. She had lost her single beauty, her smile; and she would make but a ghastly figure at the altar. "I ought to wear a calico dress and an apron," she said to herself, "and not this glaring finery." But she continued to wear her finery, and to lay out her money, and to perform all her old duties to the letter. After the lapse of what she deemed a sufficient interval, she went to see Mrs. Martin, and to listen dumbly to

her narration of her brother's death, and to her simple eulogies.

Major Luttrell performed his part quite as bravely, and much more successfully. He observed neither too many things nor too few; he neither presumed upon his success, nor mistrusted it. Having on his side received no prohibition from Richard, he resumed his visits at the farm, trusting that, with the return of reason, his young friend might feel disposed to renew that anomalous alliance in which, on the hapless evening of Captain Severn's farewell, he had taken refuge against his despair. In the long, languid hours of his early convalescence, Richard had found time to survey his position, to summon back piece by piece the immediate past, and to frame a general scheme for the future. But more vividly than anything else, there had finally disengaged itself from his meditations a profound aversion to James Luttrell.

It was in this humor that the Major found him; and as he looked at the young man's gaunt shoulders, supported by pillows, at his face, so livid and aquiline, at his great dark eyes, luminous with triumphant life, it seemed to him that an invincible spirit had been sent from a better world to breathe confusion upon his hopes. If Richard hated the Major, the reader may guess whether the Major loved Richard. Luttrell was amazed at his first remark.

"I suppose you're engaged by this time," Richard said, calmly enough.

"Not quite," answered the Major. "There's a chance for you yet."

To this Richard made no rejoinder. Then, suddenly, "Have you had any news of Captain Severn?" he asked.

For a moment the Major was perplexed at his question. He had assumed that the news of Severn's death had come to Richard's ears, and he had been half curious, half apprehensive as to its effect. But an instant's reflection now assured him that the young man's estrangement from his neighbors had kept him hitherto and might still keep him in ignorance of the

truth. Hastily, therefore, and inconsiderately, the Major determined to confirm this ignorance. "No," said he; "I've had no news. Severn and I are not on such terms as to correspond."

The next time Luttrell came to the farm, he found the master sitting up in a great, cushioned, chintz-covered arm-chair which Gertrude had sent him the day before out of her own dressing-room.

"Are you engaged yet?" asked Richard.

There was a strain as if of defiance in his tone. The Major was irritated. "Yes," said he, "we *are* engaged now."

The young man's face betrayed no emotion.

"Are you reconciled to it?" asked Luttrell.

"Yes, practically I am."

"What do you mean by practically? Explain yourself."

"A man in my state can't explain himself. I mean that, however I feel about it, I shall accept Gertrude's marriage."

"You're a wise man, my boy," said the Major, kindly.

"I'm growing wise. I feel like Solomon on his throne in this chair. But I confess, sir, I don't see how she could have you."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," said the Major, good-humoredly.

"Ah, if it's been a matter of taste with her," said Richard, "I have nothing to say."

They came to no more express understanding than this with regard to the future. Richard continued to grow stronger daily, and to defer the renewal of his intercourse with Gertrude. A month before, he would have resented as a bitter insult the intimation that he would ever be so resigned to lose her as he now found himself. He would not see her for two reasons: first, because he felt that it would be — or that at least in reason it ought to be — a painful experience to look upon his old mistress with a coldly critical eye;

and secondly, because, justify to himself as he would his new-born indifference, he could not entirely cast away the suspicion that it was a last remnant of disease, and that, when he stood on his legs again in the presence of those exuberant landscapes with which he had long since established a sort of sensuous communion, he would feel, as with a great tumultuous rush, the return of his impetuous manhood and of his old capacity. When he had smoked a pipe in the outer sunshine, when he had settled himself once more to the long elastic bound of his mare, then he would see Gertrude. The reason of the change which had come upon him was that she had disappointed him, — she whose magnanimity it had once seemed that his fancy was impotent to measure. She had accepted Major Luttrell, a man whom he despised; she had so mutilated her magnificent heart as to match it with his. The validity of his dislike to the Major, Richard did not trouble himself to examine. He accepted it as an unerring instinct; and, indeed, he might have asked himself, had he not sufficient proof? Moreover he labored under the sense of a gratuitous wrong. He had suffered an immense torment of remorse to drive him into brutishness, and thence to the very gate of death, for an offence which he had deemed mortal, and which was after all but a phantasm of his impassioned conscience. What a fool he had been! a fool for his nervous fears, and a fool for his penitence. Marriage with Major Luttrell, — such was the end of Gertrude's fancied anguish. Such, too, we hardly need add, was the end of that idea of reparation which had been so formidable to Luttrell. Richard had been generous; he would now be just.

Far from impeding his recovery, these reflections hastened it. One morning in the beginning of August, Gertrude received notice of Richard's presence. It was a still, sultry day, and Miss Whittaker, her habitual pallor deepened by the oppressive heat, was sitting alone in a white morning-dress, languidly fan-

ning aside at once the droning flies and her equally importunate thoughts. She found Richard standing in the middle of the drawing-room, booted and spurred.

"Well, Richard," she exclaimed, with some feeling, "you 're at last willing to see me!"

As his eyes fell upon her, he started and stood almost paralyzed, heeding neither her words nor her extended hand. It was not Gertrude he saw, but her ghost.

"In Heaven's name what has happened to you?" he cried. "Have *you* been ill?"

Gertrude tried to smile in feigned surprise at his surprise; but her muscles relaxed. Richard's words and looks reflected more vividly than any mirror the dejection of her person; and this, the misery of her soul. She felt herself growing faint. She staggered back to a sofa and sank down.

Then Richard felt as if the room were revolving about him, and as if his throat were choked with imprecations,—as if his old erratic passion had again taken possession of him, like a mingled legion of devils and angels. It was through pity that his love returned. He went forward and dropped on his knees at Gertrude's feet. "Speak to me!" he cried, seizing her hands. "Are you unhappy? Is your heart broken? O Gertrude! what have you come to?"

Gertrude drew her hands from his grasp and rose to her feet. "Get up, Richard," she said. "Don't talk so wildly. I'm not well. I'm very glad to see you. *You* look well."

"I've got my strength again,—and meanwhile you've been failing. You're unhappy, you're wretched! Don't say you're not, Gertrude: it's as plain as day. You're breaking your heart."

"The same old Richard!" said Gertrude, trying to smile again.

"Would that you were the same old Gertrude! Don't try to smile; you can't!"

"I *shall*!" said Gertrude, desperately. "I'm going to be married, you know."

"Yes, I know. I don't congratulate you."

"I have not counted upon that honor, Richard. I shall have to do without it."

"You'll have to do without a great many things!" cried Richard, horrified by what seemed to him her blind self-immolation.

"I have all I ask," said Gertrude.

"You have n't all I ask then! You have n't all your friends ask."

"My friends are very kind, but I marry to suit myself."

"You've not suited yourself!" retorted the young man. "You've suited—God knows what!—your pride, your despair, your resentment." As he looked at her, the secret history of her weakness seemed to become plain to him, and he felt a mighty rage against the man who had taken a base advantage of it. "Gertrude!" he cried, "I entreat you to go back. It's not for my sake,—I'll give you up,—I'll go a thousand miles away, and never look at you again. It's for your own. In the name of your happiness, break with that man! Don't fling yourself away. Buy him off, if you consider yourself bound. Give him your money. That's all he wants."

As Gertrude listened, the blood came back to her face, and two flames into her eyes. She looked at Richard from head to foot. "You are not weak," she said, "you are in your senses, you are well and strong; you shall tell me what you mean. You insult the best friend I have. Explain yourself! you insinuate foul things,—speak them out!" Her eyes glanced toward the door, and Richard's followed them. Major Luttrell stood on the threshold.

"Come in, sir!" cried Richard. "Gertrude swears she'll believe no harm of you. Come and tell her that she's wrong! How can you keep on harassing a woman whom you've brought to this state? Think of what she was three months ago, and look at her now!"

Luttrell received this broadside without flinching. He had overheard Rich-

ard's voice from the entry, and he had steeled his heart for the encounter. He assumed the air of having been so amazed by the young man's first words as only to have heard his last; and he glanced at Gertrude mechanically as if to comply with them. "What's the matter?" he asked, going over to her, and taking her hand; "are you ill?" Gertrude let him have her hand, but she forbore to meet his eyes.

"Ill! of course she's ill!" cried Richard, passionately. "She's dying, — she's consuming herself! I know I seem to be playing an odious part here, Gertrude, but, upon my soul, I can't help it. I look like a betrayer, an informer, a sneak, but I don't feel like one! Still, I'll leave you, if you say so."

"Shall he go, Gertrude?" asked Luttrell, without looking at Richard.

"No. Let him stay and explain himself. He has accused you, — let him prove his case."

"I know what he is going to say," said Luttrell. "It will place me in a bad light. Do you still wish to hear it?"

Gertrude drew her hand hastily out of Luttrell's. "Speak, Richard!" she cried, with a passionate gesture.

"I will speak," said Richard. "I've done you a dreadful wrong, Gertrude. How great a wrong, I never knew until I saw you to-day so miserably altered. When I heard that you were to be married, I fancied that it was no wrong, and that my remorse had been wasted. But I understand it now; and *he* understands it, too. You once told me that you had ceased to love Captain Severn. It was n't true. You never ceased to love him. You love him at this moment. If he were to get another wound in the next battle, how would you feel? How would you bear it?" And Richard paused for an instant with the force of his interrogation.

"For God's sake," cried Gertrude, "respect the dead!"

"The dead! Is he dead?"

Gertrude covered her face with her hands.

"You beast!" cried Luttrell.

Richard turned upon him savagely. "Shut your infernal mouth!" he roared. "You told me he was alive and well!"

Gertrude made a movement of speechless distress.

"You would have it, my dear," said Luttrell, with a little bow.

Richard had turned pale, and began to tremble. "Excuse me, Gertrude," he said, hoarsely, "I've been deceived. Poor, unhappy woman! Gertrude," he continued, going nearer to her, and speaking in a whisper, "*I killed him.*"

Gertrude fell back from him, as he approached her, with a look of unutterable horror. "I and *he*," said Richard, pointing at Luttrell.

Gertrude's eyes followed the direction of his gesture, and transferred their scorching disgust to her suitor. This was too much for Luttrell's courage. "You idiot!" she shouted at Richard, "speak out!"

"He loved you, though you believed he did n't," said Richard. "I saw it the first time I looked at him. To every one but you it was as plain as day. Luttrell saw it too. But he was too modest, and he never fancied you cared for him. The night before he went back to the army, he came to bid you good by. If he had seen you, it would have been better for every one. You remember that evening, of course. We met him, Luttrell and I. He was all on fire, — he meant to speak. I knew it, you knew it, Luttrell: it was in his fingers' ends. I intercepted him. I turned him off, — I lied to him and told him you were away. I was a coward, and I did neither more nor less than that. I knew you were waiting for him. It was stronger than my will, — I believe I should do it again. Fate was against him, and he went off. I came back to tell you, but my damnable jealousy strangled me. I went home and drank myself into a fever. I've done you a wrong that I can never repair. I'd go hang myself if I thought it would help you." Richard spoke slowly, softly, and explicitly, as if irresistible Justice in person had

her hand upon his neck, and were forcing him down upon his knees. In the presence of Gertrude's dismay nothing seemed possible but perfect self-conviction. In Luttrell's attitude, as he stood with his head erect, his arms folded, and his cold gray eye fixed upon the distance, it struck him that there was something atrociously insolent; not insolent to him,—for that he cared little enough,—but insolent to Gertrude and to the dreadful solemnity of the hour. Richard sent the Major a look of the most aggressive contempt. "As for Major Luttrell," he said, "*he* was but a passive spectator. No, Gertrude, by Heaven!" he burst out; "he was worse than I! I loved you, and he did n't!"

"Our friend is correct in his facts, Gertrude," said Luttrell, quietly. "He is incorrect in his opinions. I *was* a passive spectator of his deception. He appeared to enjoy a certain authority with regard to your wishes,—the source of which I respected both of you sufficiently never to question,—and I accepted the act which he has described as an exercise of it. You will remember that you had sent us away on the ground that you were in no humor for company. To deny you, therefore, to another visitor, seemed to me rather officious, but still pardonable. You will consider that I was wholly ignorant of your relations to that visitor; that whatever you may have done for others, Gertrude, to me you never vouchsafed a word of information on the subject, and that Mr. Clare's words are a revelation to me. But I am bound to believe nothing that he says. I am bound to believe that I have injured you only when I hear it from your own lips."

Richard made a movement as if to break out upon the Major; but Gertrude, who had been standing motionless with her eyes upon the ground, quickly raised them, and gave him a look of imperious prohibition. She had listened, and she had chosen. She turned to Luttrell. "Major Luttrell," she said, "you *have* been an accessory in what has been for me a serious grief.

It is my duty to tell you so. I mean, of course, a profoundly unwilling accessory. I pity you more than I can tell you. I think your position more pitiable than mine. It is true that I never made a confidant of you. I never made one of Richard. I had a secret, and he surprised it. You were less fortunate." It might have seemed to a thoroughly dispassionate observer that in these last four words there was an infinitesimal touch of tragic irony. Gertrude paused a moment while Luttrell eyed her intently, and Richard, from a somewhat tardy instinct of delicacy, walked over to the bow-window. "This is the most painful moment of my life," she resumed. "I hardly know where my duty lies. The only thing that is plain to me is, that I must ask you to release me from my engagement. I ask it most humbly, Major Luttrell," Gertrude continued, with warmth in her words, and a chilling coldness in her voice,—a coldness which it sickened her to feel there, but which she was unable to dispel. "I can't expect that you should give me up easily; I know that it's a great deal to ask, and"—she forced the chosen words out of her mouth—"I should thank you more than I can say if you would put some condition upon my release. You have done honorably by me, and I repay you with ingratitude. But I can't marry you." Her voice began to melt. "I have been false from the beginning. I have no heart to give you. I should make you a despicable wife."

The Major, too, had listened and chosen, and in this trying conjuncture he set the seal to his character as an accomplished man. He saw that Gertrude's movement was final, and he determined to respect the inscrutable mystery of her heart. He read in the glance of her eye and the tone of her voice that the perfect dignity had fallen from his character,—that his integrity had lost its bloom; but he also read her firm resolve never to admit this fact to her own mind, nor to declare it to the world, and he honored her forbearance. His hopes, his ambitions, his visions, lay be-

fore him like a colossal heap of broken glass; but he would be as graceful as she was. She had divined him; but she had spared him. The Major was inspired.

"You have at least spoken to the point," he said. "You leave no room for doubt or for hope. With the little light I have, I can't say I understand your feelings, but I yield to them religiously. I believe so thoroughly that you suffer from the thought of what you ask of me, that I will not increase your suffering by assuring you of my own. I care for nothing but your happiness. You have lost it, and I give you mine to replace it. And although it's a simple thing to say," he added, "I must say simply that I thank you for your implicit faith in my integrity,"—and he held out his hand. As she gave him hers, Gertrude felt utterly in the wrong; and she looked into his eyes with an expression so humble, so appealing, so grateful, that, after all, his exit may be called triumphant.

When he had gone, Richard turned from the window with an enormous sense of relief. He had heard Gertrude's speech, and he knew that perfect justice had not been done; but still there was enough to be thankful for. Yet now that his duty was accomplished, he was conscious of a sudden lassitude. Mechanically he looked at Gertrude, and almost mechanically he came towards her. She, on her side, looking at him as he walked slowly down the long room, his face indistinct against the deadened light of the white-draped windows behind him, marked the expression of his figure with another pang. "He has rescued me," she said to herself; "but his passion has perished in the tumult. Richard," she said aloud, uttering the first words of vague kindness that came into her mind, "I forgive you."

Richard stopped. The idea had lost its charm. "You're very kind," he said, wearily. "You're far too kind. How do you know you forgive me? Wait and see."

Gertrude looked at him as she had

never looked before; but he saw nothing of it. He saw a sad, plain girl in a white dress, nervously handling her fan. He was thinking of himself. If he had been thinking of her, he would have read in her lingering, upward gaze, that he had won her; and if, so reading, he had opened his arms, Gertrude would have come to them. We trust the reader is not shocked. She neither hated him nor despised him, as she ought doubtless in consistency to have done. She felt that he was abundantly a man, and she loved him. Richard on his side felt humbly the same truth, and he began to respect himself. The past had closed abruptly behind him, and tardy Gertrude had been shut in. The future was dimly shaping itself without her image. So he did not open his arms.

"Good by," he said, holding out his hand. "I may not see you again for a long time."

Gertrude felt as if the world were deserting her. "Are you going away?" she asked, tremulously.

"I mean to sell out and pay my debts, and go to the war."

She gave him her hand, and he silently shook it. There was no contending with the war, and she gave him up.

With their separation our story properly ends, and to say more would be to begin a new story. It is perhaps our duty, however, expressly to add, that Major Luttrell, in obedience to a logic of his own, abstained from revenge; and that, if time has not avenged him, it has at least rewarded him. General Luttrell, who lost an arm before the war was over, recently married Miss Van Winkel of Philadelphia, and seventy thousand a year. Richard engaged in the defence of his country, on a captain's commission, obtained with some difficulty. He saw a great deal of fighting, but he has no scars to show. The return of peace found him in his native place, without a home, and without resources. One of his first acts was to call dutifully and respectfully upon Miss Whittaker, whose circle of acquaintance had apparently become very

much enlarged, and now included a vast number of gentlemen. Gertrude's manner was kindness itself, but a more studied kindness than before. She had lost much of her youth and her simplicity. Richard wondered whether she had pledged herself to spinsterhood, but of course he did n't ask her. She inquired very particularly into his material prospects and intentions, and offered most urgently to lend him money, which he declined to borrow. When he left her, he took a long walk through her place and beside the river, and, wandering back to the days when he had yearned for her love, assured himself that no woman would ever again be to him what she had been. During his stay in this neighborhood he found himself impelled to a species of submission to one of the old agricultural magnates whom he had insulted in his unregenerate days, and through whom he was glad to obtain some momentary employment. But his pres-

ent position is very distasteful to him, and he is eager to try his fortunes in the West. As yet, however, he has lacked even the means to get as far as St. Louis. He drinks no more than is good for him. To speak of Gertrude's impressions of Richard would lead us quite too far. Shortly after his return she broke up her household, and came to the bold resolution (bold, that is, for a woman young, unmarried, and ignorant of manners in her own country) to spend some time in Europe. At our last accounts she was living in the ancient city of Florence. Her great wealth, of which she was wont to complain that it excluded her from human sympathy, now affords her a most efficient protection. She passes among her fellow-countrymen abroad for a very independent, but a very happy woman ; although, as she is by this time twenty-seven years of age, a little romance is occasionally invoked to account for her continued celibacy.

THE GROWTH, LIMITATIONS, AND TOLERATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS.

IN an article on Shakespeare in the June number of this Magazine, we spoke of his general comprehensiveness and creativeness, of his method of characterization, and of the identity of his genius with his individuality. In the present article we purpose to treat of some particular topics included in the general theme ; and as criticism on him is like coasting along a continent, we shall make little pretension to system in the order of taking them up.

The first of these topics is the succession of Shakespeare's works, considered as steps in the growth and development of his powers,—a subject which has already been ably handled by our countryman, Mr. Verplanck. The facts, as far as they can be ascer-

tained, are these. Shakespeare went to London about the year 1586, in his twenty-second year, and found some humble employment in one of the theatrical companies. Three years afterwards, in 1589, he had risen to be one of the sharers in the Blackfriars' Theatre. In 1592 he had acquired sufficient reputation as a dramatist, or at least as a recaster of the plays of others, to excite the jealousy of the leading playwrights, whose crude dramas he condescended to rewrite or retouch. That graceless vagabond, Robert Greene, addressing from his penitent death-bed his old friends Lodge, Peele, and Marlowe, and trying to dissuade them from "spending their wits" any longer in "making plays," spitefully

declares: "There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country." Doubtless this charge of adopting and adapting the productions of others includes some dramas which have not been preserved, as the company to which Shakespeare was attached owned the manuscripts of a great number of plays which were never printed; and it was a custom, when a play had popular elements in it, for other dramatists to be employed in making such additions as would give continual novelty to the old favorite. But of the plays published in our editions of Shakespeare's writings, it is probable that "*The Comedy of Errors*," and the three parts of "*King Henry VI.*," are only partially his, and should be classed among his early adaptations, and not among his early creations. The play of "*Pericles*" bears no marks of his mind, except in some scenes of transcendent power and beauty, which start up from the rest of the work like towers of gold from a plain of sand; but these scenes are in his latest manner. In regard to the tragedy of "*Titus Andronicus*," we are so constituted as to resist all the external evidence by which such a shapeless mass of horrors and absurdities is fastened on Shakespeare. Mr. Verplanck thinks it one of Shakespeare's first attempts at dramatic composition; but first attempts must reflect the mental condition of the author at the time they were made; and we know the mental condition of Shakespeare in his early manhood by his poem of "*Venus and Adonis*," which he expressly styles "the first heir of his invention." Now leaving out of view the fact that "*Titus Andronicus*" stamps the impression, not of youthful, but of matured depravity of taste, its execrable enormities of feeling and incident could not have proceeded from the sweet and comely nature in which the poem had

its birth. The best criticism on "*Titus Andronicus*" was made by Robert Burns, when he was nine years old. His schoolmaster was reading the play aloud in his father's cottage, and when he came to the scene where Lavinia enters with her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, little Robert fell a-crying, and threatened, in case the play was left in the cottage, to burn it. It is hard to believe that what Burns despised and detested at the age of nine could have been written by Shakespeare at the age of twenty-five. Taking, then, "*Venus and Adonis*" as the point of departure, we find Shakespeare at the age of twenty-two endowed with all the faculties, but relatively deficient in the passions, of the poet. The poem is a throng of thoughts, fancies, and imaginations, but somewhat cramped in the utterance. Coleridge says, that "in his poems the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length in the drama they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other." Fine as this is, it would perhaps be more exact to say, that in his earlier poems his intellect, acting apart from his sensibility, and playing with its own ingenuities of fancy and meditation, condensed its thoughts in crystals. Afterwards, when his whole nature became liquid, he gave us his thoughts in a state of fusion, and his intellect flowed in streams of fire.

Take, for example, that passage in the poem where Venus represents the loveliness of Adonis as sending thrills of passion into the earth on which he treads, and as making the bashful moon hide herself from the sight of his bewildering beauty:—

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this!

The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy
lips

Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,

Till forging Nature be condemned of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were
 divine,
 Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day and her by night."

This is reflected and reflecting passion, or, at least, imagination awakening passion, rather than passion penetrating imagination.

Now mark, by contrast, the gush of the heart into the brain, dissolving thought, imagination, and expression, so that they run molten, in the delirious ecstasy of Pericles in recovering his long-lost child: —

"O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir!
 Give me a gash; put me to present pain;
 Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness."

If, as is probable, "*Venus and Adonis*" was written as early as 1586, we may suppose that the plays which represent the boyhood of his genius, and which are strongly marked with the characteristics of that poem, namely, "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," the first draft of "*Love's Labor's Lost*," and the original "*Romeo and Juliet*," were produced before the year 1592. Following these came "*King Richard III.*," "*King Richard II.*," "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*King John*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," and "*King Henry IV.*," all of which we know were written before 1598, when Shakespeare was in his thirty-fourth year. During the next eight years he produced "*King Henry V.*," "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," "*As You Like It*," "*Hamlet*," "*Twelfth Night*," "*Measure for Measure*," "*Othello*," "*Macbeth*," and "*King Lear*." In this list are the four great tragedies in which his genius culminated. Then came "*Troilus and Cressida*," "*Timon of Athens*," "*Julius Cæsar*," "*Antony and Cleopatra*," "*Cymbeline*," "*King Henry VIII.*," "*The Tempest*," "*The Winter's Tale*," and "*Coriolanus*." If heed be paid to this order of the plays, it will be seen at once that a quotation from Shakespeare carries with it a very different degree of authority, according as it refers to the youth or the maturity of his mind.

Indeed, when we reflect that between the production of "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" and "*King Lear*" there is only a space of fifteen years, we must admit that the history of the human intellect presents no other example of such marvellous progress; and if we note the giant strides by which it was made, we shall find that they all imply a progressive widening and deepening of soul, a positive growth of the nature of the man, until in *Lear* the power became supreme and becomes amazing. Mr. Verplanck considers the period when he produced his four great tragedies to be the period of his intellectual grandeur, as distinguished from an earlier period which he thinks shows the perfection of his merely poetic and imaginative power; but the fact would seem to be that his increasing greatness as a philosopher was fully matched by his increasing greatness as a poet, and that in the devouring swiftness of his onward and upward movement imagination kept abreast of reason. His imagination was never more vivid, all-informing, and creative, — never penetrated with more unerring certainty to the inmost spiritual essence of whatever it touched, — never forced words and rhythm into more supple instruments of thought and feeling, — than when it mirrored into form the terror and pity and beauty of *Lear*.

Indeed, the coequal growth of his reason and imagination was owing to the wider scope and increased energy of the great moving forces of his being. It relates primarily to the heart rather than the head. It is the immense fiery force behind his mental powers, kindling them into white heat, and urging them to efforts almost preternatural, — it is this which impels the daring thought beyond the limits of positive knowledge, and prompts the starts of ecstasy in whose unexpected radiance nature and human life are transfigured, and for an instant shine with celestial light. In truth he is, relatively, more intellectual in his early than in his later plays, for in his later plays his

intellect is thoroughly impassioned, and, though it has really grown in strength and massiveness, it is so fused with imagination and emotion as to be less independently prominent.

The sources of individuality lie below the intellect; and as Shakespeare went deeper into the soul of man, he more and more represented the brain as the organ and instrument of the heart, as the channel through which sentiment, passion, and character found an intelligible outlet. His own mind was singularly objective; that is, he saw things as they are in themselves. The minds of his prominent characters are all subjective, and see things as they are modified by the peculiarities of their individual moods and emotions. The very objectivity of his own mind enables him to assume the subjective conditions of less-emanipated natures. Macbeth peoples the innocent air with menacing shapes, projected from his own fiend-haunted imagination; but the same air is "sweet and wholesome" to the poet who gave being to Macbeth. The meridian of Shakespeare's power was reached when he created Othello, Macbeth, and Lear, complex personalities, representing the conflict and complication of the mightiest passions in colossal forms of human character, and whose understandings and imaginations, whose perceptions of nature and human life, and whose weightiest utterances of moral wisdom, are all thoroughly subjective and individualized. The greatness of these characters, as compared with his earlier creations, consists in the greater intensity and amplitude of their natures, and the wider variety of faculties and passions included in the strict unity of their natures. Richard III., for example, is one of his earlier characters, and though excellent of its kind, its excellence has been approached by other dramatists, as, for instance, Massinger, in "Sir Giles Overreach." But no other dramatist has been able to grasp and represent a character similar in kind to Macbeth, and the reason is that Richard is comparatively a simple con-

ception, while Macbeth is a complex one. There is unity and versatility in Richard; there is unity and variety in Macbeth. Richard is capable of being developed with almost logical accuracy; for though there is versatility in the play of his intellect, there is little variety in the motives which direct his intellect. His wickedness is not exhibited in the making. He is so completely and gleefully a villain from the first, that he is not restrained from convenient crime by any scruples and relents. The vigor of his will is due to his poverty of feeling and conscience. He is a brilliant and efficient criminal because he is shorn of the noblest attributes of man. Put, if you could, Macbeth's heart and imagination into him, and his will would be smitten with impotence, and his wit be turned to wailing. The intellect of Macbeth is richer and grander than Richard's, yet Richard is relatively a more intellectual character; for the intellect of Macbeth is rooted in his moral nature, and is secondary in our thoughts to the contending motives and emotions it obeys and reveals. In crime, as in virtue, what a man overcomes should enter into our estimate of the power exhibited in what he does.

The question now comes up, —and we suppose it must be met, though we should like to evade it, —How, amid the individualities that Shakespeare has created, are we to detect the individuality of Shakespeare himself? In answer it may be said, that, if we survey his dramas in the mass, we find three degrees of unity; —first, the unity of the individual characters; second, the unity of the separate plays in which they appear; and third, the unity of Shakespeare's own nature, a nature which deepened, expanded, and increased in might, but did not essentially change, and which is felt as a potent presence throughout his works, binding them together as the product of one mind. He did not go out of himself to inform other natures, but he included these natures in himself; and though he does not infuse his individuality into

his characters, he does infuse it into the general conceptions which the characters illustrate. His opinions, purposes, theory of life, are to be gathered, not from what his characters say and do, but from the results of what they say and do; and in each play he so combines and disposes the events and persons that the cumulative impression shall express his own judgment, indicate his own design, and convey his own feeling. His individuality is so vast, so purified from eccentricity, and we grasp it so imperfectly, that we are apt to deny it altogether, and conceive his mind as impersonal. In view of the multiplicity of his creations, and the range of thought, emotion, and character they include, it is a common hyperbole of criticism to designate him as universal. But, in truth, his mind was restricted, in its creative action, like other minds, within the limits of its personal sympathies, though these sympathies in him were keener, quicker, and more general than in other men of genius. He was a great-hearted, broad-brained person, but still a person, and not what Coleridge calls him, an "omnipresent creativeness." Whatever he could sympathize with, he could embody and vitally represent; but his sympathies, though wide, were far from being universal, and when he was indifferent or hostile, the dramatist was partially suspended in the satirist and caricaturist, and oversight took the place of insight. Indeed, his limitations are more easily indicated than his enlargements. We know what he has not done more surely than we know what he has done; for if we attempt to follow his genius in any of the numerous lines of direction along which it sweeps with such victorious ease, we soon come to the end of our tether, and are confused with a throng of thoughts and imaginations, which, as Emerson exquisitely says, "sweetly torment us with invitations to their own inaccessible homes." But there were some directions which his genius did not take,—not so much from lack of mental power as from lack of disposition

or from positive antipathy. Let us consider some of these.

And first, Shakespeare's religious instincts and sentiments were comparatively weak, for they were not creative. He has exercised his genius in the creation of no character in which religious sentiment or religious passion is dominant. He could not, of course, — he, the poet of feudalism, — overlook religion as an element of the social organization of Europe, but he did not seize Christian ideas in their essence, or look at the human soul in its direct relations with God. And just think of the field of humanity closed to him! For sixteen hundred years, remarkable men and women had appeared, representing all classes of religious character, from the ecstasy of the saint to the gloom of the fanatic; yet his intellectual curiosity was not enough excited to explore and reproduce their experience. Do you say that the subject was foreign to the purpose of an Elizabethan playwright? The answer is, that Decker and Massinger attempted it, for a popular audience, in "The Virgin Martyr"; and though the tragedy of "The Virgin Martyr" is a huddled mass of beauties and deformities, its materials of incident and characters, could Shakespeare have been attracted to them, might have been organized into as great a drama as Othello. Again, Marlowe, in his play of "Dr. Faustus," has imperfectly treated a subject which in Shakespeare's hands would have been made into a tragedy sublimer than Lear could he have thrown himself into it with equal earnestness. Marlowe, from the fact that he was a positive atheist, and a brawling one, had evidently at some time directed his whole heart and imagination to the consideration of religious questions, and had resolutely faced facts from which Shakespeare turned away.

Shakespeare, also, in common with the other dramatists of the time, looked at the Puritans as objects of satire, laughing at them instead of gazing into them. They were doubtless grotesque

enough in external appearance ; but the poet of human nature should have penetrated through the appearance to the substance, and recognized in them, not merely the possibility of Cromwell, but of the ideal of character which Cromwell but imperfectly represented. You may say that Shakespeare's nature was too sunny and genial to admit the Puritan. It was not too sunny or genial to admit Richards, and Iagos, and Gonerils, and "secret, black, and midnight hags."

It may be doubted also if Shakespeare's affinities extended to those numerous classes of human character that stand for the reforming and philanthropic sentiments of humanity. We doubt if he was hopeful for the race. He was too profoundly impressed with its disturbing passions to have faith in its continuous progress. Though immensely greater than Bacon, it may be questioned if he could thoroughly have appreciated Bacon's intellectual character. He could have delineated him to perfection in everything but in that, peculiar philanthropy of the mind, that spiritual benignity, that belief in man and confidence in his future, which both atone and account for so many of Bacon's moral defects. There is no character in his plays that covers the elements of such a man as Hildebrand or Luther, or either of the two Williams of Orange, or Hampden, or Howard, or Clarkson, or scores of other representative men whom history celebrates. Though the broadest individual nature which human nature has produced, human nature is immensely broader than he.

It would be easy to quote passages from Shakespeare's works which would seem to indicate that his genius was not limited in any of the directions which have been pointed out ; but these passages are thoughts and observations, not men and women. Hamlet's soliloquy, and Portia's address to Shylock, might be adduced as proofs that he comprehended the religious element ; but then who would take Hamlet or Portia as representative of the

religious character in any of its numerous historical forms ? There is a remark in one of his plays to this effect : —

"It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't."

This might be taken as a beautiful expression of Christian toleration, and is certainly admirable as a general thought ; but it indicates Shakespeare's indifference to religious passions in indicating his superiority to them. It would have been a much greater achievement of genius to have passed into the mind and heart of the conscientious burner of heretics, seized the essence of the bigot's character, and embodied in one great ideal individual a class of men whom we now both execrate and misconceive. If he could follow the dramatic process of his genius for Sir Toby Belch, why could he not do it for St. Dominic ?

Indeed, toleration, in the sense that Shakespeare has given to the word, is not expressed in maxims directed against intolerance, but in the exercise of charity towards intolerant men ; and it is thus necessary to indicate the limitations of his sympathy with his race, in order to appreciate its real quality and extent. His unapproached greatness consists not in including human nature, but in taking the point of view of those large classes of human nature he did include. His sympathetic insight was both serious and humorous ; and he thus equally escaped the intolerance of taste and the intolerance of intelligence. What we would call the worst criminals and the most stupid fools were, as mirrored in his mind, fairly dealt with ; every opportunity was afforded them to justify their right to exist ; their words, thoughts, and acts were viewed in relation to their circumstances and character, so that he made them inwardly known, as well as outwardly perceived. The wonder of all this would be increased, if we supposed, for the sake of illustration, that the persons and events of all Shakespeare's plays were historical, and that, instead of being represented by Shakespeare, they were narrated by Macau-

lay. The result would be that the impression received from the historian of every incident and every person would be different, and would be wrong. The external facts might not be altered; but the falsehood would proceed from the incapacity or indisposition of the historian to pierce to the heart of the facts by sympathy and imagination. There would be abundant information, abundant eloquence, abundant invective against crime, abundant scorn of stupidity and folly, perhaps much sagacious reflection and judicial scrutiny of evidence; but the inward and essential truth would be wanting. What external statement of the acts and probable motives of Macbeth and Othello would convey the idea we have of them from being witnesses of the conflict of their thoughts and passions? How wicked and shallow and feeble and foolish would Hamlet appear, if represented, not in the light of Shakespeare's imagination, but in the light of Macaulay's epigrams! How the historian would "play the dazzling fence" of his rhetoric on the indecision of the prince, his brutality to Ophelia, his cowardice, his impotence between contending motives, and the chaos of blunders and crimes in which he sinks from view! The subject would be even a better one for him than that of James II.; yet the very supposition of such a mode of treatment makes us feel the pathos of the real Hamlet's injunction to the friend who strives to be his companion in death: —

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

If the historian would thus deal with the heroes, why, such "small deer" as Bardolph and Master Slender would of course be puffed out of existence with one hiss of lordly contempt. Yet Macaulay has a more vivid historical imagination, more power of placing himself in the age about which he writes, than historians like Hume and Hallam, whose judgments of men are summaries of qualities, and imply no inwardness of vision, no discerning of

spirits. In the whole class, the point of view is the historian's, and not the point of view of the persons the historian describes. The curse which clings to celebrity is, that it commonly enters history only to be puffed or lampooned.

The truth is, that most men, the intelligent and virtuous as well as the ignorant and vicious, are intolerant of other individualities. They are uncharitable by defect of sympathy and defect of insight. Society, even the best, is apt to be made up of people who are engaged in the agreeable occupation of despising each other; for one association for mutual admiration there are twenty for mutual contempt; yet while conversation is thus mostly made up of strictures on individuals, it rarely evinces any just perception of individualities. James is indignant or jeering at the absence of James in John, and John is horror-stricken at the impudence of James in refusing to be John. Each person feels himself to be misunderstood, though he never questions his power to understand his neighbor. Egotism, vanity, prejudice, pride of opinion, conceit of excellence, a mean delight in recognizing inferiority in others, a meaner delight in refusing to recognize the superiority of others, all the honest and all the base forms of self-assertion, cloud and distort the vision when one mind directs its glance at another. For one person who is mentally conscientious there are thousands who are morally honest. The result is a vast massacre of character, which would move the observer's compassion were it not that the victims are also the culprits, and that pity at the spectacle of the arrow quivering in the sufferer's breast is checked by the sight of the bow bent in the sufferer's hands. This depreciation of others is the most approved method of exalting ourselves. It educates us in self-esteem, if not in knowledge. The savage conceives that the power of the enemy he kills is added to his own. Shakespeare more justly conceived that the power of the human being with whom he sympathized was added to his own.

This toleration, without which an internal knowledge of other natures is impossible. Shakespeare possessed beyond any other man recorded in literature or history. It is a moral as well as mental trait, and belongs to the highest class of virtues. It is a virtue which, if generally exercised, would remove mutual hostility by enlightening mutual ignorance. And in Shakespeare we have, for once, a man great enough to be modest and charitable; who has the giant's power, but, instead of using it like a giant, trampling on weaker creatures, prefers to feel them in his arms rather than feel them under his feet; and whose toleration of others is the exercise of humility, veracity, beneficence, and justice, as well as the exercise of reason, imagination, and humor. We shall never appreciate Shakespeare's genius until we recognize in him the exercise of the most difficult virtues, as well as the exercise of the most wide-reaching intelligence.

It is, of course, not so wonderful that he should take the point of view of characters in themselves beautiful and noble, though even these might appear very different under the glance of a less soul-searching eye. To such aspects of life, however, all genius has a natural affinity. But the marvel of his comprehensiveness is his mode of dealing with the vulgar, the vicious, and the low, — with persons who are commonly spurned as dolts and knaves. His serene benevolence did not pause at what are called "deserving objects of charity," but extended to the undeserving, who are, in truth, the proper objects of charity. If we compare him, in this respect, with poets like Dante and Milton, in whom elevation is the predominant characteristic, we shall find that they tolerate humanity only in its exceptional examples of beauty and might. They are aristocrats of intellect and conscience, — the noblest aristocracy, but also the haughtiest and most exclusive. They can sympathize with great energies, whether celestial or diabolic, but their attitude

towards the feeble and the low is apt to be that of indifference or contempt. Milton can do justice to the Devil, though not, like Shakespeare, to "poor devils." But it may be doubted if the wise and good have the right to cut the Providential bond which connects them with the foolish and the bad, and set up an aristocratic humanity of their own, ten times more supercilious than the aristocracy of blood. Divorce the loftiest qualities from humility and geniality, and they quickly contract a pharisaic taint; and if there is anything which makes the wretched more wretched, it is the insolent condescension of patronizing benevolence, — if there is anything which makes the vicious more vicious, it is the "I-am-better-than-thou" expression on the face of conscious virtue. Now Shakespeare had none of this pride of superiority, either in its noble or ignoble form. Consider that, if his gigantic powers had been directed by antipathies instead of sympathies, he would have left few classes of human character untouched by his terrible scorn. Even if his antipathies had been those of taste and morals, he would have done so much to make men hate and misunderstand each other, — so much to destroy the very sentiment of humanity, — that he would have earned the distinction of being the greatest satirist and the worst man that ever lived. But instead, how humanely he clings to the most unpromising forms of human nature, insists on their right to speak for themselves as much as if they were passionate Romeos and high-aspiring Buckingham, and does for them what he might have desired should be done for himself had he been Dogberry, or Bottom, or Abhorson, or Bardolph, or any of the rest! The low characters, the clowns and vagabonds, of Ben Jonson's plays, excite only contempt or disgust. Shakespeare takes the same materials as Ben, passes them through the medium of his imaginative humor, and changes them into subjects of the most soul-enriching mirth. Their actual

prototypes would not be tolerated; but when his genius shines on them, they "lie in light" before our humorous vision. It must be admitted that in his explorations of the lower levels of human nature he sometimes touches the mud deposits; still he never hisses or jeers at the poor relations through Adam he there discovers, but magnanimously gives them the wink of recognition!

This is one extreme of his genius, the poetic comprehension and embodiment of the low. What was the other extreme? How high did he mount in the ideal region, and what class of his characters represent his loftiest flight? It is commonly asserted that his supernatural beings, his ghosts, spectres, witches, fairies, and the like, exhibiting his command of the dark side and the bright side, the terror and the grace, of the supernatural world, indicate his rarest quality; for in these, it is said, he went out of human nature itself, and created beings that never existed. Wonderful as these are, we must recollect that in them he worked on a basis of popular superstitions, on a mythology as definite as that of Greece and Rome, and though he re-created instead of copying his materials, though he Shakespeareanized them, he followed no different process of his genius in delineating Hecate and Titania than in delineating Dame Quickly and Anne Page. All his characters, from the rogue Autolycus to the heavenly Cordelia, are in a certain sense ideal; but the question now relates to the rarity of the elements, and the height of the mood, and not merely to the action of his mind; and we think that the characters technically called supernatural which appear in his works are much nearer the earth than others which, though they lack the name, have more of the spiritual quality of the thing. The highest supernatural is to be found in the purest, highest, most beautiful souls.

Did it never strike you in reading "The Tempest," that Ariel is not so supernatural as Miranda? We may be sure that Ferdinand so thought, in that

rapture of wonder when her soul first shone on him through her innocent eyes; and afterwards when he asks,

"I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?"

And doubtless there was a more marvellous melody in her voice than in the mysterious magical music

"That crept by him upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and his passion
With its sweet air."

Shakespeare, indeed, in his transcendently beautiful embodiments of feminine excellence, the most exquisite creations in literature, passed into a region of sentiment and thought, of ideals and of ideas, altogether higher and more supernatural than that region in which he shaped his delicate Ariels and his fairy Titanias. The question has been raised whether sex extends to soul. However this may be decided, here is a soul, with its records in literature, who is at once the manliest of men, and the most womanly of women; who can not only recognize the feminine element in existing individuals, but discern the idea, the pattern, the radiant genius of womanhood itself, as it hovers, unseen to other eyes, over the living representatives of the sex. Literature boasts many eminent female poets and novelists; but not one has ever approached Shakespeare in the purity, the sweetness, the refinement, the elevation, of his perceptions of feminine character, — much less approached him in the power of embodying his perceptions in persons. These characters are so thoroughly domesticated on the earth, that we are tempted to forget the heaven of invention from which he brought them. The most beautiful of spirits, they are the most tender of daughters, lovers, and wives. They are "airy shapes," but they "syllable men's names." Rosalind, Juliet, Ophelia, Viola, Perdita, Miranda, Desdemona, Hermione, Portia, Isabella, Imogen, Cordelia, — if their names do not call up their natures, the most elaborate analysis of criticism will be of no avail. Do you say that these women are slightly idealized portraits of actual

women? Was Cordelia, for example, simply a good, affectionate daughter of a foolish old king? To Shakespeare, himself, she evidently partook of divineness; and he hints of the still ecstasy of contemplation in which her nature first rose upon his imagination, when, speaking through the lips of a witness of her tears, he hallows them as they fall:—

"She shook the holy water from her heavenly eyes."

And these Shakespearian women, though all radiations from one great ideal of womanhood, are at the same time intensely individualized. Each has a separate soul, and the processes of intellect as well as emotion are different in each. Each, for example, is endowed with the faculty, and is steeped in the atmosphere, of imagination; but who could mistake the imagination of Ophelia for the imagination of Imogen?—the loitering, lingering movement of the one, softly consecrating whatever it touches, for the irradiating, smiting efficiency, the flash and the bolt, of the other? Imogen is perhaps the most completely expressed of Shakespeare's women; for in her every faculty and affection is fused with imagination, and the most exquisite tenderness is combined with vigor and velocity of nature. Her mind darts in an instant to the ultimate of everything. After she has parted with her husband, she does not merely say that she will pray for him. Her affection is winged, and in a moment she is enskied. She does not look up, she goes up: she would have charged him, she says,

"At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
I'll encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him."

When she hears of her husband's inconstancy, the possible object of his sensual whim is at once consumed in the fire that leaps from her impassioned lips,—

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother is her painting, hath betrayed him."

Mr. Collier, ludicrously misconceiving the instinctive action of Imogen's mind,

thinks the true reading is, "smothers her with painting." Now Imogen's wrath first reduces the light woman to the most contemptible of birds and the most infamous of symbols, the jay, and then, not willing to leave her any substance at all, annihilates her very being with the swift thought that the paint on her cheeks is her mother,—that she is nothing but the mere creation of painting, a phantom born of a color, without real body or soul. It would be easy to show that the mental processes of all Shakespeare's women are as individual as their dispositions.

And now think of the amplitude of this man's soul! Within the immense space which stretches between Dogberry or Launcelot Gobbo and Imogen or Cordelia, lies the Shakespearian world. No other man ever exhibited such philosophic comprehensiveness, but philosophic comprehensiveness is often displayed apart from creative comprehensiveness, and along the whole vast line of facts, laws, analogies, and relations that Shakespeare's intellect extended, his perceptions were vital, his insight was creative, his thoughts flowed in forms. And now was he proud of his transcendent superiorities? Did he think that he had exhausted all that can appear before the sight of the eye and the sight of the soul? No. The immeasurable opulence of the undiscovered and undiscerned regions of existence was never felt with more reverent humility than by this discoverer, who had seen in rapturous vision so many new worlds open on his view. In the play which perhaps best indicates the ecstatic action of his mind, and which is alive in every part with that fiery sense of unlimited power which the mood of ecstasy gives,—in the play of "Antony and Cleopatra," he has put into the mouth of the Soothsayer what seems to have been his own modest judgment of the extent of his glance into the universe of matter and mind:—

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read!"

LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.

IN the North American Review for March, 1809, we read of Cary's Dante: "This we can pronounce, with confidence, to be the most literal translation in poetry in our language."

"As to Cary," writes Prescott in 1824, "I think Dante would have given him a place in his ninth heaven, if he could have foreseen his translation. It is most astonishing, giving not only the literal corresponding phrase, but the spirit of the original, the true Dantesque manner. It should be cited as an evidence of the compactness, the pliability, the sweetness of the English tongue."

If we turn to English scholars, we shall find them holding the same language, and equally ready to assure you that you may confidently accept Cary's version as a faithful transcript of the spirit and letter of the original. And this was the theory of translation throughout almost the first half of the present century. Cary's position in 1839 was higher even than it was in 1824. With many other claims to respect, he was still best known as the translator of Dante.

In 1839 Mr. Longfellow published five passages from the *Purgatorio*, translated with a rigorous adherence to the words and idioms of the original. Coming out in connection with translations from the Spanish and German, and with original pieces which immediately took their place among the favorite poems of every household, they could not be expected to attract general attention. But scholars read them with avidity, for they found in them the first successful solution of one of the great problems of literature, — Can poetry pass from one language into another without losing its distinctive characteristics of form and expression? Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Sotheby, had answered no for Greek and Latin, Coleridge for German, Fairfax and

Rose and Cary for Italian. But if Mr. Longfellow could translate the whole of the *Divina Commedia* as he had translated these five passages, great as some of these names were, it was evident that the lovers of poetry would call for new translations of all the great poets. This he has now done. The whole poem is before us, with its fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-eight lines, the English answering line for line and word for word to the original Italian. We purpose to show, by a careful comparison of test-passages with corresponding passages of Cary, what the American poet has done for the true theory of translation.

It is evident that, while both translators have nominally the same object in view, they follow different paths in their endeavors to reach it; or, in other words, that they come to their task with very different theories of translation, and very different ideas of the true meaning of faithful rendering. Translation, according to Mr. Cary, consists in rendering the author's idea without a strict adherence to the author's words. According to Mr. Longfellow, the author's words form a necessary accompaniment of his idea, and must, wherever the idioms of the two languages admit of it, be rendered by their exact equivalents. The following passage, from the twenty-eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*, will illustrate our meaning: —

"In questa altezza che tutta è disciolta
Nell' aer vivo, tal moto percuote,
E fa sonar la selva perch' è folta."

Literally,

In this height which is all detached
In the living air, such motion strikes,
And makes the wood resound because it is thick.

Such are the words of Dante line by line. Let us now see how Cary renders them: —

"Upon the summit, which on every side
To visitation of the impassive air

Is open, doth that motion strike, and makes
Beneath its sway the umbrageous wood resound."

The fundamental idea of this passage is the explanation of the sound of the forest, and this idea Cary has preserved. But has he preserved it in its force and simplicity and Dantesque directness? We will not dwell upon the rendering of *altezza* by *summit*, although a little more care would have preserved the exact word of the original. But we may with good reason object to the expansion of Dante's three lines into four. We may with equal reason object to

"which on every side
To visitation of the impassive air
Is open,"

as a correct rendering of

"che tutta è disciolta
Nell' aer vivo," —
which is all detached
In the living air.

"To visitation of the impassive air," is a sonorous verse; but it is not Dante's verse, unless *all detached* means *on every side is open to visitation*, and *impassive air* means *living air*. *Beneath its sway*, also, is not Dante's; nor can we accept *umbrageous wood*, with its unmeaning epithet, for *the wood because it is thick*, an explanation of the phenomenon which had excited Dante's wonder.

Here, then, we have Cary's theory, the preservation of the fundamental idea, but the free introduction of such accessory ideas as convenience may suggest, whether in the form of epithet or of paraphrase.

Mr. Longfellow's translation of this passage may also be accepted as the exposition of his theory: —

"Upon this height that all is disengaged
In living ether, doth this motion strike,
And make the forest sound, for it is dense."

We have here the three lines of the original, and in the order of the original; we have the exact words of the original, *disciolta* meaning *disengaged* as well as *detached*, and therefore the ideas of the original without modification or change. The passage is not a remarkable one in form, although a very important one in the description

of which it forms a part. The sonorous second line of Mr. Cary's version is singularly false to the movement, as well as to the thought, of the original. Mr. Longfellow's lines have the metric character of Dante's precise and direct description.

The next triplet brings out the difference between the two theories even more distinctly: —

"E la percossa pianta tanto puote
Che della sua virtute l' aura impregna,
E quella poi girando intorno scuote."

And the stricken plant has so much power
That with its virtue it impregnates the air,
And that then revolving shakes around.

Thus far Dante.

"And in the shaken plant such power resides,
That it impregnates with its efficacy
The voyaging breeze, upon whose subtle plume
That, wafted, flies abroad."

Thus far Cary.

Cary's first line is a tolerably near approach to the original, although a distinction might be made between the force of *power resides in*, and *power possessed by*. The second line falls short of the conciseness of the original by transposing the object of *impregnates* into the third. This, however, though a blemish, might also be passed over. But what shall we say to the expansion of *aura* into a full line, and that line so Elizabethan and un-Dantesque as

"The voyaging breeze upon whose subtle plume " ?

In this, too, Mr. Cary is faithful to his theory. Mr. Longfellow is equally faithful to his: —

"And so much power the stricken plant possesses,
That with its virtue it impregnates the air,
And this, revolving, scatters it around."

We have seen how Cary's theory permits the insertion of a new line, or, more correctly speaking, the expansion of a single word into a full line. But it admits also of the opposite extreme, — the suppression of an entire line.

"Ch' io vidi, e anche udi' parlar lo rostro,
E sonar nella voce ed io e mio,
Quand' era nel concetto noi e nostro."

For I saw and also heard speak the beak,
And sound in its voice and I and my,
When it was in the conception we and our.
Paradise, XIX. 10.

There is doubtless something quaint and peculiar in these lines, but it is the

quaintness and peculiarity of Dante. The *I* and *my*, the *we* and *our*, are traits of that direct and positive mode of expression which is one of the distinctive characteristics of his style. Do we find it in Cary?

"For I beheld and heard
The beak discourse; and what intention formed
Of many, singly as of one express."

Do we not find it in Longfellow?

"For speak I saw, and likewise heard, the beak,
And utter with its voice both *I* and *My*,
When in conception it was *We* and *Our*."

It is not surprising that the two translators, starting with theories essentially so different, should have produced such different results. Which of these results is most in harmony with the legitimate object of translation can hardly admit of a doubt. For the object of translation is to convey an accurate idea of the original, or, in other words, to render the words and idioms of the language from which the translation is made by their exact equivalents in the language into which it is made. The translator is bound by the words of the original. He is bound, so far as the difference between languages admits of it, by the idioms of the original. And as the effect of words and idioms depends in a great measure upon the skill with which they are arranged, he is bound also by the rhythm of the original. If you would copy Raphael, you must not give him the coloring of Titian. The calm dignity of the "School of Athens" conveys a very imperfect idea of the sublime energy of the sibyls and prophets of the Sistine Chapel.

But can this exactitude be achieved without forcing language into such uncongenial forms as to produce an artificial effect, painfully reminding you, at every step, of the labor it cost? And here we come to the question of fact; for if Mr. Longfellow has succeeded, the answer is evident. We purpose, therefore, to take a few test-passages, and, placing the two translations side by side with the original, give our readers an opportunity of making the comparison for themselves.

First, however, let us remind the reader that, if it were possible to convey an accurate idea of Dante's style by a single word, that word would be *power*. Whatever he undertakes to say, he says in the form best suited to convey his thought to the reader's mind as it existed in his own mind. If it be a metaphysical idea, he finds words for it which give it the distinctness and reality of a physical substance. If it be a landscape, he brings it before you, either in outline or in detail, either by form or by color, as the occasion requires, but always with equal force. That landscape of his ideal world ever after takes its place in your memory by the side of the landscapes of your real world. Even the sounds which he has described linger in the ear as the types of harshness, or loudness, or sweetness, instantly coming back to you whenever you listen to the roaring of the sea, or the howling of the wind, or the carol of birds. He calls things by their names, never shrinking from a homely phrase where the occasion demands it, nor substituting circumlocution for direct expression. Words with him seem to be things, real and tangible; not hovering like shadows over an idea, but standing out in the clear light, bold and firm, as the distinct representatives of an idea. In his verse every word has its appropriate place, and something to do in that place which no other word could do there. Change it, and you feel at once that something has been lost.

Next to power, infinite variety is the characteristic of Dante's style, as it is of his invention. With a stronger individuality than any poet of any age or country, there is not a trace of mannerism in all his poem. The stern, the tender, the grand, simple exposition, fierce satire, and passionate appeal have each their appropriate words and their appropriate cadence. This Cary did not perceive, and has told the stories of Francesca and of Ugolino with the same Miltonian modulation. Longfellow, by keeping his original constantly before him, has both seen and reproduced it.

We begin our quotations with the celebrated inscription over the gate of hell, and the entrance of the two poets into "the secret things." The reader will remember that the last three triplets contain a remarkable example of the correspondence of sound with sense.

"Per me si va nella città dolente ;
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore ;
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente ;
 Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore :
 Fecemi la divina potestate,
 La somma sapienza e 'l primo amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro :
 Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate.
 Queste parole di colore oscuro
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una porta ;
 Perch' io : maestro, il senso lor m' è duro.
 Ed egli a me, come persona accorta :
 Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto,
 Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta.
 Noi sem venuti al luogo ov' io t' ho detto
 Che vederai le genti dolorose
 Ch' hanno perduto il ben dello 'ntelletto.
 E poichè la sua mano alla mia pose
 Con lieto volto, ond' io mi confortai,
 Mi mise dentro alle segrete cose.
 Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
 Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle,
 Perch' io al cominciare ne lagrimai.
 Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
 Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
 Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
 Facevano un tumulto il qual s' aggira
 Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
 Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira."
Inferno, III. 1-30.

"Through me the way is to the city dolent ;
 Through me the way is to eternal dole ;
 Through me the way among the people lost.
 Justice incited my sublime Creator ;
 Created me divine Omnipotence,
 The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
 Before me there were no created things,
 Only eterne, and I eternal last.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter in !
 These words in sombre color I beheld
 Written upon the summit of a gate ;
 Whence I : 'Their sense is, Master, hard to
 me !'
 And he to me, as one experienced :
 'Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,
 All cowardice must needs be here extinct.
 We to the place have come, where I have told thee
 Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
 Who have foregone the good of intellect.'
 And after he had laid his hand on mine
 With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
 He led me in among the secret things.
 There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud
 Resounded through the air without a star,
 Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
 Languages diverse, horrible dialects,
 Accents of anger, words of agony,
 And voices high and hoarse, with sound of
 hands,

Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
 Forever in that air forever black,
 Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind
 breathes." — *Longfellow.*

"Through me you pass into the city of woe :
 Through me you pass into eternal pain :
 Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved :
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'
 Such characters, in color dim, I marked
 Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed.
 Whereat I thus : 'Master, these words import
 Hard meaning.' He as one prepared replied :
 'Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;
 Here be vile fear extinguished. We are come
 Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
 To misery doomed, who intellectual good
 Have lost.' And when his hand he had stretched forth
 To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheered,
 Into that secret place he led me on.
 Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
 Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
 That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
 Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
 With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
 Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
 Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
 Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."

Cary.

The following, though less remarkable for its poetry than many others which we might select, is very difficult for the translator. We cite it as an illustration of the boldness with which Mr. Longfellow meets difficulties.

"E quale è quei che suo dannaggio sogna,
 Che sognando desidera sognare,
 Sì che quel ch' è, come non fosse, agogna ;
 Tal mi fec' io non potendo parlare :
 Che disiava scusarmi e scusava
 Me tuttavia e nol mi credea fare
 Maggior difetto men vergogna lava,
 Disse 'l maestro, che 'l tuo non è stato :
 Però d' ogni tristizia ti disgrava ;
 E fa ragion ch' io ti sempre allato,
 Se più avvien che fortuna t' accoglia
 Dove sien genti in simigliante piato :
 Che voler ciò udire è bassa voglia."

Inferno, XXX. 136-143.

"And as he is who dreams of his own harm,
 Who dreaming wishes it may be a dream,
 So that he craves what is, as if it were not ;
 Such I became, not having power to speak,
 For to excuse myself I wished, and still
 Excused myself, and did not think I did it.
 'Less shame doth wash away a greater fault,'
 The Master said, 'than this of thine has been ;
 Therefore thyself disburden of all sadness,
 And make account that I am aye beside thee,
 If e'er it come to pass that fortune bring thee
 Where there are people in a like dispute ;
 For a base wish it is to wish to hear it."

Longfellow.

"As a man that dreams of harm
 Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,
 And that which is, desires as if it were not ;
 Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,
 Wished to excuse myself, and all the while
 Excused me, though unweeting that I did.
 'More grievous fault than thine has been, less
 shame,'
 My master cried, 'might expiate. Therefore cast
 All sorrow from thy soul ; and if again
 Chance bring thee where like conference is held,
 Think I am ever at thy side. To hear
 Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds.'"

Cary.

The following passage from the *Purgatorio* is not only strikingly difficult,
 but strikingly beautiful.

"Ed un di lor, non questi che parlava,
 Si torse sotto 'l peso che lo 'mpaccia,
 E videmi e conobbenmi, e chiamava
 Tenendo gli occhi con fatica fisi
 A me che tutto chin con loro andava.
 Oh, diss' io lui, non se' tu Oderisi,
 L' onor d' Agobbio e l' onor di quell' arte
 Ch' *alluminare* è chiamata in Parisi ?
 Frate, diss' egli, più ridon le carte
 Che pannelleggia Franco Bolognese :
 L' onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.
 Ben non sare' io stato sì cortese
 Mentre ch' io vissi, per lo gran disio
 Dell' eccellenza ove mio core intese.
 Di tal superbia qui si paga il fio :
 Ed ancor non sarei qui, se non fosse
 Che, possendo peccar, mi volsi a Dio.
 Ch' vana gloria dell' umane posse,
 Com' poco verde in su la cima dura
 Se non è giunta dall' etadi grosse !
 Credette Cimabue nella pittura
 Tenor lo campo ; ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
 Sì che la fama di colui s' oscura.
 Così ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido
 La gloria della lingua ; e forse è nato
 Chi l' uno e l' altro caccerà di nido.
 Non è il mondan romore altro ch' un fiato
 Di vento ch' or vien quinci ed or vien quindi,
 E muta nome perchè muta lato.
 Che fama avrai tu più se vecchia scindi
 Da te la carne, che se fossi morto
 Innanzi che lasciassi il pappo e 'l dindi,
 Pria che passin mill' anni ? ch' è più corto
 Spazio all' eterno ch' un muover di ciglia
 Al cerchio che più tardi in cielo è torto.
 Colui che del cammin sì poco piglia
 Dinanzi a te, Toscana solò tutta,
 Ed ora appena in Siena senispiglia,
 Ond' era sire, quando fu distrutta
 La rabbia Fiorentina, che superba
 Fu a quel tempo sì com' ora è putta.
 La vostra nominanza è color d' erba
 Che viene e va, e quei la discolora
 Per cui ell' esce della terra acerba."

Purgatorio, XI. 74-117.

"And one of them, not this one who was speaking,
 Twisted himself beneath the weight that cramps
 him,
 And looked at me, and knew me, and called out,
 Keeping his eyes laboriously fixed
 On me, who all bowed down was going with
 them.

"O," asked I him, 'art thou not Oderisi,
 Agobbio's honor, and honor of that art
 Which is in Paris called illuminating ?'
 'Brother,' said he, 'more laughing are the leaves
 Touched by the brush of Franco Bolognese ;
 All his the honor now, and mine in part.
 In sooth I had not been so courteous
 While I was living, for the great desire
 Of excellence, on which my heart was bent.
 Here of such pride is payed the forfeiture ;
 And yet I should not be here, were it not
 That, having power to sin, I turned to God.
 O thou vain glory of the human powers,
 How little green upon thy summit lingers,
 If 't be not followed by an age of grossness !'
 In painting Cimabue thought that he
 Should hold the field, now Giotto has the cry,
 So that the other's fame is growing dim.
 So has one Guido from the other taken
 The glory of our tongue, and he perchance
 Is born, who from the nest shall chase them both.
 Naught is this mundane rumor but a breath
 Of wind, that comes now this way and now that,
 And changes name, because it changes side.
 What fame shalt thou have more, if old peel off
 From thee thy flesh, than if thou hadst been dead
 Before thou left the *pappo* and the *dindi*,
 Ere pass a thousand years ? which is a shorter
 Space to the eterne, than twinkling of an eye
 Unto the circle that in heaven wheels slowest.
 With him, who takes so little of the road
 In front of me, all Tuscany resounded ;
 And now he scarce is lisped of in Siena,
 Where he was lord, what time was overthrown
 The Florentine delirium, that superb
 Was at that day as now 't is prostitute.
 Your reputation is the color of grass
 Which comes and goes, and that discolors it
 By which it issues green from out the earth."

Longfellow.

"Listening I bent my visage down : and one
 (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight
 That urged him, saw me, knew me straight, and
 called ;
 Holding his eyes with difficulty fixed
 Intent upon me, stooping as I went
 Companion of their way. 'Oh !' I exclaimed,
 'Art thou not Oderisi ? art not thou
 Agobbio's glory, glory of that art
 Which they of Paris call the limner's skill ?'
 'Brother !' said he, 'with tints that gayer smile,
 Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves.
 His all the honor now ; my light obscured.
 In truth, I had not been thus courteous to him
 The while I lived, through eagerness of zeal
 For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.
 Here, of such pride, the forfeiture is paid.
 Nor were I even here, if, able still
 To sin, I had not turned me unto God.
 O powers of man ! how vain your glory, nipped
 E'en in its height of verdure, if an age
 Less bright succeed not. Cimabue thought
 To lord it over painting's field ; and now
 The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.
 Thus hath one Guido from the other snatched
 The lettered prize ; and he, perhaps, is born,
 Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
 That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,
 Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more
 Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh

Part shrivelled from thee, than if thou hadst died
Before the coral and the pap were left,
Or e'er some thousand years have passed? and that
Is, to eternity compared, a space
Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye
To the heaven's slowest orb. He there, who treads
So leisurely before me, far and wide
Through Tuscany resounded once; and now
Is in Sienna scarce with whispers named:
There was he sovereign, when destruction caught
The maddening rage of Florence, in that day
Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown
Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go;
And his might withers it, by whom it sprang
Crude from the lap of earth." — *Cary*.

For much the same reason as that
already stated, we give the following
beautiful passage, a touching story in
itself, but how deeply touching in the
energetic directness and simplicity of
Dante's verse!

"Io mossi i piè del luogo dov' io stava
Per avvisar da presso un' altra storia
Che dietro a Micol mi biancheggiava.
Quivi era storiata l' alta gloria
Del roman prence lo cui gran valore
Mosse Gregorio alla sua gran vittoria:
I' dico di Trajano imperadore;
Ed una vedovella gli era al freno
Di lagrime atteggiata e di dolore.
Dintorno a lui pareva calcato e pieno
Di cavalieri, e l' aguglie nell' oro
Sovr' essi in vista al vento si movieno.
La miserella intra tutti costoro
Parea dicer: signor, fammi vendetta
Del mio figliuol ch' è morto, ond' io m' accoro;
Ed egli a lei rispondere: ora aspetta
Tanto ch' io torni; e quella: signor mio
(Come persona in cui dolor s' affretta)
Se tu non torni? ed ei: ch' fia dov' io,
La ti farà; ed ella: l' altrui bene
A te che fia, se l' tuo metti in oblio?
Ond' elli: or ti conforta, che conviene
Ch' io solva il mio dovere anzi ch' io muova:
Giustizia vuole e pietà mi ritiene.
Colui che mai non vide cosa nuova,
Produisse esto visibile parlare,
Novello a noi perchè qui non si truova."

Purgatorio, X. 70-96.

"I moved my feet from where I had been standing,
To examine near at hand another story,
Which after Michal glimmered white upon me.
There the high glory of the Roman Prince
Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
Moved Gregory to his great victory;
'T is of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking;
And a poor widow at his bridle stood,
In attitude of weeping and of grief.
Around about him seemed it thronged and full
Of cavaliers, and the eagles in the gold
Above them visibly in the wind were moving.
The wretched woman in the midst of these
Seemed to be saying: 'Give me vengeance,
Lord,
For my dead son, for whom my heart is break-
ing.'
And he to answer her: 'Now wait until
I shall return.' And she: 'My Lord,' like one
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In whom grief is impatient, 'shouldst thou not
Return?' And he: 'Who shall be where I am
Will give it thee.' And she: 'Good deed of
others
What boots it thee, if thou neglect thine own?
Whence he: 'Now comfort thee, for it behoves me
That I discharge my duty ere I move;
Justice so wills, and pity doth retain me.'
He who on no new thing has ever looked
Was the creator of this visible language,
Novel to us, for here it is not found."

Longfellow.

"To behold the tablet next,
Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,
I moved me. There was storied on the rock
The exalted glory of the Roman prince,
Whose mighty worth moved Gregory to earn
His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.
A widow at his bridle stood, attired
In tears and mourning. Round about them trooped
Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
The wretch appeared amid all these to say:
'Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this heart,
My son is murdered.' He replying seemed:
'Wait now till I return.' And she, as one
Made hasty by her grief: 'O Sire! if thou
Dost not return?' — 'Where I am, who then is,
May right thee.' — 'What to thee is other's good,
If thou neglect thy own?' — 'Now comfort thee,'
At length he answers. 'It besemeth well
My duty be performed, ere I move hence:
So justice wills; and pity bids me stay.'

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produced
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,
The like not found on earth." — *Cary*.

How different is the character of the
following description, which fills the
ear with its grand and varied harmony,
as it fills the mind with a rapid suc-
cession of pictures!

"Io m' era mosso e seguia volentieri
Del mio maestro i passi, ed amendue
Già mostravam com' eravam leggieri,
Quando mi disse: Volgi gli occhi in giue;
Buon ti sarà per alleggiar la via
Veder lo letto delle piante tue.
Come, perchè di lor memoria fia,
Sovr' a' sepolti le tombe terragne
Portan segnato quel ch' elli eran pria:
Onde lì molte volte si ripiagne
Per la puntura della rimembranza
Che solo a' piè dà delle calcagne:
Sì vid' io lì, ma di miglior sembianza,
Secondo l' artificio, figurato
Quanto per via di fuor del monte avanza.
Vedeo colui che fu nobil creato
Più d' altra creatura giù dal cielo
Folgoreggiando scendere da un lato.
Vedeo Briareo fitto dal telo
Celestial giacer dall' altra parte,
Grave alla terra per lo mortal gelo
Vedeo Timbreo, vedeo Pallade e Marte
Armati ancora intorno al padre loro
Mirar le membra de' giganti sparte.
Vedeo Nembrotto appiè del gran lavoro
Quasi smarrito riguardar le genti
Che 'n Sennaar con lui insieme foro.

O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti
 Vedev' io te segnata in su la strada
 Tra sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti !
 O Saul, come 'n su la propria spada
 Quivi parevi morto in Gelboè
 Che poi non senti pioggia nè rugiada !
 O folle Aragne, si vedea io te
 Già mezza ragna, trista in su gli stracci
 Dell' opera che mal per te si fe'.
 O Roboam, già non par che minnacci
 Quivi il tuo segno, ma pien di spavento
 Nel porta un carro prima ch' altri 'l cacci.
 Mostrava ancora il duro pavimento
 Come Almeone a sua madre fe' caro
 Parer lo sventurato adornamento.
 Mostrava come i figli si gittaro
 Sovra Sennacherib dentro dal tempio,
 E come morto lui quivi lasciaro.
 Mostrava la ruina e 'l crudo scempio
 Che fe' Tamiri quando disse a Ciro :
 Sangue sitisti, ed io di sangue t' empio.
 Mostrava come in rotta si fuggiro
 Gli Assiri poi che fu morto Oloferne,
 Ed anche le reliquie del martiro.
 Vedeva Troja in cenere e in caverne :
 O Ilion, come te basso e vile
 Mostrava il segno che lì si discerne !
 Qual di pennel fu maestro o di stile,
 Che ritraesse l' ombre e gli atti ch' ivi
 Mirar farieno uno 'ngegno sottile ?
 Morti li morti, e i vivi parean vivi.
 Non vide me' di me chi vide 'l vero,
 Quant' io calcai fin che chinato givi."

Purgatorio, XII. 10-69

"I had moved on, and followed willingly
 The footsteps of my Master, and we both
 Already showed how light of foot we were,
 When unto me he said : ' Cast down thine eyes ;
 'T were well for thee, to alleviate the way,
 To look upon the bed beneath thy feet.'
 As, that some memory may exist of them,
 Above the buried dead their tombs in earth
 Bear sculptured on them what they were be-
 fore :
 Whence often there we weep for them afresh,
 From pricking of remembrance, which alone
 To the compassionate doth set its spur ;
 So saw I there, but of a better semblance
 In point of artifice, with figures covered
 Whate'er as pathway from the mount projects.
 I saw that one who was created noble
 More than all other creatures, down from
 heaven
 Flaming with lightnings fall upon one side.
 I saw Briareus smitten by the dart
 Celestial, lying on the other side,
 Heavy upon the earth by mortal frost.
 I saw Thymbræus, Pallas saw, and Mars,
 Still clad in armor round about their father,
 Gaze at the scattered members of the giants.
 I saw, at foot of his great labor, Nimrod,
 As if bewildered, looking at the people
 Who had been proud with him in Sennaar.
 O Niobe ! with what afflicted eyes
 Thee I beheld upon the pathway traced,
 Between thy seven and seven children slain !
 O Saul ! how fallen upon thy proper sword
 Didst thou appear there lifeless in Gilboa,
 That felt thereafter neither rain nor dew !
 O mad Arachne ! so I thee beheld
 E'en then half spider, sad upon the shreds

Of fabric wrought in evil hour for thee !
 O Rehoboam ! no more seems to threaten
 Thine image there ; but full of consternation
 A chariot bears it off, when none pursues !
 Displayed moreo'er the adamantine pavement
 How unto his own mother made Alcmaeon
 Costly appear the luckless ornament ;
 Displayed how his own sons did throw themselves
 Upon Sennacherib within the temple,
 And how, he being dead, they left him there ;
 Displayed the ruin and the cruel carnage
 That Tomyris wrought, when she to Cyrus said,
 ' Blood didst thou thirst for, and with blood I
 glut thee !'
 Displayed how routed fled the Assyrians
 After that Holofernes had been slain,
 And likewise the remainder of that slaughter.
 I saw there Troy in ashes and in caverns ;
 O Ilion ! thee, how abject and debased,
 Displayed the image that is there discerned !
 Who e'er of pencil master was or stile,
 That could portray the shades and traits which
 there
 Would cause each subtle genius to admire ?
 Dead seemed the dead, the living seemed alive ;
 Better than I saw not who saw the truth,
 All that I trod upon while bowed I went."

Longfellow.

"I now my leader's track not loath pursued ;
 And each had shown how light we fared along,
 When thus he warned me : ' Bend thine eyesight
 down :

For thou, to ease the way, shalt find it good
 To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet.'
 As, in memorial of the buried, drawn
 Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptured form
 Of what was once, appears, (at sight whereof
 Tears often stream forth, by remembrance waked,
 Whose sacred stings the piteous often feel,)
 So saw I there, but with more curious skill
 Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space
 From forth the mountain stretches. On one part
 Him I beheld, above all creatures erst
 Created noblest, lightening fall from heaven :
 On the other side, with bolt celestial pierced,
 Briareus ; cumbering earth he lay, through dint
 Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbræan god,
 With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,
 Armed still, and gazing on the giants' limbs
 Strewn o'er the ethereal field. Nimrod I saw :
 At foot of the stupendous work he stood,
 As if bewildered, looking on the crowd
 Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.
 O Niobe ! in what a trance of woe
 Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn,
 Seven sons on either side thee slain. O Saul !
 How ghastly didst thou look, on thine own sword
 Expiring, in Gilboa, from that hour
 Ne'er visited with rain from heaven, or dew.
 O fond Arachne ! thee I also saw,
 Half spider now, in anguish, crawling up
 The unfinished web thou weavest to thy bane.
 O Rehoboam ! here thy shape doth seem
 Lowering no more defiance ; but fear-smote,
 With none to chase him, in his chariot whirled.
 Was shown beside upon the solid floor,
 How dear Alcmaeon forced his mother's fate
 That ornament, in evil hour received :
 How, in the temple, on Sennacherib fell
 His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.
 Was shown the scath, and cruel mangling made

By Tomyris on Cyrus, when she cried,
 'Blood thou didst thirst for: take thy fill of blood.'
 Was shown how routed in the battle fled
 The Assyrians, Holofernes slain, and e'en
 The relics of the carnage. Troy I marked,
 In ashes and in caverns. Oh! how fallen,
 How abject, Ilium, was thy semblance there!
 What master of the pencil or the style
 Had traced the shades and lines, that might have
 made
 The subtlest workman wonder? Dead, the dead;
 The living seemed alive: with clearer view
 His eye beheld not who beheld the truth,
 Than mine what I did tread on, while I went
 Low bending." — *Cary.*

The following is distinguished from
 all that we have cited thus far by soft-
 ness and delicacy of touch.

"Vago già di cercar dentro e d' intorno
 La divina foresta spessa e viva
 Ch' agli occhi temperava il nuovo giorno,
 Senza più aspettar lasciai la riva
 Prendendo la campagna lento lento
 Su per lo suol che d' ogni parte oliva.
 Un' aura dolce senza mutamento
 Avere in se, mi feria per la fronte,
 Non di più colpo che soave vento:
 Per cui le fronde tremolando pronte
 Tutte quante piegavano alla parte
 U' la prim' ombra gitta il santo monte;
 Non però dal loro esser dritto sparte
 Tanto, che gli augelletti per le cime
 Lasciasser d' operare ogni lor arte;
 Ma con piena letizia l' ore prime
 Cantando ricevieno intra le foglie
 Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,
 Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
 Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
 Quand' Eolo scirocco fuor discioglie.
 Già m' avean trasportato i lenti passi
 Dentro all' antica selva tanto, ch' io
 Non potea rivedere ond' io m' entrassi;
 Ed ecco il più andar mi tolse un rio
 Che 'nver sinistra con sue picciol' onde
 Piegava l' erba che 'n sua ripa uscìo.
 Tutte l' acque che son di qua più monde
 Parrieno avere in se mistura alcuna
 Verso di quella che nulla nasconde,
 Avvegna che si muova bruna bruna
 Sotto l' ombra perpetua, che mai
 Raggiar non lascia sole ivi nè luna.
 Co' piè ristetti e con gli occhi passai
 Di là dal fume per ammirare
 La gran variazion de' freschi mai:
 E là m' apparve, sì com' egli appare
 Subitamente cosa che disvia
 Per maraviglia tutt' altro pensare,
 Una donna soletta che si gia
 Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore
 Ond' era pinta tutta la sua via."

Purgatorio, XXVIII. 1-42.

"Eager already to search in and round
 The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
 Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
 Withouten more delay I left the bank,
 Taking the level country slowly, slowly
 Over the soil that everywhere breathes fra-
 grance.
 A softly-breathing air, that no mutation

Had in itself, upon the forehead smote me
 No heavier blow than of a gentle wind,
 Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
 Did all of them bow downward toward that side
 Where its first shadow casts the Holy Moun-
 tain;
 Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
 So that the little birds upon their tops
 Should leave the practice of each art of theirs;
 But with full ravishment the hours of prime,
 Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,
 That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
 Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
 Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,
 When Eolus unlooses the Sirocco.
 Already my slow steps had carried me
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I
 Could not perceive where I had entered it.
 And lo! my further course a stream cut off,
 Which tow'rd the left hand with its little waves
 Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.
 All waters that on earth most limpid are
 Would seem to have within themselves some
 mixture
 Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
 Under the shade perpetual, that never
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.
 With feet I stayed, and with mine eyes I passed
 Beyond the rivulet, to look upon
 The great variety of the fresh may.
 And there appeared to me (even as appears
 Suddenly something that doth turn aside
 Through very wonder every other thought)
 A lady all alone, who went along
 Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
 With which her pathway was all painted over."

Longfellow.

"Through that celestial forest, whose thick shade
 With lively greenness the new-springing day
 Attempered, eager now to roam, and search
 Its limits round, forthwith I left the bank;
 Along the champaign leisurely my way
 Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides
 Delicious odor breathed. A pleasant air,
 That intermitted never, never veered,
 Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
 Of softest influence: at which the sprays,
 Obedient all, leaned trembling to that part
 Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;
 Yet were not so disordered, but that still
 Upon their top the feathered quirksters
 Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
 Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
 Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
 Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,
 Along the piny forests on the shore
 Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody;
 When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
 The dripping south. Already had my steps,
 Though slow, so far into that ancient wood
 Transported me, I could not ken the place
 Where I had entered; when, behold! my path
 Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,
 With little rippling waters bent the grass
 That issued from its brink. On earth no wave
 How clean soe'er, that would not seem to have
 Some mixture in itself, compared with this,
 Translucent clear; yet darkly on it rolled
 Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er
 Admits or sun or moonlight there to shine.

My feet advanced not ; but my wondering eyes
 Passed onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey
 The tender May-bloom, flushed through many a hue,
 In prodigal variety : and there,
 As object, rising suddenly to view,
 That from our bosom every thought beside
 With the rare marvel chases, I beheld
 A lady all alone, who, singing, went,
 And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
 Was all o'er painted." — *Cary*.

We give a characteristic passage from
 the Paradiso.

" Fiorenza dentro dalla cerchia antica,
 Ond' ella toglie ancora e terza e nona,
 Sì stava in pace sobria e pudica.
 Non avea catenella, non corona,
 Non donne contigiate, non cintura
 Che fosse a veder più che la persona.
 Non faceva nascendo ancor paura
 La figlia al padre, che il tempo e la dote
 Non fuggian quinci e quindi la misura.
 Non avea case di famiglia vote ;
 Non v' era giunto ancor Sardanapalo
 A mostrar ciò ch' in camera si puote.
 Non era vinto ancora Montemalo
 Dal vostro Uccellatoio, che com' è vinto
 Nel montar su, così sarà nel calo.
 Bellincion Berti vid' io andar cinto
 Di cuojo e d' osso, e venir dallo specchio
 La donna sua senza 'l viso dipinto :
 E vidi quel di Nerli e quel del Vecchio
 Esser contenti alla pelle scoperta,
 E le sue donne al fuso ed al pennecchio :
 Oh fortunate ! e ciascuna era certa
 Della sua sepoltura, ed ancor nulla
 Era per Francia nel letto deserta.
 L' una vegghiava a studio della culla,
 E consolando usava l' idioma
 Che pria li padri e le madri trastulla :
 L' altra traendo alla rocca la chioma
 Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia
 De' Trojani e di Fiesole e di Roma.
 Saria tenuta allor tal meraviglia
 Una Cianghella, un Lapo Salterello,
 Qual or saria Cincinnato e Corniglia.
 A così riposato, a così bello
 Viver di cittadini, a così fida
 Cittadinanza, a così dolce ostello,
 Maria mi diè, chiamata in alte grida ;
 E nell' antico vostro Batisteo
 Insieme fui Cristiano e Cacciaguida."

Paradiso, XV. 97-135.

" Florence, within the ancient boundary
 From which she taketh still her tierce and
 nones,
 Abode in quiet, temperate and chaste.
 No golden chain she had, nor coronal,
 Nor ladies shod with sandal shoon, nor girdle
 That caught the eye more than the person did.
 Not yet the daughter at her birth struck fear
 Into the father, for the time and dower
 Did not o'errun this side or that the measure.
 No houses had she void of families,
 Not yet had thither come Sardanapalus
 To show what in a chamber can be done ;
 Not yet surpassed had Montemalo been
 By your Uccellatojo, which surpassed
 Shall in its downfall be as in its rise.
 Bellincion Berti saw I go begirt

With leather and with bone, and from the
 mirror
 His dame depart without a painted face ;
 And him of Nerli saw, and him of Vecchio,
 Contented with their simple suits of buff,
 And with the spindle and the flax their dames.
 O fortunate women ! and each one was certain
 Of her own burial-place, and none as yet
 For sake of France was in her bed deserted.
 One o'er the cradle kept her studious watch,
 And in her lullaby the language used
 That first delights the fathers and the mothers ;
 Another, drawing tresses from her distaff,
 Told o'er among her family the tales
 Of Trojans and of Fesole and Rome.
 As great a marvel then would have been held
 A Lapo Salterello, a Cianghella,
 As Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.
 [To such a quiet, such a beautiful
 Life of the citizen, to such a safe
 Community, and to so sweet an inn,
 Did Mary give me, with loud cries invoked,
 And in your ancient Baptistery at once
 Christian and Cacciaguida I became."

Longfellow

" Florence, within her ancient limit-mark,
 Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,
 Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.
 She had no armlets and no head-tires then ;
 No purfed dames ; no zone, that caught the eye
 More than the person did. Time was not yet,
 When at his daughter's birth the sire grew pale,
 For fear the age and dowry should exceed,
 On each side, just proportion. House was none
 Void of its family : nor yet had come
 Sardanapalus, to exhibit feats
 Of chamber prowess. Montemalo yet
 O'er our suburban turret rose ; as much
 To be surpassed in fall, as in its rising.
 I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
 In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone ;
 And, with no artful coloring on her cheeks,
 His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw
 Of Nerli, and of Vecchio, well content
 With unrobed jerkin ; and their good dames handling
 The spindle and the flax : O happy they !
 Each sure of burial in her native land,
 And none left desolate abed for France.
 One waked to tend the cradle, hushing it
 With sounds that lulled the parent's infancy :
 Another, with her maidens, drawing off
 The tresses from the distaff, lectured them
 Old tales of Troy, and Fesole, and Rome.
 A Salterello and Cianghella we
 Had held as strange a marvel, as ye would
 A Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.

In such composed and seemly fellowship,
 Such faithful and such fair equality,
 In so sweet household, Mary at my birth
 Bestowed me, called on with loud cries ; and there,
 In your old baptistery, I was made
 Christian at once and Cacciaguida." — *Cary*.

It would be easy to extend our quotations ; but we have given enough of
 Mr. Longfellow's translation to show
 with what conceptions of duty to the
 original he came to his task, and how
 perfectly that duty has been performed.

According to his theory, then, as we gather it from these volumes, translation is not paraphrase, is not interpretation, is not imitation, but is the rigorous rendering of word for word, so far as the original difference of idioms permits. Its basis is truth to the form as well as to the thought, to the letter as well as to the spirit, of the text. The translator is like the messengers of the Bible and Homer, who repeat word for word the message that has been confided to them. He, too, if he would be true to his office, must give the message as it has been given to him, repeat the story in the words in which it was told him. Every deviation from the letter of the original is a deviation from the truth. Every epithet that is either added or taken away is a falsification of the text. The addition or the omission may sometimes be an improvement, but it is an improvement which you have no authority to make. It is not to learn what you think Homer or Dante might have said that the reader comes to your translation, but to see what they really said. When Cesarotti undertook to show how Homer would have written in the eighteenth century, he recast the Iliad and called it "The Death of Hector," and in this he dealt more honestly with his readers than Pope; for, although he failed to make a good poem, he did not attempt to pass it for Homer.

The greatest difficulty of the translator arises from his personality. He cannot forget himself, cannot guard, as he ought, against those subtle insinuations of self-esteem which are constantly leading him to improve upon his author. His own habits of thought would have suggested a different turn to the verse, a different coloring to the image. He finds it as hard to forget his own style, as to forget his identity. It demands a vigorous imagination, combined with deep poetic sympathies, to go out of yourself and enter for a time wholly into the heart and mind, the thoughts and feelings, of another; and it is not to all that such an imagination

and such sympathies are given. There is scarcely a great failure in poetical translation, which may not be traced to the want of this power.

It may seem like the grave enunciation of a truism to say that another indispensable qualification of the translator is perfect familiarity with the language from which he translates, and a full command of his own. It is not by mere reading that such a familiarity can be acquired. You must have learnt to think in a language, and made it the spontaneous expression of your wants and feelings, if you would find in it the true interpretation of the wants and feelings of others. Its words and idioms must awaken in you the same sensations which the words and idioms of your own language awaken; giving pleasure as music, or a picture, or a statue, or a fine building gives pleasure, not by an act of reflection under the control of the will, but by an intuitive perception under the inspiration of a sense of the beautiful. The enjoyment of a thought is partly an intellectual enjoyment; you may even reason yourself into it; but the enjoyment of style and language is purely an æsthetic enjoyment, susceptible, indeed, of culture, but springing from an inborn sense of harmony. To extend this enjoyment to a foreign language, you must bring that language close to you, and form with it those intimate relations between thought and word which you have formed in your own. The word must not only suggest the thought, but become a part of it, as the painting becomes a part of the canvas. It must strike your ear with a familiar sound, awakening pleasant memories of actual life and real scenes. Idioms are often interpreters of national life, giving you sudden glimpses, and even deep revelations, of manners and customs, and the circumstances whence they sprang. They are often, too, brief formulas, condensing thought into its briefest expression, with a force and energy which the full expression could not give. To mistake them, is to mistake the whole passage. Not to feel them,

is not to feel the most characteristic form of thought.

The preposition *da* is one of the most versatile words in Italian. Its literal meaning is *from*: it is daily used to express *to*. *Da me* may mean *from me*: it may also mean *to me*. *Fit* or *deserving to be done* is a common meaning of it; and it is in this sense that Dante uses it in the following passage from the fourth canto of *Paradiso*, fifty-fifth line:—

“Con intenzion *da* non esser derisa,”—

With intention not (*deserving to be*) to be derided.

Cary, though a good Italian scholar, translates it *to shun derision*; and, giving it this sense, quotes Stillingfleet to illustrate the thought which, for want of practical familiarity with the language, he attributes to Dante.

We believe, then, that the qualifications of a translator may be briefly summed up under the following heads:—

He must be conscientiously truthful, studiously following his text, word by word and line by line.

He must possess a thorough mastery over both languages, feeling as well as understanding the words and idioms of his original.

He must possess the power of forgetting himself in his author.

And, lastly, he must be not merely a skilful artificer of verses, or a man of poetic sensibility, but a poet in the highest and truest sense of the word.

We would gladly enlarge upon this interesting subject, which not only explains the shortcomings of the past, but opens enticing vistas into the future. We cannot doubt that Mr. Longfellow's example will be followed, and that from time to time other great poets will arise, who, not content with enriching literature with original productions, will acknowledge it as a part of what they owe the world, to do for Homer and Virgil and Æschylus and Sophocles what he has done for Dante. It is

pleasant to think that our children will sit at the feet of these great masters, and, listening to them in English worthy of the tongues in which they first spake, be led to enter more fully into the spirit of the abundant Greek and the majestic Latin. It is cheering to the lovers of sound study to feel that every faithful version of a great poet extends the influence of his works, and awakens a stronger desire for the original. We never yet looked upon an engraving of Morghen without a new longing for the painting which it translated.

We have not left ourselves room for what we had intended to say about the notes, which form half of each of these three volumes. Those who know what conscientious zeal Mr. Longfellow brings to all his duties need not be told that they bear abundant testimony to his learning, industry, and good taste. They not only leave nothing to be asked for in the explanation of real difficulties, but, as answers to a wide range of philosophical, biographical, and historical questions, form in themselves a delightful miscellany. Dante has been overladen by commentators. In Mr. Longfellow he has found an interpreter.

It is not to Mr. Longfellow's reputation only that these volumes will add, but to that of American literature. It is no little thing to be able to say, that, in a field in which some of England's great poets have signally failed, an American poet has signally succeeded; that what the scholars of the Old World asserted to be impossible, a scholar of the New World has accomplished; and that the first to tread in this new path has impressed his footprints so deeply therein, that, however numerous his followers may be, they will all unite in hailing him, with Dante's own words, —

“Tu Duca, tu Signore e tu Maestro,”—

Thou Leader and thou Lord and Master thou.

THE OLD STORY.

THE waiting-women wait at her feet,
And the day is fading down to the night,
And close at her pillow, and round and sweet,
The red rose burns like a lamp a-light.
Under and over, the gray mist lops,
And down and down from the mossy eaves,
And down from the sycamore's long wild leaves,
The slow rain drops and drops and drops.

Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair;
And the waiting-women that weep around
Have taken the combs from her golden hair,
And it slideth over her face to the ground.
They have hidden the light from her lovely eyes;
And down from the eaves where the mosses grow
The rain is dripping, so slow, so slow,
And the night-wind cries and cries and cries.

From her hand they have taken the shining ring,
They have brought the linen her shroud to make;
O, the lark she was never so loath to sing,
And the morn she was never so loath to awake!
And at their sewing they hear the rain,—
Drip-drop, drip-drop, over the eaves,
And drip-drop over the sycamore-leaves,
As if there would never be sunshine again.

The mourning train to the grave have gone,
And the waiting-women are here and are there,
With birds at the windows and gleams of the sun
Making the chamber of death to be fair.
And under and over the mist unlaps,
And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray,
And driest bushes grow green with spray,
And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave,
And the mourners put off the mourning shows,
And over the pathway down to the grave
The long grass blows and blows and blows.
And every drip-drop rounds to a flower,
And love in the heart of the young man springs,
And the hands of the maidens shine with rings,
As if all life were a festival hour.

A WEEK'S RIDING.

"MY dear grandfather, why did Mr. Erle start so this evening when he saw my picture?" I said.

He laughed softly as he answered: "He will tell you himself to-morrow, if you care to ask him. It is no secret, but you will like the story best as he tells it. A very pretty story, — a very pretty story," he went on, as he kissed me good-night, "and one my little girl will relish as much as a novel."

My grandfather was such a fine, white-haired old gentleman, and looked so handsome in his handsome house! It was one of the old, square houses which are fading from the land in country as well as in town, ample and generous in every way, with broad, carved stairways, and great, wide hearths for andirons, — a house to make the heart glad, and incline it to all sweet hospitalities. The warm, low rooms were full of furniture, softened and made comfortable by unsparing use; the walls were hung with good paintings and engravings, some of them real masterpieces. But the glory of the house was its bronzes, gathered by three generations of rarely cultured men, from my great-great-grandfather, whose rougher purchases were put in more hidden corners every year, to the grandson now in possession, whose pure taste chose the latest gems of French art, and placed them where our eyes might best enjoy their beauty. The library was crimson, and the dining-room beyond two exquisite shades of brown and gold, a curtained doorway between. In these two rooms I spent most of my time when I was with my grandfather, reading with him, and singing to him, and listening to his cynical, witty talk. At dusk we gathered round the fire, he and I and the two tawny setters, three of us on the rug, and he in his long, low chair, and talked of the old family, whose sons were all dead, and of the gay years when we had been in our glory. I thought we

were very well off in worldly possessions as it was, but my dear old hero put such content to speedy flight with his tales of the days that were gone, when, to put implicit trust in him, a regal hospitality had filled the house with great and distinguished guests, glad to be with the family which always had a son leading the right in state and in church, in army and in navy.

I listened with glowing heart, and looked proudly at our men as I walked by their portraits in the halls on my way to bed. Perhaps my faith in their great deeds is not so childlike now; but it was pure and unlimited then, and those library stories can never fade from my memory.

I had been with my grandfather a week when the conversation with which my tale opens occurred, and I was to return to my parents in three days, under the protection of the very gentleman who was the subject of it. The two old friends were very intimate, and Mr. Erle spent every evening at the house; so I knew him well, and had no fear in asking him any question I chose, and I looked forward to the next evening as to a grand festival.

When we came in from dinner, I drew the window-shade, and saw that it was snowing fiercely.

"Perhaps he will not come," I said, turning to my grandfather disconsolately.

"Never fear that," he answered. "Mr. Erle is a man who is not kept at home by the weather, or anything else."

I came to the hearth. The last words had been added in the dry tone which always meant something coming from his lips.

"Has Mr. Erle children?" I asked.

"Yes; the youngest boy is only sixteen."

"And he never spends an evening at home?"

"I've not known him to do so for twenty years. Sing the 'Health to King Charles,' dear."

I sat down at the piano, and sang as I was bid.

We were stanch loyalists from tradition, and my list of Stuart songs was so long that I had sung scarcely half of it when the clock struck nine, and rapid wheels came over the pavements. Opposite our door the horse slipped, and we heard the instantaneous lash singing in the night air and descending unmercifully on the poor animal. An immense stamping and rearing ensued. "That is Erle, sure enough," my grandfather said, going to the window. I followed him, and lifted the shade in time to see Mr. Erle standing in the trampled snow at the horse's head, patting him as gently as a woman could have done. In a moment he nodded to his servant, and watched him drive round the corner before turning to our door.

He came in quickly, exquisitely dressed, and courteous, with the beautiful old manner they cannot teach us now. After the first words, my grandfather said, with a superb affectation of seriousness, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Mr. Erle looked up, with a bright laugh. "So you heard our little dispute? The old fellow bears me no malice, you may be sure; he knows that I never sulk."

"Perhaps he would like it a little better if you did," I said.

"Not at all. He respects me for my quick ways with him."

I shook my head doubtfully, and then, as if in defence of his theory, he said: "Did I ever tell you of Lillie Burton? Her animals did not mind a little discipline."

My grandfather laughed. "Oddly enough, we had laid a plot to make you tell that charming history this very evening," he said.

"Don't laugh about it," Mr. Erle answered. "I cannot tell you how vivid-

ly the sight of Miss Thesta's picture brought back the old time to me."

"I beg your pardon," the other said, bowing.

At that moment a servant came in with wine, placing the Japanese waiter with the old gilded bottle and glasses at my grandfather's elbow on the table. He poured out three glasses, and said, very simply: "We will have our own old way to-night, Erle, while you tell your old story, and drink as our fathers did, not vile alcohols, but the good fruit of the vine. Remember, Thesta, I leave you all my wine, on condition that you drink it, and never let a drop of whiskey come into your house."

"I promise," I said, and sat down at his feet.

"Perhaps you have heard of Lillie Burton?" Mr. Erle began.

I had a confused idea that the name of his wife was Lillie; but it was so confused that I answered, frankly, "No, I never heard of her at all."

"She is not Lillie Burton now," he went on with a sigh; "but I must begin at the beginning. It is a real horse story, which will tell in its favor with you, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed," I answered, with enthusiasm, and then he began anew.

"I was a gay, happy man of twenty-four, living in London with my dear friend, now dead, Richard Satterlee. We imagined ourselves very tired of town gayeties, and were languidly looking round for some country-place where we could be alone and quiet for a week or so, when the little incident occurred which led to my acquaintance with Lillie Burton. I must tell you that Satterlee and I were used up in more ways than one,—we had been unfortunate at the races that year, and so were well out of pocket, and I had not escaped heart-free from the season's balls, as Dick had, who, bless his honest soul, was as unmoved as a rock among the fairest women of the land. Not that they were indifferent to him, though. His broad shoulders and downcast eyes made sad havoc among them, Miss Thesta,—so beware of those attractions

among the men you meet: there are none more deadly. Well, they loved Dick, and I loved Miss Ferrers. She was not very handsome, but more fascinating to me than any other woman, and as thorough a flirt as ever made a man miserable. Never mind the how and why, but, believe me, I was very hard hit indeed, and sincerely thought myself the most wretched man in all London when I heard that she had gone to Spain with her brother-in-law, Lord West, and his wife. She had treated me shamefully; but I loved her all the more for it, and was quite desperate, in short. You may not think it of me, but I could neither sleep nor eat. In this state of mind I was walking home one afternoon, determined to tell Satterlee that I should leave him, and go back to my people in America, when I saw a small crowd ahead, and heard them cheer before they broke up and walked away. I should have passed by without a second glance, had I not been struck by the appearance of one of the three men who remained on the spot, — a strong-limbed fellow of thirty, evidently of purest Saxon blood. His whole face was handsome, but his hair was simply superb, and this it was that attracted me. Imagine long yellow locks of brightest gold, not exactly curling, but waving in short, determined waves back from a low forehead. Ah, I cannot describe to you that wonderful hair, how it shone on me through the gloaming, and drew me irresistibly to the man himself! I stopped, and asked one of the others what the row had been about.

“O, he pitched into a feller that was kicking a dog, and came near getting kicked himself,” was the only answer I got, as he walked off with his companion. I turned to my hero, and, as our eyes met, a pleasant smile lighted up his face. “Can you tell me the nearest place where I can buy a hat?” he said; “there’s not much use in picking up that thing,” pointing to a mashed heap in the gutter.

“I should think not,” I said. “There is no shop near, but if you will come

round the corner to my rooms, I can provide you with a covering of some kind.”

“‘Thank you,’ he answered, and we walked away together. There was not time for much talk, and he had said nothing of himself when we opened the door. Satterlee was standing with his back to the fire, and no sooner did he see my companion than he sprang forward, in eager welcome. ‘Burton of Darrow, by all the gods!’ he cried. ‘Where’s your hat, good friend?’

“He of the golden locks burst into a merry laugh, — what white teeth he had! ‘It is gone forever. Do let me know your friend, who has been so kind to me about it.’

We were introduced to each other in due form, and Burton sat down at our hearth like an old friend, chatting merrily, and warming his great fists at the blaze. ‘I ought not to have stayed so long,’ he said presently, ‘my father will have waited for me. Can the hats be marshalled, Mr. Erle?’

“I brought out all my store, and Satterlee’s too, and, amid much laughter, Burton managed to hide some of his mane under a soft felt, and bade us good night. ‘I must have you both at Darrow,’ he said, his hand on the latch; ‘remember that, and expect a note in the morning to tell you when to come.’

“As the door closed I laid my hands on Dick’s shoulders. ‘Who is he?’ was all I said.

“‘Why, Gerald, you’re waking up,’ he answered. ‘If the male Burton can do this, what will not Lillie do?’

“‘But who is he?’ I repeated.

“‘He’s the oldest son of John Burton of Darrow, in — shire. They are farmers, and they might be gentlemen, but they are queer, and won’t. For generations untold they have cultivated their own land, and are mighty men at the plough and in the saddle. So are the women of the family, for that matter. But you will see when we go down. They are one of the few great yeoman families left in the land. We shall have a jolly time.’

"And who is Lillie?" I asked.

"This man's sister. If you want to see a woman ride, see her, — it's absolute perfection, — hereditary too: they all ride till they marry."

"And not afterwards?" I said, very much amused.

"Never for mere pleasure, I believe. They have family traditions about all sorts of things, this among others. It is some notion about taking care of their homes and children, if I remember rightly. Miss Lillie will tell you all about it. How lucky that you met Jack this afternoon."

"This was all I could get out of Satterlee; but, dull as you may think it, I was really interested, and waited impatiently for the coming invitation.

"The next morning arrived a note from Mr. Burton, asking us, in his father's name, to spend the next week at Darrow, and saying that the farmers' races were to take place then, and would be our only amusement. Before the day for starting came, I had lost half the enthusiasm which the sight of valiant Jack Burton's hair had kindled, and tried hard to get off from going; but Satterlee was bent on a week's riding, as he always called our visit, and we started early one Wednesday morning, and at dusk on Friday found ourselves entering the broad valley which formed the Darrow estate. Satterlee was familiar with the ground, and discoursed eloquently of its beauty and fertility as we drove along; but he failed to interest me, for, to tell the truth, I was sunk in melancholy, and thought only of Miss Ferrers and of that which had passed between us. Why had I come all these miles to see people who were total strangers to me, and would almost certainly prove dull, or even vulgar? Dick was an enthusiast, and not to be believed, — we might turn back even then.

"Such were my thoughts as we entered the lane at the end of which shone the lights of Darrow House. As we drew near, I could see that it was a mere farm-house, — very large indeed, but otherwise in no way re-

markable. We drove up to a side-door, and had hardly stopped when the ringing voice of Jack Burton greeted our ears, and he came striding out, his glorious hair all afloat, as I had seen him in London streets a week before. All my love for the man — and I can use no lesser term — came back on the instant, and I grasped his hand almost as warmly as he did mine, I was so glad to be there.

"Come in and see my father," he said. "He was afraid we should not see you to-night."

"We went into the hall, and then, immediately through an open door at the farther end, into the most homelike room I ever saw, — a large room, exquisitely toned by great brown rafters, and lit by two fires, one at each end. Near one stood an immense wooden table covered with tools of every kind, and with what seemed to me a confused heap of saddles and bridles. Over it bent two men and a woman. I only saw that all three had the same wonderful light hair which so fascinated me; for Burton led us directly to the other fire, and introduced us to his father. He was a man of seventy, very roughly dressed, but self-possessed and courteous. 'You are welcome to Darrow,' he said, in low, gentle tones. 'I hope I shall be able to give you good sport while you are here.'

"This seemed to be all we were expected to say with him, for he bowed slightly, and Burton said, 'Come now to the workshop, as I call it,' and led us to the other end of the room. Satterlee went forward and shook hands warmly with the two young men and their sister, whose face I did not see, as it was turned away from me; and then Burton said, 'Lillie, this is Mr. Erle, whose hat you found so comfortable.'

"As he began to speak, she looked round, and held out her hand with a frank smile, saying, 'I, too, must thank you for that famous hat, Mr. Erle, for I wore it in a hard rain, day before yesterday, when I had to go out to train my colt for the coming races.'

"She said this very simply, in a sweet, almost singing tone, not unlike her father's, looking me full in the face meanwhile. I will try to tell you what she was like, — for I can remember her, after all these years, just as she stood, a saddler's awl in her hand, by the great table at Darrow. She was tall and broad and perfectly symmetrical in figure. I have never seen a woman who at the first glance gave the idea of elastic strength as she did, and yet she was by no means what you would call a large woman. Her face was like her brother's, really handsome, and full of sweetness, — the eyes so blue and living that no one could disbelieve their story of a great soul beneath. And, like her brother, she was crowned with a golden glory of hair. It was half brushed from her face, and clung thickly to her head, then wound in shining braids at the back, — waving and rippling just like Jack's. I never saw such wonderful heads as these four Burtons had. I can give you no idea of them. Her mouth was what I should call abrupt, — that is, shapely, deep-cut at the corners, — the lips smiling without opening widely, or showing more than a white flash of teeth. She so smiled as she spoke to me that first evening, and impressed me even then as no other woman ever had.

"'I am glad my hat has been so honored, Miss Burton,' I answered. 'I hope the colt for whom you take such trouble may win his race.'

"'Help me, then, by taking an interest in this saddle,' she said. 'I have an idea about the girths which these dear brothers of mine will not understand.'

"We all gathered round the table while Lillie explained her theory. The saddle was an old one, and smelt strongly of the stable; but they all handled it as if it were a nice, interesting toy; and when the girth question was finally decided by my strong approval, Lillie and the brother George went to work with awl and needle like experienced saddlers, and soon had the necessary alterations made.

"She looked up at me as she sewed, and said: 'You may think these are strange ways, but we do all such things for ourselves, especially this week, when we live for our horses. We are thorough yeomen, you know.'

"We talked on until supper was announced. Old Burton opened a small door at his end of the room, and waited with his hand on the latch while we went through, when, to my surprise, I found we were in the kitchen, surrounded by a large number of servants. We sat down at a long table by the fire, and then the servants took their places at the lower end, leaving two to serve us all. Burton stood at the head of the table until all were seated, then bowed, and said in the same gentle tone he had used in greeting us, 'You are welcome,' and sat down himself. No grace was said, but each person silently crossed himself.

"I was placed at the host's right hand, and we talked during supper of the races, and of horses generally, while Satterlee and Lillie Burton, on the other side of the table, did the same. It was the one subject which interested the Darrow household just then, and the servants even listened, eagerly and silently, to all that was said. Lillie's colt, it seemed, was entered for one of the races, and she had been training him herself with intense assiduity; but there was great difficulty in finding a rider, now he was trained.

"'I know he would win,' she cried, shaking her head disconsolately, 'but you are all so heavy.'

"'Ride him yourself, Miss Burton,' Dick suggested.

"'They won't let me.'

"'Who won't let you?'

"'O, the Earl. He gives the races, you know, and is a perfect dragon about them.'

"'I can't offer my own services,' Satterlee went on, 'for you know you would n't have me.'

"The Burtons all smiled at this, and Dick explained to me: 'I was on a horse of Miss Burton's a year or two ago, and did n't want to put him over a

horrid rough gully; but she, on the farther side, cried out, "Let him break his knees if he is so clumsy," and so he did.'

"'It was your fault, though,' the frank young lady answered.

"I remember that at the end of the meal the servants rose and bowed to their master, he acknowledging the courtesy sitting. Then we did the same, and all went to the other room. After half an hour's talk round old Mr. Burton's chair, a peal of bells sounded in some distant part of the house, to my intense surprise, and we thereupon marched off down a long, long corridor to I could not imagine what. Satterlee whispered, 'Philip Burton is in orders, — this is Even-Song,' just as we entered a little chapel. There were kneeling-chairs for all, and the beautiful Burton heads sank devoutly upon them. It was a choral service, Lillie playing a small organ, and Philip chanting with the family and servants.

"As we went out, old Mr. Burton wished each good night; then some one showed me where my room was, and I found myself alone. I was really confused. Where was I, and what had I been doing? Did all the people in this part of the country have such strange ways? I looked at my watch, and found it was but just nine o'clock, and yet I seemed to have lived years since the morning. The evening service, so beautifully sung, had quite upset me. It was months since I had been in a church, and this had come so unexpectedly, — the dim light, the low, peculiar voices, the simple fervor. I began to think Darrow was a dream from beginning to end, when Satterlee put his head in at the door with a grin, and said, 'Well, how is my Gerry?'

"'A little dazed,' I answered; 'but come in, man, and prepare me for the morning.'

"'No,' he whispered, 'not allowable. Bedtime is bedtime here. Good night.'

"I went to bed in self-defence, and half dreamed, half thought, of horses, and choral services, and golden heads,

until sound sleep came to my relief. It could not have been more than seven o'clock when I awoke, and yet on going to the window it was evident that the inhabitants of Darrow had been long up and about, for the farm-yard was in order for the day, the carts gone a-field, and the cattle-sheds empty. George and Philip Burton were busily engaged near the barn door, the one in turning a grindstone, the other in sharpening an axe; and from the barn itself came the melodious voices of Lillie and her brother Jack. Presently they came out, she leading a long-legged horse which I immediately recognized as answering to the description of the colt. He was of a dull gray color, and at the first glance I set him down as about the ugliest horse I had ever seen, his only good points being a very decent chest, and striding hind-legs of extraordinary length and muscle; otherwise he was utterly commonplace. But evidently there was some great fascination in the beast, for the four Burtons gathered round him and looked him over with that anxious scrutiny we always display when examining our horses, then patted him admiringly, and, as I judged from the expression of their faces, were well pleased with his morning looks.

"As I turned from my window, I glanced beyond the farm-yard to see what kind of a country I was in, and my eyes were greeted with as fair a prospect as rural England can afford. Imagine a green, rolling valley, some five miles broad, shut in on three sides by low hills, and sloping gently to the sea on the fourth. The water was perhaps three miles from Darrow House, but I could see that two little friths ran up far into the meadow-land. One other large farm-house was in sight, and some twenty or thirty cottages, all looking so bright and cosey in the clear October sunlight, that my heart was filled with joy at the sight, and I began my toilet actually singing a merry old song. I was soon down stairs, and out in the fragrant barn-yard.

"Lillie sat upon a pile of logs, one hand half hidden in her hair, as she leaned lazily back on her elbow, looking at her brothers, who were making the air resound with mighty strokes as they hewed away at a tree which stood near the house door. 'Well done, Philip; you're none the worse woodman for being parson too,' she cried; then, seeing me, she rose with a bright color in her cheeks, and held out her hand in hearty morning greeting. 'We did not know when you would be rested from your journey,' she said, 'and so did not have you called. Will you come in to breakfast now?'

"The three brothers stopped their work as we went in, and bade me a cheerful good-morrow. I have never since seen such men,—so big, so handsome, so modest, with such bright, healthy faces. None of them talked a great deal, not even my favorite Jack; but I felt then as I should feel now if I met one of them anywhere, that their friendship meant trust and loyalty and service more than most men's.

"Jack went with us to a little room at the side of the house where breakfast was laid for two; but when Satterlee joined us, Jack said with a laugh, 'I will leave you to tell all about everything, Lillie, and go back to my chopping,' and so went out.

"'If I must tell about everything,' Lillie began, 'I must tell about the races first, for they are more important than anything else just now. Thursday is the great day, and all the farmers in the neighborhood will have horses there. It is the grand gathering of the year for us, and the gentry come down and walk about among the horses, and are as kind and gracious as can be. They always buy some of the best; and happy is the man who can sell a beast to the Earl, or to Sir Francis Gilmor, for they are great judges, and have the best stables in the county. There are five races during the day, the first being for ponies, the second for colts, and so on; and in the evening we have a ball at the Earl's, and the five riders who win are given

presents by the Countess herself. O, it is a great day!' she went on, more and more enthusiastically; 'there is no other time so pleasant in all the year. George has in his bay mare, and I have entered my colt. Have you seen my colt?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I saw him from the window this morning.'

"Lillie looked me straight in the face a moment, and then said, with a little plaintive shake of the head: 'Ah, I see! You will laugh at him like all the rest. But you must see him go,—he is almost handsome then.'

"'I should think he might be,' I answered, trying to console her for my lack of admiration.

"'They are so mean about him,' she went on, smiling. 'When he was two years old they were going to give him away because he was so ugly and stupid; but I begged hard that he might stay at Darrow, and my father gave him to me for my own. I have had him now four years. You don't know how much I have suffered for that horse. But I have never despaired, and have trained him so well that he has great speed already, though they may laugh at his rough looks. O, if I can only win this race! It will be such a feather in my cap!'

"Satterlee laughed merrily at this. 'As zealous a racer as ever, I see, Miss Lillie. How I wish you would let me ride for you!'

"'Perhaps I may,' she answered. 'There is no knowing to what straits I may be driven.'

"Already something in this woman attracted me, dead as I supposed my heart to be. There was an indescribable freshness and vigor about everything she said and did, so different from the manner of the ladies I had lately seen,—a merry, defiant way which invited battle, and made one feel bright and springy. How can I tell what it was? I loved the woman from that very morning, and I love the memory of her now,—she stood so unembarrassed, so full of life, as we two ate our breakfast in the little, sunny room,—

she was so lithe, so symmetrical. When we rose she said, 'My father thought you would like to fish with him, Mr. Satterlee, and Mr. Erle is to ride with me, if he so pleases.' I murmured a few words of compliment, and she went on: 'Come out to the barn and choose a horse, and Mr. Satterlee may have a look at the colt.' We followed her out of doors, just as we were, — hatless, like herself.

"It is no fine stable we have at Darrow, but the horses are well off, and I pass so much time with them that I love the old, dingy place," she said, as we crossed the yard.

"It was a great country barn, in truth, low and warm, with places for cows and sheep as well as horses. A broad floor ran from one great door to the other, covered with loose wisps of hay and straw, and above our heads was the winter's store of both. A red rush-bottomed chair and a table stood at one end, — two little pieces of furniture around which cluster the pleasantest memories of my life, — Lillie's chair and Lillie's table, where she sat to sew and sing among her animals. What happy mornings I spent there by her side.

"As we went in she began to talk to her colt, as a woman generally talks to babies. 'Why, my sweet one, my own lamb, my coltkins, was he glad to hear his granny coming to see him?' — and so on.

"The colt, who was in a box at the end of the barn, acknowledged all this tenderness by putting his heavy head over the rail and half pricking up one ear; but Lillie seemed to think this slight sign of intellect all that could be desired, and went up to him with a thousand caresses.

"How like a woman to love that horse, now," said Satterlee.

"Lillie turned towards him with a brilliant smile. 'I sha'n't take up arms about it, for why should I be ashamed that I have a woman's heart, and love my own things more because they are unfortunate, and other people make fun of them?'

"From that moment I resolved the

colt should win, if it was in mortal riding to make him.

"Miss Burton," I said boldly, 'I see great qualities in your horse. May I ride him for you on Thursday?'

"She seemed a little startled by the suddenness of the proposal, but answered quickly, 'I shall be so much obliged! Will you think it rude if I ask you to ride him two or three times first?'

"Of course not. Do you ride him yourself this morning?'

"Yes, and which horse will you take? There are three or four there for you to choose from.'

"I walked down the row of stalls, and decided on an old hunter who turned the whites of his eyes round at me as if he longed for a gallop. Lillie called a man in from the yard, and said, 'Saddle the roan and Nathan, and bring them to the east door.'

"Eh, Miss Lillie," cried Satterlee, 'what name was that I heard? Nathan?'

"Well, why not?" she answered. 'Father named him so in fun, and I keep it to show I don't care how much they laugh at him.'

"Satterlee seemed intensely amused. 'Nathan, Nathan!' he repeated. 'Winner of the Earl's race! Nathan, Nathan!'

"I went into the house for my hat and spurs, and on coming out found that Dick had gone off with old Mr. Burton, leaving his best wishes for the colt's success. Presently Lillie came out, clad in a dark habit, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat, holding in her hand a whip so formidable that I was involuntarily reminded of the knouts of Russia. I suppose the thought was visible in my face, for she said quickly, 'I don't always carry this; but when Nathan is to do his best, I have to urge him to it, for if I depended on his own ambition we should soon be left behind.'

"Indeed," I answered. 'Then you must let me practise well before Thursday.'

As I said these words the horses

were brought to the door, and, before I could offer any assistance, Lillie had swung herself from the stump of the felled tree into her saddle. I remembered Satterlee's words about her perfect horsemanship, and glanced at her as I mounted. Even in that moment, as she sat perfectly still on the awkward colt's back, I saw how truly he had spoken. She was merely sitting there, without any of the fascination which motion gives, and yet I had never seen such a rider among women. You will think I exaggerate, but, as I am a man of honor, I assure you that an exact copy in marble of Lillie Burton, as she waited for my mounting on that autumn morning, would be a more beautiful equestrian statue than the world has ever seen. Such ease and strength and grace — Ah well! I shall not let you smile at my enthusiasm by any attempt at describing her. We started, unattended, our faces towards the sea.

"Do you want to look at the race-course?" Lillie said.

"Yes."

"Then follow me," — and with the word she called cheerily to her horse, and swung her whip with such effect that what was a canter became a gallop, and then a run, so long, so fierce, so reckless, that I held my breath as I looked at her. We went right across country, over fences and ditches by the dozen, and never drew rein until we reached the shore.

"Then she turned in her saddle as I came up, and nodded triumphantly, her face a thousand times brighter and more bewitching than I had seen it yet.

"Well, what do you think of Nathan now?" she asked.

"He is wonderful," I answered.

"But that is by no means his best. You wait here, and I will put him round the course once as well as I can. We are to go down the beach to that white post, then up through the big field, over a bad hedge, which we must leap at a particular spot, then across the lane and through these four last

fields home, and then over it all again. You shall try the ground this afternoon if you will."

"She said all this rapidly, as if the business of the day had begun, and cantered down the sloping field. Arrived near the starting-point, I heard her give what seemed almost a yell, and lethargic Nathan, well awake, burst into the same tremendous pace, going faster and faster every moment, until he attained a speed which seemed positively terrific, a woman being in the saddle, and then Lillie ceased urging him, and rode unflaggingly, as she only could, over all obstacles, until she reached my side.

"How can there be any doubt of your winning?" I asked.

"I sometimes think there is none when Nathan has been going so well; but" — and a cloud came over her face — "there is one colt I am really afraid of, — a little black mare of Harry Dunn's. O, how that creature flies over the ground!"

"I am not afraid," I answered. "You shall win, Miss Burton, if I die for it."

"She laughed at my eager way of saying this, and we rode towards home, she talking all the way of Darrow and of the neighbors, of farming and of sailing, — for she was as much at home in a boat as on horseback. Ah, what a contrast to the dark-eyed, proud Miss Ferrers! I wondered how I could have been in love with any other than Lillie Burton, whose ways were so unaffected, whose whole nature was so healthy. What cared I for the languid accomplishments of city belles? Here was a real woman, kind and strong, and unhurt by the world's ways. Even in the excitement of the hardest gallop I saw no trace of vulgarity, no sign of unwomanly jockeyship, only a true, unconcealed interest in her horse and his performances, — an interest worthy of her English heart. We rode home in high spirits, feeling sure that the race would be ours, even Nathan entering into the gayety of the moment, and actually shying at a boy who lay asleep by the roadside. Lillie yielded

so lithely to the sudden jump, that I could not help saying, 'How did you learn to ride so well?' and she answered, laughing: 'O, it is born in us; and then I rode recklessly for years before I got a good seat. I mean that I folded my arms, and galloped anywhere with tied reins, and half the time no stirrup. That is the best thing to do. Your old roan there has carried me at his own will for many a mile. He was as fast as Nathan at his age, and twice as spirited.'

"So we chatted as we rode home through the low lanes. The midday sun shone down on us as we came to Darrow House; and as I left Lillie at the door, to go up and dress for the farm dinner, I felt a new man, warmed with the bright day, and with the new hope which rose so sweetly in my tired heart.

"I will not weary you with the details of my days at the Burtons'. The old father ruled over his household like a king, and all yielded him loving obedience. Jack and his two stalwart brothers came and went, busy with all sorts of farming operations, and Lillie and I devoted ourselves to Nathan's further education. On Sunday the farmers and peasants came to church at the chapel in the house, and Philip Burton did for them all a true priest should. On every other day in the week, too, he held school for the children, instructing them just so far and no farther. 'Let them know how to read and write and do simple sums,' he said, 'but don't let 's stuff their heads with learning beyond their station. It only makes them discontented, and would upset society in the end.' And so he let them come until he thought they knew enough, were the time longer or shorter, and after that the door was shut.

"In the mornings, Lillie and I, and often Satterlee, sat in the barn for hours, she sewing and talking with us, stopping sometimes to give directions to a workman, or to listen to some poor neighbor's tale of woe. For she seemed to attract every one, and, as surely as a child was sick or a cow lost, the whole

story must be told to 'Darrow Lillie,' as they called her. She listened with ready sympathy; and always gave some quick, personal aid. I never saw a more charming picture than that which greeted me one morning as I came in at the barn door;—Lillie seated at her little table, close by the colt's stall, two dogs at her feet, and a soft black kitten in her hands, held lovingly against her cheek; beside her stood a peasant woman in a red cloak, wringing her hands, and telling how her husband had deserted her; a big-eyed calf looked in at the door behind, doubtful if he might come in as usual; and, over all, the October sunlight, mellow with barn-dust. I remember Lillie asked the woman where her husband was, and, learning he was at Plashy, Sir Francis Gilmor's seat, said she would see him that very day. And I am sure she did, for after dinner she went off alone on the roan hunter, and the next day I saw the same woman, with far happier mien, trudging along the lane by the side of her sheep-faced husband.

"So the days passed by, and Wednesday evening was come. We sat before the fire, and counted the chances for and against my winning the race, for it was a settled thing now that I should be Nathan's rider. I was as interested as any Burton of them all, and more so perhaps, for I felt that on my success the next day depended my success in what my whole heart was now determined on,—the winning of Lillie Burton's hand. I was quick at my conclusions at twenty-four, you see. Satterlee was still incredulous, and really annoyed me by his way of speaking,—offering to pick the yellow hairs out of Nathan's coat so as to make it shine a little, and otherwise employing his wit at our expense. Lillie laughed good-naturedly, and said they only made her love the horse the more by their unkind remarks.

"'Do you really love him,' Jack asked.

"'Certainly I do,' she answered. 'I have a deep affection for him.'

"'And I hope you will bestow some

kind regard on his rider also,' I whispered, bending over her chair.

"She looked up in her own quick way, and, as our eyes met, I thought hers were bright with love, as well as mine. As you would say, now-a-days, our souls met; and from that moment a strange, triumphant happiness filled my heart. The short Darrow evening wore to its close, and I neither spoke to Lillie again nor looked at her, but sat silent, rejoicing, until at even-song I poured out my thankfulness to God, and praised him for this great gift,—Lillie Burton, my peerless, truthful Lillie, mine until death should part us, mine in all joy and sorrow, always my own! With what certainty of peace I went to my rest that night,—with what instinct of some great joy I woke in the morning,—the bright autumn morning which held my fate!

"The races were to begin at noon, and by eleven o'clock we all set forth from Darrow House, well mounted and gallantly arrayed. There was no unnecessary coddling of the horses. I rode Nathan, and George rode the horse he had entered for the third race; and the only unusual thing was, that we eschewed fences, and slowly wended our way through the lanes, to the little knoll by the beach, where the rude judge's stand was erected.

"Already a crowd of farmers had assembled, some coming in carts with their wives and daughters, some riding rough plough-horses, and some on foot. Not a few children had come too,—red-cheeked boys and girls, mounted on the wiry ponies of the country, riding about and making the air resound with their merry laughter. Every one seemed to know every one else, to judge by the hearty greetings exchanged on all sides, and every one was in the best possible humor. After all these years, the impression I received at this rustic gathering is undimmed. There were only these people. There was no set race-course, no eager betting, but never before or since have I seen a race assemblage so full of honest, interested faces, or

showing so thorough an enjoyment of the day.

"As we came up, the little crowd separated, that we might ride to the top of the knoll, for Burton of Darrow was held in high respect, and way was made for him everywhere. We were now the centre of attention, and I was beginning to feel my city assurance giving way under the glance of honest interest directed towards me and my colt, when a murmur arose, 'Here come the gentry,' and, looking up the lane, I saw an open carriage full of ladies, and half a dozen gentlemen on horseback, approaching us. 'It is the party from Plashy,' Lillie said, 'and there is the Earl in the North Lane,' pointing out two or three more carriages. All was bustle now, for the horses which were to run must be ridden to a certain part of the field, and ranged side by side for the Earl's inspection. I found myself between a little fellow on a bay horse, and a handsome, curly-headed young farmer who sat a beautiful black mare like another Prince Hal.

"He bowed politely, and said, 'You ride the Darrow colt, then, sir.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and you are Harry Dunn, are you not?'

"'At your service, sir. It will be a hard race between us two.'

"Just then the Earl came up to look at the horses, as his custom was. We had met in London, and he recognized me with some surprise in my novel situation as jockey; but a few words explained the case, and he turned to young Dunn, saying, with a smile, 'She's very handsome, my man; but it's an awful temper, if I know a horse's eye,'—and indeed the words were hardly out of his Lordship's mouth when the Witch, as she was called, kicked out savagely at a passing boy, and then reared so high and so long that I feared she would fall back on her rider; but Harry Dunn was no novice, and in a few minutes she was standing quietly enough, with dilated nostril and glowing eyes.

"'He'll ride her in before you, if he kills her,' the Earl whispered, turn-

ing to me. 'Darrow Lillie is looking on.'

"'He loves her, then?' I asked, as calmly as I could.

"'I should rather think he did,' the old gentleman answered, shrugging his shoulders, and walking off to some other horses.

"I looked round to see where Lillie was, and felt reassured when I saw she had not even turned in her saddle while her lover's life was in danger, but was still talking with Sir Francis Gilmor. I heard him say, 'I doubt whether I shall make an offer for that gray colt of yours'; and she answered, laughing, 'You shall have the first chance after the race, Sir Francis. It will break my heart if he does not win.'

"The pony race was soon called, and I dismounted to stand by Lillie's side and watch it. As I stood, my hand upon the roan's shoulder, ready to seize the reins if he became excited, for Lillie had flung them, as usual, upon his neck, and sat carelessly in the saddle, her hands crossed on her knee,—as I stood there, I say, I heard suddenly, above the loud talk of the farmers, a voice the sound of which made my heart leap up into my throat,—a woman's voice, cold and clear,—the words merely, 'Yes, a perfect day,' but they were full of horrible meaning to me. I felt that my week's dream of happiness was at an end, and that my old life personified had come to take me away. My presence of mind enabled me not to turn round at the moment; but as I mounted for the race, half an hour afterwards, I glanced towards the Earl's carriage, and there, at the Countess's side, sat Selina Ferrers. At the same instant I was aware of a stifled scream, and the sound of my name; but I paid no heed, and rode slowly down the field to where Harry Dunn and the other waited my coming at the starting-post. Imagine my feelings as I listened for the signal. Win! Why I would have won if I had died at Lillie's feet the moment afterwards.

"We were well away, we three men, but Harry and I soon got ahead, and

flew with the speed of Browning's couriers over the flashing sand. I obeyed Lillie's last orders, and spared neither whip nor spur; but the black mare, almost uncontrolled, gained inch by inch, and leaped the last ditch fully three lengths ahead. We were to go round once again, and I lifted my whip for a desperate blow, just as we reached the bottom of the knoll, knowing that unless I got the colt into his best pace then all was lost; but he, stupid brute, thought the run was over, and swerved with a heavy plunge almost to his mistress's side. Before I could recover my control, I heard Lillie cry, her voice trembling with vexation, 'O, what riding!' and I saw tears in her eyes, as she pulled the frightened roan up on his haunches to make way for me.

"It was enough. Even Nathan felt there was to be no more trifling, and as I tore his side with my heel he broke at last into his great, fearful stride, and before we reached the lane Harry Dunn's black mare was straining every nerve lengths and lengths behind, and in three minutes more I stood humbly by Lillie's side, winner of the Earl's race. I scarcely heard the shouts of the crowd, or even the questions addressed to myself. Once again I was secure. No danger now from Harry Dunn on the one side, or Selina Ferrers on the other. The certain peace of the morning was mine again. It all seems so foolish, as I look back upon it now; but as I stood for those few brief moments by Flury Beach, surrounded by the golden-headed Burtons, the blue sea before me, and the fair green pastures behind, I was a happy man,—happier than I have ever been since.

"As the crowd separated, while the horses were got ready for the next race, I heard again the voice of Selina Ferrers; but it did not move me, for just then Lillie bent her beautiful head close by mine, and in her own low, singing tones, so much truer and more touching than the London belle's, said, 'Mr. Erle, what can I do to thank you?'

"I looked up frankly and gladly.

'May I tell you when we are at home to-night?'

"'Not till then?'

"'No, not till then,' I answered. And from my very heart I believe she had no idea what I meant, for she turned to Sir Francis Gilmor with an ease she could not have affected, and began to talk with him of Nathan.

"I stood looking at the racers, with real interest, for George Burton was riding, and I could see his hair shining in the wind far down the beach, and I was thinking of Lillie and Lillie's happiness, when a servant in livery came up, and said the Countess wished to speak with me. Had he presented a pistol at my head, the shock would not have been greater. As I approached the carriage I looked Selina Ferrers full in the face, and what did I read there? Great God! I cannot think of it with calmness even now.

"I bowed as coldly as politeness would allow, but the Countess put out her hand in cordial greeting, and begged me to take a seat with them for the rest of the morning. I murmured something about owing my time to the Burtons, and, after a few indifferent remarks (explaining how Miss Ferrers had decided not to go to Spain), was on the point of withdrawing, when the Countess said, 'At least, Mr. Erle, we shall see you at the castle'; and not until I had promised to come to her the next day would she let me go. As I turned, a light hand was laid upon my arm for an instant, and I heard an eager whisper, 'Gerald! what does this mean? I am here for your sake;—but I kept on my way as if I had not heard, and breathed freely again at Lillie's bridle-rein.

"Why should I describe the rest of the day to you? You see already how it had to end. I was with Lillie all day long, as happy as a king, though a little shocked when I heard at dinner that Nathan was sold to Sir Francis. But the day had been full of joy; and when all its festivities were over, and we drove home from the ball, it seemed as if no cloud hung over me.

"The Burtons went to the barn to

care for the horses, and I was alone with Lillie by the great table. I asked her very simply if she would be my wife, and she told me that I asked in vain.

"'Even if I loved you, Mr. Erle,' she went on,—'even if I loved you, I could not be your wife. You are a gentleman, and I am a farmer's daughter; and you know even better than I do that we could not be happy very long. You will be glad some day that I did not lead you into such a sore trial.'

"Some such words as these were the last words I ever heard from Lillie Burton's mouth, for the men came in, and she left the room; and as she passed me that night, dressed in a gown of softest white, her exquisite head bent in sorrow and tenderness, her eyes radiant through their tears, I saw her for the last time. We have never met, even for an instant, since."

Mr. Erle ceased speaking, and I gave a great sigh of relief. His last words had been uttered with so much feeling that neither my grandfather nor I could interrupt the long silence, as he sat looking dreamily into the fire. When at length he spoke, it was of an entirely different subject, and, after half an hour's conversation, he drank a last glass of the old wine, and bade us good night, wringing my grandfather's hand with more than usual warmth.

I waited almost impatiently until I heard the house-door close, and then, "Who is Mrs. Erle?" I asked.

"Who do you suppose?" my grandfather answered.

"No one. How should I?"

"And yet you heard Mr. Erle tell the part about the Countess?"

"Yes."

"And you do not guess what happened?"

"No. I dare say I am very stupid; but do tell me," I begged.

"Well, then, my dear, the morning after the races, Erle went to the castle, and the Countess was very kind, as great ladies often are, and he stayed for a week, since she pressed the mat-

ter so; and then there was an excursion into Wales, where most untoward things occurred, and the grand finale was a wedding at Lord West's in London."

"Then he married Miss Ferrers!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my dear, even so. You have never seen the lady, I believe?"

"No, never. Is anything the matter with her?"

"Anything the matter with her? Yes, she is insane. Quite harmless, you know; but having been made with the worst temper in England, this climate has developed it into positive insanity."

"And she lives at home?" I asked, sadly, for it came over me what a tragedy Mr. Erle's life must be.

"Yes, Gerald is more than faithful

to her. Ah, Thesta, child, we do not know all the patient endurance of God's men and women in this nineteenth century."

The bells of St. Mary's rang midnight as I lighted my bedroom candle, and kissed the smooth brow of my white-haired hero. "You do not ask what became of Lillie Burton," he said.

"Did you ever hear of her?"

"Yes, Satterlee was there years afterwards, and found her Lillie Dunn, with three children clinging to her skirts."

"And Nathan?"

"O, Nathan turned out splendidly, and led the Flury hunt for years. They say his memory is green in —shire yet."

"Poor Mr. Erle!" I said, summing up the whole story, as I went off to bed.

THE LITTLE LAND OF APPENZELL.

THE traveller who first reaches the Lake of Constance at Lindau, or crosses that sheet of pale green water to one of the ports on the opposite Swiss shore, cannot fail to notice the bold heights to the southward, which thrust themselves between the opening of the Rhine Valley and the long, undulating ridges of the Canton Thurgau. These heights, broken by many a dimly hinted valley and ravine, appear to be the front of an Alpine table-land. Houses and villages, scattered over the steep ascending plane, present themselves distinctly to the eye; the various green of forest and pasture land is rarely interrupted by the gray of rocky walls; and the afternoon sun touches the topmost edge of each successive elevation with a sharp outline of golden light, through the rich gloom of the shaded slopes. Behind and over this region rise the serrated peaks of the Sents Alp, standing in advance of the farther ice-fields of Glarus, like an out-

er fortress, garrisoned in summer by the merest forlorn hope of snow.

The green fronts nearest the lake, and the lower lands falling away to the right and left, belong to the Canton of St. Gall; but all aloft, beyond that frontier marked by the sinking sun, lies the *Appenzeller Ländli*, as it is called in the endearing diminutive of the Swiss-German tongue, — the Little Land of Appenzell.

If, leaving the Lake of Constance by the Rhine valley, you ascend to Ragatz and the Baths of Pfeffers, thence turn westward to the Lake of Wallenstatt, cross into the valley of the Toggenburg, and so make your way northward and eastward around the base of the mountains back to the starting-point, you will have passed only through the territory of St. Gall. Appenzell is an Alpine island, wholly surrounded by the former canton. From whatever side you approach, you must climb in order to get into it. It is a nearly cir-

cular tract, falling from the south towards the north, but lifted, at almost every point, over the adjoining lands. This altitude and isolation is an historical as well as a physical peculiarity. When the Abbots of St. Gall, after having reduced the entire population of what is now two Cantons to serfdom, became more oppressive as their power increased, it was the mountain shepherds who, in the year 1403, struck the first blow for liberty. Once free, they kept their freedom, and established a rude democracy on the heights, similar in form and spirit to the league which the Forest Cantons had founded nearly a century before. An echo from the meadow of Grütli reached the wild valleys around the Sentis, and Appenzell, by the middle of the fifteenth century, became one of the original states out of which Switzerland has grown.

I find something very touching and admirable in this fragment of hardly noticed history. The people isolated themselves by their own act, held together, organized a simple yet sufficient government, and maintained their sturdy independence, while their brethren on every side, in the richer lands below them, were fast bound in the gyves of a priestly despotism. Individual liberty seems to be a condition inseparable from mountain life; that once attained, all other influences are conservative in their character. The Cantons of Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, and Appenzell retain to-day the simple, primitive forms of democracy which had their origin in the spirit of the people nearly six hundred years ago.

Twice had I looked up to the little mountain republic from the lower lands to the northward, with the desire and the determination to climb one day the green buttresses which support it on every side; so, when I left St. Gall on a misty morning, in a little open carriage, bound for Trogen, it was with the pleasant knowledge that a land almost unknown to tourists lay before me. The only summer visitors are invalids, mostly from Eastern Switzerland and Germany, who go up to drink

the whey of goats' milk; and, although the fabrics woven by the people are known to the world of fashion in all countries, few indeed are the travellers who turn aside from the near highways. The landlord in St. Gall told me that his guests were almost wholly commercial travellers, and my subsequent experience among an unspoiled people convinced me that I was almost a pioneer in the paths I traversed.

It was the last Saturday in April, and at least a month too soon for the proper enjoyment of the journey; but on the following day the *Landsgemeinde*, or Assembly of the People, was to be held at Hundwyl, in the manner and with the ceremonies which have been annually observed for the last three or four hundred years. This circumstance determined the time of my visit. I wished to study the character of an Alpine democracy, so pure that it has not yet adopted even the representative principle,—to be with and among a portion of the Swiss people at a time when they are most truly themselves, rather than look at them through the medium of conventional guides, on lines of travel which have now lost everything of Switzerland except the scenery.

There was bad weather behind, and, I feared, bad weather before me. "The sun will soon drive away these mists," said the postilion, "and when we get up yonder, you will see what a prospect there will be." In the rich valley of St. Gall, out of which we mounted, the scattered houses and cloud-like belts of blossoming cherry-trees almost hid the green; but it sloped up and down, on either side of the rising road, glittering with flowers and dew, in the flying gleams of sunshine. Over us hung masses of gray cloud, which stretched across the valley, hooded the opposite hills, and sank into a dense mass over the Lake of Constance. As we passed through this belt, and rejoiced in the growing clearness of the upper sky, I saw that my only prospect would be in cloud-land. After many windings, along which the blossoms and buds of the

fruit-trees indicated the altitude as exactly as any barometer, we finally reached the crest of the topmost height, the frontier of Appenzell and the battle-field of Vöglisegg, where the herdsman first measured his strength with the soldier and the monk, and was victorious.

"Whereabouts was the battle fought?" I asked the postilion.

"Up-and down, and all around here," said he, stopping the carriage at the summit.

I stood up and looked to the north. Seen from above, the mist had gathered into dense, rounded clouds, touched with silver on their upper edges. They hung over the lake, rolling into every bay and spreading from shore to shore, so that not a gleam of water was visible; but over their heaving and tossing silence rose, far away, the mountains of the four German states beyond the lake. An Alp in Vorarlberg made a shining island in the sky. The postilion was loud in his regrets, yet I thought the picture best as it was. On the right lay the land of Appenzell, — not a table-land, but a region of mountain ridge and summit, of valley and deep, dark gorge, green as emerald up to the line of snow, and so thickly studded with dwellings, grouped or isolated, that there seemed to be one scattered village as far as the eye could reach. To the south, over forests of fir, the Sentis lifted his huge towers of rock, crowned with white, wintry pyramids.

"Here, where we are," said the postilion, "was the first battle; but there was another, two years afterwards, over there, the other side of Trogen, where the road goes down to the Rhine. Stoss is the place, and there's a chapel built on the very spot. Duke Frederick of Austria came to help the Abbot Kuno, and the Appenzellers were only one to ten against them. It was a great fight, they say, and the women helped, — not with pikes and guns, but in this way: they put on white shirts, and came out of the woods, above where the fighting was going on. Now, when the Austrians and the Abbot's people saw them,

they thought there were spirits helping the Appenzellers, (the women were all white, you see, and too far off to show plainly,) and so they gave up the fight, after losing nine hundred knights and troopers. After that, it was ordered that the women should go first to the sacrament, so that no man might forget the help they gave in that battle. And the people go every year to the chapel, on the same day when it took place."

I looked, involuntarily, to find some difference in the population after passing the frontier. But I had not counted upon the levelling influence which the same kind of labor exercises, whether upon mountain or in valley. So long as Appenzell was a land of herdsmen, many peculiarities of costume, features, and manners must have remained. For a long time, however, Outer-Rhoden, as this part of the Canton is called, shares with that part of St. Gall which lies below it the manufacture of fine muslins and embroideries. There are looms in almost every house, and this fact explains the density of population and the signs of wealth on every hand, which would otherwise puzzle the stranger. The houses are not only so near together that almost every man can call to his neighbors and be heard, but they are large, stately, and even luxurious, in contrast to the dwellings of other country people in Europe. The average population of Outer-Rhoden amounts to four hundred and seventy-five persons to the square mile, being nearly double that of the most thickly settled portions of Holland.

If one could only transport a few of these houses to the United States! Our country architecture is not only hideous, but frequently impractical, being at worst shanties, and at best city residences set in the fields. An Appenzell farmer lives in a house from forty to sixty feet square, and rarely less than four stories in height. The two upper stories, however, are narrowed by the high, steep roof, so that the true front of the house is one of the gables. The roof projects at least four feet on all sides, giving shelter to balconies of carved

wood, which cross the front under each row of windows. The outer walls are covered with upright, overlapping shingles, not more than two or three inches broad, and rounded at the ends, suggesting the scale armor of ancient times. This covering secures the greatest warmth; and when the shingles have acquired from age that rich burnt-siena tint which no paint could exactly imitate, the effect is exceedingly beautiful. The lowest story is generally of stone, plastered and whitewashed. The stories are low (seven to eight feet), but the windows are placed side by side, and each room is thoroughly lighted. Such a house is very warm, very durable, and, without any apparent expenditure of ornament, is externally so picturesque that no ornament could improve it.

Many of the dwellings, I was told, could not be built with the present means of the population, at the present prices of labor and material. They date from the palmy days of Appenzell industry, before machinery had reduced the cost of the finer fabrics. Then, one successful manufacturer competed with another in the erection of showy houses, and fifty thousand francs (a large sum for the times) were frequently expended on a single dwelling. The view of a broad Alpine landscape, dotted all over with such beautiful homes, from the little shelf of green hanging on the sides of a rocky gorge and the strips of sunny pasture between the ascending forests, to the very summits of the lower heights and the saddles between them, was something quite new in my experience.

Turning around the point of Vögli-segg, we made for Trogen, one of the two capitals of Outer-Rhoden, which lay before us, across the head of the deep and wild St. Martin's Tobel. (*Tobel* is an Appenzell word, corresponding precisely to the *gulch* of California.) My postilion mounted, and the breathed horse trotted merrily along the winding level. One stately house after another, with a clump of fruit-trees on the sheltered side, and

a row of blooming hyacinths and wall-flowers on the balcony, passed by on either side. The people we met were sunburnt and ugly, but there was a rough air of self-reliance about them, and they gave me a hearty "God greet you!" one and all. Just before reaching Trogen, the postilion pointed to an old, black, tottering platform of masonry, rising out of a green slope of turf on the right. The grass around it seemed ranker than elsewhere.

This was the place of execution, where capital criminals are still beheaded with the sword, in the sight of the people. The postilion gave me an account, with all the horrible details, of the last execution, only three years ago, — how the murderer would not confess until he was brought out of prison to hear the bells tolling for his victim's funeral, — how thereupon he was sentenced, and — but I will not relate further. I have always considered the death penalty a matter of policy rather than principle; but the sight of that blood-stained platform, the blood-fed weeds around it, and the vision of the headsman, in his red mantle, looking down upon the bared neck stretched upon the block, gave me more horror of the custom than all the books and speeches which have been said and written against it.

At Trogen I stopped at the principal inn, two centuries old, the quaint front painted in fresco, the interior neat and fresh as a new toy, — a very gem of a house! The floor upon which I entered from the street was paved with flat stones; a solid wooden staircase, dark with age, led to the guests' room in the second story. One side of this room was given up to the windows, and there was a charming hexagonal oriel in the corner. The low ceiling was of wood, in panels, the stove a massive tower, faced with porcelain tiles, the floor polished nearly into whiteness, and all the doors, cupboards, and tables, made of brown nutwood, gave an air of warmth and elegance to the apartment. All other parts of the house were equally neat and orderly. The hostess greeted me

with, "Be you welcome!" and set about preparing dinner, as it was now nearly noon. In the pauses of her work she came into the room to talk, and was very ready to give information concerning the country and people.

There were already a little table and three plates in the oriel, and while I was occupied with my own dinner I did not particularly notice the three persons who sat down to theirs. The coarseness and harshness of their dialect, however, presently struck my ear. It was pure Appenzell, a German made up of singular and puzzling elisions, and with a very strong guttural *k* and *g*, in addition to the *ch*. Some knowledge of the Alemannic dialect of the Black Forest enabled me to understand the subject of conversation, which, to my surprise, was — the study of the classics! It was like hearing an Irishman talk of Shelley's "Witch of Atlas" in the broadest Tipperary brogue. I turned and looked at the persons. They were well-dressed young men, evidently the best class of Appenzellers, — possibly tutors in the schools of Trogen. Their speech in no wise differed from that of the common herdsmen, except that they were now and then obliged to use words which, being unknown to the people, had escaped mutilation. I entered into conversation, to ascertain whether true German was not possible to them, since they must needs read and write the language; but, although they understood me, they could only partly, and with evident difficulty, lay aside their own patois. I found this to be the case everywhere throughout the Canton. It is a circumstance so unusual, that, in spite of myself, associating a rude dialect with ignorance, I was always astonished when those who spoke it showed culture and knowledge of the world.

The hostess provided me with a guide and pack-bearer, and I set out on foot across the country towards Hundwyl. This guide, Jakob by name, made me imagine that I had come among a singular people. He was so short that he could easily walk under my arm; his

gait was something between a roll and a limp, although he stoutly disclaimed lameness; he laughed whenever I spoke to him, and answered in a voice which seemed the cuneiform character put into sound. First, there was an explosion of gutturals, and then came a loud trumpet-tone, something like the *Honk! honk!* of wild geese. Yet, when he placed his squat figure behind a tavern table, and looked at me quietly with his mouth shut, he was both handsome and distinguished in appearance. We walked two miles together before I guessed how to unravel his speech. It is almost as difficult to learn a dialect as a new language, and but for the key which the Alemannic gave me, I should have been utterly at sea. Who, for instance, could ever guess that *a' Ma' g'si*, pronounced "amari" (the *x* representing a desperate guttural), really stands for *einen Mann gewesen*?

The road was lively with country people, many of whom were travelling in our own direction. Those we met invariably addressed us with "God greet you!" or "*Guät-ti!*" which it was easy to translate into "Good day!" Some of the men were brilliant in scarlet jackets, with double rows of square silver buttons, and carried swords under their arms; they were bound for the *Landsgemeinde*, whither the law of the Middle Ages still obliges them to go armed. When I asked Jakob if he would accompany me as far as Hundwyl, he answered, "I can't; I dare n't go there without a black dress, and my sword, and a cylinder hat."

The wild *Tobels*, opening downward to the Lake of Constance, which now shimmered afar through the gaps, were left behind us, and we passed westward along a broken, irregular valley. The vivid turf was sown with all the flowers of spring, — primrose, violet, buttercup, anemone, and veronica, — faint, but sweetest-odored, and the heralds of spring in all lands. So I gave little heed to the weird lines of cloud, twisting through and between the severed pyramids of the Sentis, as if weaving the woof of storms. The scenery was

entirely lovely, and so novel in its population and the labor which, in the long course of time, had effaced its own hard traces, turning the mountains into lifted lawns and parks of human delight, that my own slow feet carried me through it too rapidly. We must have passed a slight water-shed somewhere, though I observed none; for the road gradually fell towards another region of deeply cloven *Tobels*, with snowy mountains beyond. The green of the landscape was so brilliant and uniform, under the cold gray sky, that it almost destroyed the perspective, which rather depended on the houses and the scattered woods of fir.

On a ridge, overlooking all this region, was the large village of Teufen, nearly as grand as Trogen in its architecture. Here Jakob, whose service went no further, conducted me to the "Pike" inn, and begged the landlady to furnish me with "*a' Ma*" in his place. We had refreshments together, and took leave with many shakings of the hand and mutual wishes of good luck. The successor was an old fellow of seventy, who had been a soldier in Holland, and who with proper exertion could make his speech intelligible. The people nowhere inquired after my business or nationality. When the guide made the latter known, they almost invariably said, "But, of course, you were born in Appenzell?" The idea of a traveller coming among them, at least during this season of the year, did not enter their heads. In Teufen, the large and handsome houses, the church and schools, led me, foolishly, to hope for a less barbarous dialect; but no, it was the same thing everywhere.

The men in black, with swords under their arms, increased in number as we left the village. They were probably from the farthest parts of the Canton, and were thus abridging the morrow's journey. The most of them, however, turned aside from the road, and made their way to one farm-house or another. I was tempted to follow their example, as I feared that the little village of Hundwyl would be crowded. But there

was still time to claim private hospitality, even if this should be the case, so we marched steadily down the valley. The Sitter, a stream fed by the Sentis, now roared below us, between high, rocky walls, which are spanned by an iron bridge, two hundred feet above the water. The roads of Outer-Rhoden, built and kept in order by the people, are most admirable. This little population of forty-eight thousand souls has within the last fifteen years expended seven hundred thousand dollars on means of communication. Since the people govern themselves, and regulate their expenses, and consequently their taxation, their willingness to bear such a burden is a lesson to other lands.

After crossing the airy bridge, our road climbed along the opposite side of the *Tobel*, to a village on a ridge thrust out from the foot of the Hundwyl Alp, beyond which we lost sight of Teufen and the beautiful valley of the Sitter. We were now in the valley of the Urnäsch, and a walk of two miles more brought us to the village of Hundwyl. I was encouraged, on approaching the little place, by seeing none except the usual signs of occupation. There was a great new tank before the fountain, and two or three fellows in scarlet vests were filling their portable tubs for the evening's supply; a few children came to the doors to stare at me, but there was no sign that any other stranger had arrived.

"I'll take you to the Crown," said the guide; "all the Landamänner will be there in the morning, and the music; and you'll see what our Appenzell government is." The landlady gave me a welcome, and the promise of a lodging, whereupon I sat down in peace, received the greetings of all the members of the family, as they came and went, and made myself familiar with their habits. There was only one other guest in the house, — a man of dignified face and intellectual head, who carried a sword tied up with an umbrella, and must be, I supposed, one of the chief officials. He had so much the air of a reformer or a philosopher, that the

members of a certain small faction at home might have taken him for their beloved W. P.; others might have detected in him a resemblance to that true philanthropist and gentleman, W. L. G.; and the believers in the divinity of slavery would have accepted him as Bishop —. As no introductions are required in Appenzell, I addressed myself to him, hoping to open a profitable acquaintance; but it was worse than Coleridge's experience with the lover of dumplings. His sentiments may have been elevated and refined, for aught I knew, but what were they? My trumpeter Jakob was more intelligible than he; his upper teeth were gone, and the mutilated words were mashed out of all remaining shape against his gums. Then he had the singular habit of ejaculating the word *Ja!* (Yes!) in three different ways, after answering each of my questions. First, a decided, confirmatory *Ja!* then a pause, followed by a slow, interrogative *Ja?* as if it were the echo of some mental doubt; and finally, after a much longer pause, a profoundly melancholy, desponding, conclusive *Ja-a-a!* sighed forth from the very bottom of his lungs. Even when I only said, "Good morning!" the next day, these ejaculations followed, in the same order of succession.

One may find a counterpart to this habit in the *Wa'al* of the Yankee, except that the latter never is, nor could it well be, so depressing to hear as the *Ja* of Appenzell.

In the evening a dozen persons gathered around one of the long tables, and drank a pale, weak cider, made of apples and pears, and called "Most." I gave to one, with whom I found I could converse most easily, a glass of red wine, whereupon he said, "It is very impudent in me to take it."

Upon asking the same person how it was that I could understand him so much more readily than the others, he answered, "O, I can talk the written language when I try, but these others can't."

"Here," said I, pointing to the phi-

losopher, "is one who is quite incomprehensible."

"So he is to me."

They were all anxious to know whether our American troubles were nearly over; whether the President had the power to do further harm (he had too much power, they all thought); and whether our Congress could carry out its plan of reconstruction. Lincoln, they said, was the best man we ever had; when the play of "Lincoln's Death" was performed in the theatre at St. Gall, a great many Appenzellers hired omnibuses and went down from the mountains to see it.

I was aroused at daybreak by the chiming of bells, and soon afterwards muskets began to crack, near and far. Then there were noises all over the house, and presently what seemed to be a procession of horses or elephants began to thunder up and down the wooden stairs. In vain I tried to snatch the last and best morning nap; there was no end to the racket. So I arose, dressed, and went forth to observe. The inn was already transformed, from top to bottom, into a vast booth for meat and drink. Bedding and all other furniture had disappeared; every room, and even the open hall on each story, was filled with tables, benches, and chairs. My friend of the previous evening, who was going about with a white apron on and sleeves rolled up, said to me: "I am to be one of the waiters to-day. We have already made places for six hundred."

There were at least a dozen other amateur waiters on hand and busy. The landlord wore a leathern apron, and went from room to room, blowing into the hole of a wooden top which he carried in his hand, as if thereby to collect his ideas. A barrel of red and a barrel of white wine stood on trestles in the guests' room, and they were already filling the schoppins by hundreds and ranging them on shelves, — honestly filling, not as lager-bier is filled in New York, one third foam, but waiting until the froth subsided, and then pouring to the very brim. In

the kitchen there were three fires blazing, stacks of *Bratwurst* on the tables, great kettles for the sour-kraut and potatoes, and eggs, lettuce, and other finer viands, for the dignitaries, on the shelves. "Good morning," said the landlady, as I looked into this sanctuary, "you see we are ready for them."

While I was taking my coffee, the landlord called the waiters together, gave each a bag of small money for change, and then delivered a short, practical address concerning their duties for the day, — who were to be trusted and who not, how to keep order and prevent impatience, and, above all, how to preserve a proper circulation, in order that the greatest possible number of persons might be entertained. He closed with: "Once again, take notice and don't forget, every one of you, — *Most* 10 rappen (2 cents), bread 10, *Wurst* 15, tongue 10, wine 25 and 40," etc.

In the village there were signs of preparation, but not a dozen strangers had arrived. Wooden booths had been built against some of the houses, and the owners thereof were arranging their stores of gingerbread and coarse confectionery; on the open, grassy square, in front of the parsonage, stood a large platform, with a handsome railing around it, but the green slope of the hill in front was as deserted as an Alpine pasture. Looking westward over the valley, however, I could already see dark figures moving along the distant paths. The morning was overcast, but the Hundwyl Alp, streaked with snow, stood clear, and there was a prospect of good weather for the important day. As I loitered about the village, talking with the people, who, busy as they were, always found time for a friendly word, the movement in the landscape increased. Out of fir-woods, and over the ridges and out of the foldings of the hills, came the Appenzellers, growing into groups, and then into lines, until steady processions began to enter Hundwyl by every road. Every man was dressed in black, with a rusty stove-pipe hat

on his head, and a sword and umbrella in his hand or under his arm.

From time to time the church bells chimed; a brass band played the old melodies of the Canton; on each side of the governing Landamman's place on the platform stood a huge two-handed sword, centuries old, and the temper of the gathering crowd became earnest and solemn. Six old men, armed with pikes, walked about with an air of importance: their duty was to preserve order, but they had nothing to do. Policeman other than these, or soldier, was not to be seen; each man was a part of the government, and felt his responsibility. Carriages, light carts, and hay wagons, the latter filled with patriotic singers, now began to arrive, and I took my way to the Crown, in order to witness the arrival of the members of the Council.

In order to make the proceedings of the day more intelligible, I must first briefly sketch certain features of this little democracy, which it possesses in common with three other mountain Cantons, — the primitive forms which the republican principle assumed in Switzerland. In the first place the government is only representative so far as is required for its permanent, practical operation. The highest power in the land is the *Landsgemeinde*, or General Assembly of the People, by whom the members of the Executive Council are elected, and who alone can change, adopt, or abolish any law. All citizens above the age of eighteen, and all other Swiss citizens after a year's residence in the Canton, are not only allowed, but required, to attend the *Landsgemeinde*. There is a penalty for non-attendance. Outer-Rhoden contains forty-eight thousand inhabitants, of whom eleven thousand are under obligations to be present and vote, from beginning to end of the deliberations.

In Glarus and Unterwalden, where the population is smaller, the right of discussion is still retained by these assemblies, but in Appenzell it has been found expedient to abolish it.

Any change in the law, however, is first discussed in public meetings in the several communities, then put into form by the Council, published, read from all the pulpits for a month previous to the coming together of the *Landsgemeinde*, and then voted upon. But if the Council refuses to act upon the suggestion of any citizen whomsoever, and he honestly considers the matter one of importance, he is allowed to propose it directly to the people, provided he do so briefly and in an orderly manner. The Council, which may be called the executive power, consists of the governing Landamman and six associates, one of whom has the functions of treasurer, another of military commander, — in fact, a ministry on a small scale. The service of the persons elected to the Council is obligatory, and they receive no salaries. There is, it is true, a secondary Council, composed of the first, and representatives of the communities, one for every thousand inhabitants, in order to administer more intelligently the various departments of education, religion, justice, roads, the militia system, the poor, etc.; but the Assembly of the People can at any time reject or reverse its action. All citizens are not only equal before the law, but are assured liberty of conscience, of speech, and of labor. The right of support only belongs to those who are born citizens of the Canton. The old restriction of the *Heimathsrecht*, — the claim to be supported at the expense of the community in case of need, — narrow and illiberal as it seems to us, prevails all over Switzerland. In Appenzell a stranger can only acquire the right, which is really the right of citizenship, by paying twelve hundred francs into the cantonal treasury.

The governing Landamman is elected for two years, but the other members of the Council may be re-elected from year to year, as often as the people see fit. The obligation to serve, therefore, may sometimes seriously incommode the person chosen; he cannot resign, and his only chance of escape lies in

leaving the Canton temporarily, and publishing his intention of quitting it altogether in case the people refuse to release him from office! This year, it happened that two members of the Council had already taken this step, while three others had appealed to the people not to re-elect them. The *Landsgemeinde* at Hundwyl was to decide upon all these applications, and therefore promised to be of more than usual interest. The people had had time to consider the matter, and, it was supposed, had generally made up their minds; yet I found no one willing to give me a hint of their action in advance.

The two remaining members presently made their appearance, accompanied by the Chancellor, to whom I was recommended. The latter kindly offered to accompany me to the parsonage, the windows of which, directly in the rear of the platform, would enable me to hear, as well as see, the proceedings. The clergyman, who was preparing for the service which precedes the opening of the *Landsgemeinde*, showed me the nail upon which hung the key of the study, and gave me liberty to take possession at any time. The clock now struck nine, and a solemn peal of bells announced the time of service. A little procession formed in front of the inn; first the music, then the clergyman and the few members of the government, bareheaded, and followed by the two *Weibels* (apparitors), who wore long mantles, the right half white and the left half black. The old pikemen walked on either side. The people uncovered as they took their way around the church to the chancel door; then as many as could be accommodated entered at the front.

I entered with them, taking my place on the men's side, — the sexes being divided, as is usual in Germany. After the hymn, in which boys' voices were charmingly heard, and the prayer, the clergyman took a text from Corinthians, and proceeded to preach a good, sound political sermon, which, nevertheless, did not in the least shock the honest

piety of his hearers. I noticed with surprise that most of the men put on their hats at the close of the prayer. Only once did they remove them afterwards, — when the clergyman, after describing the duties before them, and the evils and difficulties which beset every good work, suddenly said, "Let us pray to God to help and direct us!" and interpolated a short prayer in the midst of his sermon. The effect was all the more impressive, because, though so unexpected, it was entirely simple and natural. These democrats of Appenzell have not yet made the American discovery that pulpits are profaned by any utterance of national sentiment, or any application of Christian doctrine to politics. They even hold their municipal elections in the churches, and consider that the act of voting is thereby solemnized, not that the holy building is desecrated! But then, you will say, this is the democracy of the Middle Ages.

When the service was over, I could scarcely make my way through the throng which had meanwhile collected. The sun had come out hot above the Hundwyl Alp, and turned the sides of the valley into slopes of dazzling sheen. Already every table in the inns was filled, every window crowded with heads, the square a dark mass of voters of all ages and classes, lawyers and clergymen being packed together with grooms and brown Alpine herdsmen; and, after the government had been solemnly escorted to its private chamber, four musicians in antique costume announced, with drum and fife, the speedy opening of the Assembly. But first came the singing societies of Herisau, and forced their way into the centre of the throng, where they sang, simply yet grandly, the songs of Appenzell. The people listened with silent satisfaction; not a man seemed to think of applauding.

I took my place in the pastor's study, and inspected the crowd. On the steep slope of the village square and the rising field beyond, more than ten thousand men were gathered, packed as

closely as they could stand. The law requires them to appear armed and "respectably dressed." The short swords, very much like our marine cutlasses, which they carried, were intended for show rather than service. Very few wore them: sometimes they were tied up with umbrellas, but generally carried loose in the hand or under the arm. The rich manufacturers of Trogen and Herisau and Teufen had belts and silver-mounted dress-swords. With scarce an exception, every man was habited in black, and wore a stovepipe hat, but the latter was in most cases brown and battered. Both circumstances were thus explained to me: as the people vote with the uplifted hand, the hat must be of a dark color, as a background, to bring out the hands more distinctly; then, since rain would spoil a good hat (and it rains much at this season), they generally take an old one. I could now understand the advertisements of "second-hand cylinder hats for sale," which I had noticed, the day before, in the newspapers of the Canton. The slope of the hill was such that the hats of the lower ranks concealed the faces of those immediately behind, and the assembly was the darkest and densest I ever beheld. Here and there the top of a scarlet waistcoat flashed out of the cloud with astonishing brilliancy.

With solemn music, and attended by the apparitors, in their two-colored mantles, and the ancient pikemen, the few officials ascended the platform. The chief of the two Landammänner present took his station in front, between the two-handed swords, and began to address the assembly. Suddenly a dark cloud seemed to roll away from the faces of the people; commencing in front of the platform, and spreading rapidly to the edges of the compact throng, the hats disappeared, and the ten thousand faces, in the full light of the sun, blended into a ruddy mass. But no; each head retained its separate character, and the most surprising circumstance of the scene was the distinctness with which each hu-

man being held fast to his individuality in the multitude. Nature has drawn no object with so firm a hand, nor painted it with such tenacious clearness of color, as the face of man. The inverted crescent of sharp light had a different curve on each individual brow before me; the little illuminated dot on the end of the nose under it hinted at the form of the nostrils in shadow. As the hats had before concealed the faces, so now each face was relieved against the breast of the man beyond, and in front of me were thousands of heads to be seen, touching each other like so many ovals drawn on a dark plane.

The address was neither so brief nor so practical as it might have been. Earnest, well meant, and apparently well received, there was nevertheless much in it which the plain, semi-educated weavers and Alpadores in the assembly could not possibly have comprehended; as, for instance, "May a garland of confidence be twined around your deliberations!" At the close, the speaker said, "Let us pray!" and for a few moments there were bowed heads and utter silence. The first business was the financial report for the year, which had been printed and distributed among the people weeks before. They were now asked whether they would appoint a commission to test its accuracy, but they unanimously declined to do so. The question was put by one of the apparitors, who first removed his cocked hat, and cried, in a tremendous voice, "Faithful and beloved fellow-citizens, and brethren of the Union!"

Now came the question of releasing the tired Landammänner of the previous year from office. The first application in order was that of the governing Landamman, Dr. Zürcher. The people voted directly thereupon; there was a strong division of sentiment, but the majority allowed him to resign. His place was therefore to be filled at once. The names of candidates were called out by the crowd. There were six in all; and as both the members of the Council were among them, the latter

summoned six well-known citizens upon the platform, to decide the election. The first vote reduced the number of candidates to two, and the voting was then repeated until one of these received an undoubted majority. Dr. Roth, of Teufen, was the fortunate man. As soon as the decision was announced, several swords were held up in the crowd to indicate where the new governor was to be found. The musicians and pikemen made a lane to him through the multitude, and he was conducted to the platform with the sound of fife and drum. He at once took his place between the swords, and made a brief address, which the people heard with uncovered heads. He did not yet, however, assume the black silk mantle which belongs to his office. He was a man of good presence, prompt, and self-possessed in manner, and conducted the business of the day very successfully.

The election of the remaining members occupied much more time. All the five applicants were released from service, and with scarcely a dissenting hand: wherein, I thought, the people showed very good sense. The case of one of these officials, Herr Euler, was rather hard. He was the *Landes-säckelmeister* (Treasurer), and the law makes him personally responsible for every farthing which passes through his hands. Having, with the consent of the Council, invested thirty thousand francs in a banking-house at Rheineck, the failure of the house obliged him to pay this sum out of his own pocket. He did so, and then made preparations to leave the Canton in case his resignation was not accepted.

For most of the places from ten to fourteen candidates were named, and when these were reduced to two, nearly equally balanced in popular favor, the voting became very spirited. The apparitor, who was chosen on account of his strength of voice (the candidates for that office must be tested in this respect), had hard work that day. The same formula must be repeated before every vote, in this wise: "Herr Landam-

man, gentlemen, faithful and beloved fellow-citizens and brethren of the Union, if it seems good to you to choose so-and-so as your treasurer for the coming year, so lift up your hands!" Then, all over the dark mass, thousands of hands flew into the sunshine, rested a moment, and gradually sank with a fluttering motion, which made me think of leaves flying from a hillside forest in the autumn winds. As each election was decided, and the choice was announced, swords were lifted to show the location of the new official in the crowd, and he was then brought upon the platform with fife and drum. Nearly two hours elapsed before the gaps were filled, and the government was again complete.

Then followed the election of judges for the judicial districts, which, in most cases, were almost unanimous re-elections. These are repeated from year to year, so long as the people are satisfied. Nearly all the citizens of Outer-Rhoden were before me; I could distinctly see three fourths of their faces, and I detected no expression except that of a grave, conscientious interest in the proceedings. Their patience was remarkable. Closely packed, man against man, in the hot, still sunshine, they stood quietly for nearly three hours, and voted upwards of two hundred and seven times before the business of the day was completed. A few old men on the edges of the crowd slipped away for a quarter of an hour, in order, as one of them told me, "to keep their stomachs from giving way entirely," and some of the younger fellows took a schoppin of *Most* for the same purpose; but they generally returned and resumed their places as soon as refreshed.

The close of the *Landsgemeinde* was one of the most impressive spectacles I ever witnessed. When the elections were over, and no further duty remained, the Parson Etter of Hundwyl ascended the platform. The governing Landamman assumed his black mantle of office, and, after a brief prayer, took the oath of inauguration from

the clergyman. He swore to further the prosperity and honor of the land, to ward off misfortune from it, to uphold the Constitution and laws, to protect the widows and orphans, and to secure the equal rights of all, nor through favor, hostility, gifts, or promises to be turned aside from doing the same. The clergyman repeated the oath sentence by sentence, both holding up the oath-fingers of the right hand, the people looking on silent and uncovered.

The governing Landamman now turned to the assembly, and read them their oath, that they likewise should further the honor and prosperity of the land, preserve its freedom and its equal rights, obey the laws, protect the Council and the judges, take no gift or favor from any prince or potentate, and that each one should accept and perform, to the best of his ability, any service to which he might be chosen. After this had been read, the Landamman lifted his right hand, with the oath-fingers extended; his colleagues on the platform, and every man of the ten or eleven thousand present, did the same. The silence was so profound that the chirp of a bird on the hillside took entire possession of the air. Then the Landamman slowly and solemnly spoke these words: "I have well understood that—which has been read to me;—I will always and exactly observe it,—faithfully and without reservation,—so truly as I wish and pray—that God help me!" At each pause, the same words were repeated by every man, in a low, subdued tone. The hush was else so complete, the words were spoken with such measured firmness, that I caught each as it came, not as from the lips of men, but from a vast, supernatural murmur in the air. The effect was indescribable. Far off on the horizon was the white vision of an Alp, but all the hidden majesty of those supreme mountains was nothing to the scene before me. When the last words had been spoken, the hands sank slowly, and the crowd stood a moment locked together, with grave faces and gleaming eyes, until the spirit that had

descended upon them passed. Then they dissolved ; the *Landsgemeinde* was over.

In my inn, I should think more than the expected six hundred had found place. From garret to cellar, every corner was occupied ; bread, wine, and steamy dishes passed in a steady whirl from kitchen and tap-room into all the roaring chambers. In the other inns it was the same, and many took their drink and provender in the open air. I met my philosopher of the previous evening, who said, "Now, what do you think of our *Landsgemeinde*?" and followed my answer with his three *Ja's*, the last a more desponding sigh than ever. Since the business was over, I judged that the people would be less reserved, — which, indeed, was the case. Nearly all with whom I spoke expressed their satisfaction with the day's work. I walked through the crowds in all directions, vainly seeking for personal beauty. There were few women present, but a handsome man is only less beautiful than a beautiful woman, and I like to look at the former when the latter is absent. I was surprised at the great proportion of under-sized men ; only weaving, in close rooms, for several generations, could have produced so many squat bodies and short legs. The Appenzellers are neither a handsome nor a picturesque race, and their language harmonizes with their features ; but I learned, during that day at Hundwyl, to like and to respect them.

Pastor Etter insisted on my dining with him ; two younger clergymen were also guests, and my friend the Chancellor Engwiller came to make further kind offers of service. The people of each parish, I learned, elect their own pastor, and pay him his salary. In municipal matters the same democratic system prevails as in the cantonal government. Education is well provided for, and the morals of the community are watched and guarded by a committee consisting of the pastor and two officials elected by the people. Outer-Rhoden is almost exclusively

Protestant, while Inner-Rhoden — the mountain region around the Sentis — is Catholic. Although thus geographically and politically connected, there was formerly little intercourse between the inhabitants of the two parts of the Canton, owing to their religious differences ; but now they come together in a friendly way, and are beginning to intermarry.

After dinner, the officials departed in carriages, to the sound of trumpets, and thousands of the people followed. Again the roads and paths leading away over the green hills were dark with lines of pedestrians ; but a number of those whose homes lay nearest to Hundwyl lingered to drink and gossip out the day. A group of herdsmen, over whose brown faces the high stove-pipe hat looked doubly absurd, gathered in a ring, and while one of them yodelled the *Ranz des Vaches* of Appenzell, the others made an accompaniment with their voices, imitating the sound of cow-bells. They were lusty, jolly fellows, and their songs hardly came to an end. I saw one man who might be considered as positively drunk, but no other who was more than affectionately and socially excited. Towards sunset they all dropped off, and when the twilight settled down heavy, and threatening rain, there was no stranger but myself in the little village. "I have done tolerably well," said the landlord, "but I can't count my gains until day after to-morrow, when the scores run up to-day must be paid off." Considering that in my own bill lodging was set down at six, and breakfast at twelve cents, even the fifteen hundred guests whom he entertained during the day could not have given him a very splendid profit.

Taking a weaver of the place as guide, I set off early the next morning for the village of Appenzell, the capital of Inner-Rhoden. The way led me back into the valley of the Sitter, thence up towards the Sentis Alp, winding around and over a multitude of hills. The same smooth, even, velvety carpet of grass was spread upon the land-

scape, covering every undulation of the surface, except where the rocks had frayed themselves through. There is no greener land upon the earth. The grass, from centuries of cultivation, has become so rich and nutritious, that the inhabitants can no longer spare even a little patch of ground for a vegetable garden, for the reason that the same space produces more profit in hay. The green comes up to their very doors, and they grudge even the foot-paths which connect them with their neighbors. Their vegetables are brought up from the lower valleys of Thurgau. The first mowing had commenced at the time of my visit, and the farmers were employing irrigation and manure to bring on the second crop. By this means they are enabled to mow the same fields every five or six weeks. The process gives the whole region a smoothness, a mellow splendor of color, such as I never saw elsewhere, not even in England.

A walk of two hours through such scenery brought me out of the Sitter Tobel, and in sight of the little Alpine basin in which lies Appenzell. It was raining slowly and dimly, and the broken, snow-crowned peaks of the Kamor and the Hohe Kasten stood like livid spectres of mountains against the stormy sky. I made haste to reach the compact, picturesque little town, and shelter myself in an inn, where a landlady with rippled golden hair and features like one of Dante Rossetti's women, offered me trout for dinner. Out of the back window I looked for the shattered summits of the Sentis, which rise five thousand feet above the valley, but they were invisible. The vertical walls of the Ebenalp, in which are the grotto and chapel of Wildkirchli, towered over the nearer hills, and I saw with regret that they were still above the snow line. It was impossible to penetrate much farther without better weather; but I decided, while enjoying my trout, to make another trial,—to take the road to Urnäsch, and thence pass westward into the renowned valley of the Toggenburg.

The people of Inner-Rhoden are the most picturesque of the Appenzellers. The men wear a round skull-cap of leather, sometimes brilliantly embroidered, a jacket of coarse drilling, drawn on over the head, and occasionally knee-breeches. Early in May the herdsmen leave their winter homes in the valleys and go with their cattle to the *Matten*, or lofty mountain pastures. The most intelligent cows, selected as leaders for the herd, march in advance, with enormous bells, sometimes a foot in diameter, suspended to their necks by bands of embroidered leather; then follow the others, and the bull, who, singularly enough, carries the milking-pail, garlanded with flowers, between his horns, brings up the rear. The Alpadores are in their finest Sunday costume, and the sound of yodel-songs—the very voice of Alpine landscapes—echoes from every hill. Such a picture as this, under the cloudless blue of a fortunate May day, makes the heart of the Appenzeller light. He goes joyously up to his summer labor, and makes his herb-cheese on the heights, while his wife weaves and embroiders muslin in the valley until his return.

In the afternoon I set out for Urnäsch, with a bright boy as guide. Hot gleams of sunshine now and then struck like fire across the green mountains, and the Sentis partly unveiled his stubborn forehead of rock. Behind him, however, lowered inky thunder-clouds, and long before the afternoon's journey was made it was raining below and snowing aloft. The scenery grew more broken and abrupt the farther I penetrated into the country, but it was everywhere as thickly peopled and as wonderfully cultivated. At Gonten, there is a large building for the whey-cure of overfed people of the world. A great many such, I was told, come to Appenzell for the summer. Many of the persons we met not only said, "God greet you!" but immediately added, "Adieu!"—like the *Salve et vale!* of classical times.

Beyond Gonten the road dropped into a wild ravine, the continual wind-

ings of which rendered it very attractive. I found enough to admire in every farm-house by the wayside, with its warm wood-color, its quaint projecting balconies, and coat of shingle mail. When the ravine opened, and the deep valley of Urnäsch, before me, appeared between cloven heights of snow, disclosing six or eight square miles of perfect emerald, over which the village is scattered, I was fully repaid for having pressed farther into the heart of the land. There were still two hours until night, and I might have gone on to the Rossfall, — a cascade three or four miles higher up the valley, — but the clouds were threatening, and the distant mountain-sides already dim under the rain.

At the village inn I found several herdsmen and mechanics, each with a bottle of Rheinthaler wine before him. They were ready and willing to give me all the information I needed. In order to reach the Toggenburg, they said, I must go over the Krätzerwald. It was sometimes a dangerous journey; the snow was many cubits deep, and at this time of the year it was frequently so soft that a man would sink to his hips. To-day, however, there had been thunder, and after thunder the snow is always hard-packed, so that you can walk on it; but to cross the Krätzerwald without a guide, — never! For two hours you were in a wild forest, not a house, nor even a *Sennhütt*' (herdsman's cabin) to be seen, and no proper path, but a clambering hither and thither, in snow and mud; with this weather, — yes, one *could* get into Toggenburg that way, they said, but not alone, and

only because there had been thunder on the mountains.

But all night the rain beat against my chamber window, and in the morning the lower slopes of the mountains were gray with new snow, which no thunder had packed. Indigo-colored clouds lay heavily on all the Alpine peaks; the air was raw and chilly, and the roads slippery. In such weather the scenery is not only shrouded, but the people are shut up in their homes, — wherefore further travel would not have been repaid. I had already seen the greater part of the little land, and so gave up my thwarted plans the more cheerfully. When the post-omnibus for Herisau came to the inn door, I took my seat therein, saying, like Schiller's *Sennhub*', "*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl, Ihr sonnigen Weiden!*"

The country became softer and lovelier as the road gradually fell towards Herisau, which is the richest and stateliest town of the Canton. I saw little of it except the hospitable home of my friend the Chancellor, for we had brought the Alpine weather with us. The architecture of the place, nevertheless, is charming, the town being composed of country-houses, balconied and shingled, and set down together in the most irregular way, every street shooting off at a different angle. A mile beyond, I reached the edge of the mountain region, and again looked down upon the prosperous valley of St. Gall. Below me was the railway, and as I sped towards Zurich that afternoon, the top of the Sentis, piercing through a mass of dark rain-clouds, was my last glimpse of the Little Land of Appenzell.

THE LOST GENIUS.

A GIANT came to me, when I was young,
My instant will to ask, —
My earthly Servant, from the earth he sprung
Eager for any task!

"What wilt thou, O my Master?" he began;
"Whatever can be," I.
"Say but thy wish, — whate'er thou wilt I can,"
The strong Slave made reply.

"Enter the earth and bring its riches forth,
For pearls explore the sea.'
He brought from East and West, and South and North,
All treasures back to me!

"Build me a palace wherein I may dwell."
"Awake, and see it done,"
Spake his great voice at dawn. O miracle,
That glittered in the sun!

"Find me the princess fit for my embrace,
The vision of my breast, —
For her search every clime and every race."
My yearning arms were blessed!

"Get me all knowledge." Sages with their lore,
And poets with their songs,
Crowded my palace halls at every door,
In mute obedient throngs!

"Now bring me wisdom." Long ago he went;
(The cold task harder seems;)
He did not hasten with the last content, —
The rest, meanwhile, were dreams!

Houseless and poor, on many a trackless road,
Without a guide, I found
A white-haired phantom with the world his load
Bending him to the ground!

"I bring thee wisdom, Master." Is it he,
I marvelled then, in sooth?
"Thy palace-builder, beauty-seeker see!"
I saw the Ghost of Youth!

CINCINNATI.

THE French possessors of the Western country used to call the Ohio the Beautiful River; and they might well think it beautiful who came into it from the flat-shored, mountainous Mississippi, and found themselves winding about among lofty, steep, and picturesque hills, covered with foliage, and fringed at the bottom with a strip of brilliant grass. But travellers from the Atlantic States, accustomed as they are to the clear, sparkling waters and to the brimming fullness of such rivers as the James, the Delaware, and the Hudson, do not at once perceive the fitness of the old French name, *La Belle Rivière*. The water of the Ohio is yellow, and there is usually a wide slope of yellow earth on each side of the stream, from which the water has receded, and over which it will flow again at the next "rise." It is always rising or falling. As at the South the item of most interest in the newspapers is the price of cotton, and in New York the price of gold, so in the West the special duty of the news-gatherer is to keep the public advised of the depth of the rivers. The Ohio, during the rainy seasons, is forty feet deeper than it is during the dry. Between the notch which marks the lowest point to which the river has ever fallen at Cincinnati and that which records the point of its highest rise, the distance is sixty-four feet. If our Eastern rivers were capable of such vacillation as this, our large cities would go under once or twice a year.

In truth, those great and famous Western rivers are ditches dug by Nature as part of the drainage system of the continent, — mere means of carrying off the surplus water when it rains. At the East, the water plays a part in the life, in the pleasures, in the imagination and memories of the people. We go down to Coney Island of a hot afternoon; we take a trip to

Cape May; we sail in Boston Harbor; we go upon moonlight excursions, attended by a cotillon band; we spend a day at the fishing banks; we go up the Erie Railroad for a week's trout-fishing; we own a share in a small schooner; we have yacht clubs and boat races; we build villas which command a water view. There is little of this in the Western country; for the rivers are not very inviting, and the great lakes are dangerous. They tried yachting at Chicago a few years ago, but on the experimental trip a squall capsized the vessel, and the crew had the ignominy of spending several hours upon the keel, from which a passing craft rescued them. Then, as to excursions, there is upon the lakes the deadly peril of sea-sickness; upon the rivers there is no great relief from the heat; and upon neither are there convenient places to visit. All you can do is, to go a certain distance, turn round, and come back; which is a flat, uncheering, pointless sort of thing. Upon the whole, therefore, the Western waters contribute little to the relief and enjoyment of the people who live near them. We noticed at the large town of Erie, some years ago, that not one house had been placed so as to afford its inmates a view of the lake, though the shores offered most convenient sites; nor did the people ever come down to see the lake, apparently, as there was no path worn upon the grassy bluff overlooking it.

The Ohio River has another inconvenience. The bottom-land, as it is called, between the water's edge and the hills, is generally low and narrow. Nowhere is there room for a large city; nor can the hills be dug away except by paring down a great part of Ohio and Kentucky. When the traveller has climbed to the top of those winding mountains, he has only reached the average summit of the country; for

it is not the banks of the river that are high, but the river itself which is low. It is an error to say that the Ohio is a river with lofty banks. Those continuous hills, around which this river winds and curls and bends and loops, are simply the hills of the country through which the river had to find its way. We were astonished, in getting to the top of Cincinnati, after a panting walk up a zigzag road, to discover that we had only mounted to the summit of one billow in an ocean of hills.

There is always a reason why a city is just where it is. Nothing is more controlled by law than the planting, the growth, and the decline of cities. Even the particular site is not a thing of chance, as we can see in the sites of Paris, London, Constantinople, and every other great city of the world. A town exists by supplying to the country about it the commodities which the country cannot procure for itself. In the infancy of the Ohio settlements, when it was still to be determined which of them would take the lead, the commodity most in request and hardest to be obtained was *safety*; and it was Cincinnati that was soonest able to supply this most universal object of desire. In December, 1788, fifteen or twenty men floated down the Ohio among the masses of moving ice, and, landing upon the site of Cincinnati, built cabins, and marked out a town. Matthias Denman of New Jersey had bought eight hundred acres of land there, at fifteen-pence an acre, and this party of adventurers planted themselves upon it with his assistance and in his interest. Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians were finding their way down the Ohio, and founding settlements here and there, whenever a sufficient number of pioneers could be gathered to defend themselves against the Indians. President Washington sent a few companies of troops for their protection, and the great question was where those troops should be posted. The major in command was at first disposed to establish them at North Bend; but while he was selecting a place there for

his fort, he fell in with a pair of brilliant black eyes, — the property of one of the settler's wives. He paid such assiduous court to the lady, that her husband deemed it best to remove his family to another settlement, and pitched upon Cincinnati. The major then began to doubt whether, after all, North Bend *was* the proper place for a military work, and deemed it best to examine Cincinnati first. He was delighted with Cincinnati. He removed the troops thither, built a fort, and thus rendered the neighborhood the safest spot below Pittsburg. This event was decisive: Cincinnati took the lead of the Ohio towns, and kept it.

In all the history of Cincinnati, this is the only incident we have found that savors of the romantic.

Those black eyes lured Major Doughty to the only site on the Ohio upon which one hundred thousand people could conveniently live without climbing a very steep and high hill. It is also about midway between the source of the river and its mouth; the Ohio being nine hundred and fifty-nine miles long, and Cincinnati five hundred and one miles from the Mississippi. The city is nearly the centre of the great valley of the Ohio; it is, indeed, exactly where it should be, and exactly where the metropolis of the valley might have been even if Major Doughty had not been susceptible to the charms of lovely woman. It is superfluous to say that Cincinnati is situated on a "bend" of the Ohio, since the Ohio is nothing but bends, and anything that is situated upon it must be upon a bend. This river employs itself continually in writing the letter S upon the surface of the earth. At Cincinnati, the hills recede from the shore on each side of the river about a mile and a half, leaving space enough for a large town, but not for the great city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants to which it has grown.

Cincinnati is an odd name for a town, whether we regard it as a genitive singular, or as a nominative plural. The story goes, that the first settlers

appointed a committee of one to name the place. The gentleman selected for this duty had been a schoolmaster, and he brought to bear upon the task all the learning appertaining to his former vocation. He desired to express in the name of the future city the fact that it was situated opposite the mouth of the Licking River. He was aware that *vill*e was French for "city," that *os* was Latin for "mouth"; that *anti* in composition could mean "opposite to"; and that the first letter of Licking was L. By combining these various fragments of knowledge, he produced at length the word LOSANTIVILLE, which his comrades accepted as the name of their little cluster of log huts, and by this name it appears on some of the earliest maps of the Ohio. But the glory of the schoolmaster was short-lived. When the village had attained the respectable age of fifteen months, General St. Clair visited it on a tour of inspection, and laughed the name to scorn. Having laid out a county of which this village was the only inhabited spot, he named the county Hamilton, and insisted upon calling the village Cincinnati, after the society of which both himself and Colonel Hamilton were members. In that summer of 1790 Cincinnati consisted of forty log cabins, two small frame houses, and a fort garrisoned by a company or two of troops.

We sometimes speak of "the Western cities," as though the word "Western" was sufficiently descriptive, and as though the cities west of the Alleghany Mountains were all alike. This is far from being the case. Every city in the Western country, as well as every State, county, and neighborhood, has a character of its own, derived chiefly from the people who settled it. Berlin is not more different from Vienna, Lyons is not more different from Marseilles, Birmingham is not more different from Liverpool, than Cincinnati is from Chicago or St. Louis; and all these differences date back to the origin of those cities. The Ohio, formed by the junction of two Pennsylvania rivers, is the natural western outlet for the

redundant population of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and consequently the first twenty thousand inhabitants of Cincinnati were chiefly from those States,—honest, plodding, saving Protestants, with less knowledge and less public spirit than the people of New England. The Swedes, the Danes, the Germans, the Protestant Irish, who poured into Pennsylvania and New Jersey in Franklin's time, attracted by the perfect toleration established by William Penn, were excellent people; but they had not the activity of mind nor the spiritual life of the English Puritans. Shrewd calculators and of indomitable industry, they were more able to accumulate property than disposed to risk it in bold, far-reaching enterprises, and took more pride in possessing than in displaying wealth,—in having a large barn than an attractive residence. They were more certain to build a church than a school-house, and few of them wanted anything of the book-peddler except an almanac. The descendants of such men founded Cincinnati, and made it a thriving, bustling, dull, unintellectual place. Then came in a spice of Yankees to enliven the mass, to introduce some quickening heresies, to promote schools, to found libraries, to establish new manufactures and stimulate public improvements. That wondrous tide of Germans followed that has made in each of the cities of the West a populous German quarter,—a town within a town. Meanwhile, young men from the Southern States, in considerable numbers, settled in Cincinnati, between whom and the daughters of the rich "Hunkers" of the town marriages were frequent, and the families thus created were, from 1830 to 1861, the reigning power in the city.

Perhaps there was no town of its size and wealth in Christendom which had less of the higher intellectual life and less of an enlightened public spirit than Cincinnati before the war. It had become exceedingly rich. Early in its career the great difficulty and expense of transporting goods across the moun-

tains and down the winding Ohio had forced the people into manufacturing, and Cincinnati became the great workshop, as well as the exchange, of the vast and populous valley of the Ohio. Its wealth was legitimately earned. It was Cincinnati which originated and perfected the system which packs fifteen bushels of corn into a pig, and packs that pig into a barrel, and sends him over the mountains and over the ocean to feed mankind. Cincinnati imported or made nearly all that the people of three or four States could afford to buy, and received from them nearly all that they could spare in return, and made a profit on both transactions. This business, upon the whole, was done honestly and well. Immense fortunes were made. Nicholas Longworth died worth twelve millions, and there are now in that young city sixty-four persons whose estate is rated at a million dollars or more. But, with all this wealth and this talent for business, the people of Cincinnati displayed little of that spirit of improvement which has converted Chicago, in thirty years, from a quagmire into a beautiful city, and made it accessible to all the people of the prairies. There was too much ballast, as it were, for so little sail. People were intent on their own affairs, and were satisfied if their own business prospered. Such a thing even as a popular lecture was rare, and a well-sustained course of lectures was felt to be out of the question. Books of the higher kind were in little demand (that is, little, considering the size and great wealth of the place); there was little taste for art; few concerts were given, and there was no drama fit to entertain intellectual persons. Cincinnati was the Old Hunkers' paradise. Separated from a Slave State only by a river one third of a mile wide, with her leading families connected by marriage with those of Virginia, Kentucky, and Maryland, and her business men having important relations with the South, there was no city—not even Baltimore—that was more saturated with the spirit of

Hunkerism,—that horrid blending of vanity and avarice which made the Northern people equal sharers in the guilt of slavery, while taking the lion's share of the profit. It was at Cincinnati, in 1836, that a mob of most respectable citizens, having first "resolved" in public meeting that "Abolition papers" should neither be "published nor distributed" in the town, broke into the office of James G. Birney's "Philanthropist," and scattered the types, and threw the press into the river. It was at Cincinnati, in 1841, that the authorities were compelled to fill the prisons with negroes to protect them from massacre. Similar scenes have occurred in other cities, but violence of this kind meant more at Cincinnati than in most places, for the people here have always been noted for their orderly habits and their regard for law.

The war regenerated Cincinnati. We do not say *began* to regenerate it, because the word "regeneration" means but the beginning of a new life. There were few of the leading families which did not furnish to the Rebellion one adherent, and all men, of whatever class, were compelled to choose between their country and its foes. The great mass of the people knew not a moment of hesitation, and a tide of patriotic feeling set in which silenced, expelled, or converted the adherents of the Rebellion. The old business relations with the South, so profitable and so corrupting, were broken up, and Cincinnati found better occupation in supplying the government with gunboats and military stores. The prestige of the old "aristocracy" was lost; its power was broken; it no longer controlled elections, nor monopolized offices, nor lowered the tone of public feeling. Cincinnati was born again,—*began* a new life. There is now prevalent among the rulers of the city that noblest trait of freemen, that supreme virtue of the citizen,—PUBLIC SPIRIT; the blessed fruits of which are already apparent, and which is about to render the city a true metropolis to the valley

of the Ohio, the fostering mother of all that aids and adorns civilization.

Cincinnati, like New York, is a cluster of towns and cities, bearing various names, and situated in different States. Persons ambitious of municipal offices would do well to remove to this place; since, within the limits of what is really Cincinnati, there are seven mayors, seven boards of aldermen, seven distinct and completely organized cities. A citizen of New York might well stand aghast at the announcement of such a fact as this, and only recover his consciousness to try mentally an impossible sum in the double rule of three: If one mayor and corporation, in a city of a million and a half of inhabitants, steal ten millions of dollars per annum, how much will seven mayors and seven corporations "appropriate" in a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants? The reader is excused from "doing" this hard sum, and we hasten to assure him that Cincinnati is governed by and for her own citizens, who take the same care of the public money as of their own private store. We looked into the Council Chamber of Cincinnati one morning, and we can testify that the entire furniture of that apartment, though it is substantial and sufficient, cost about as much as some single articles in the councilmen's room of the New York City Hall, — say the clock, the chandelier, or the chairman's throne. The people of Cincinnati are so primitive in their ideas, that they would regard the man who should steal the public money as a baser thief than he who should merely pick a private pocket. They have actually carried "this sort of thing" so far as to elect and re-elect as Mayor of the city proper that honest, able, generous Republican, CHARLES F. WILSTACH, a member of the great publishing house of Moore, Wilstach, and Baldwin, — a gentleman who, though justly proud of the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and enjoying the honor they have conferred upon him, uses the entire power, influence, and income of his office in promoting the higher

welfare of the city. He is the great patron of the Mechanics' Institute, which gave instruction last winter to two hundred and fifty evening pupils in drawing, mathematics, and engineering, at three dollars each for four months, besides affording them access to a library and pleasant rooms. Charles Wilstach, in short, is what Mr. Joseph Hoxie would call "a Peter Cooper sort of man." Imagine New York electing Peter Cooper mayor! It was like going back to the primitive ages, — to that remote period when Benjamin Franklin was printer and public servant, and when Samuel Adams served the State, — to see the Mayor of Cincinnati performing his full share of the labor of conducting a business that employs a hundred and fifty persons, and yet punctual at his office in the City Hall, and strictly attentive to its duties during five of the best hours of the day.

There are seven mayors about Cincinnati for the reasons following. On the southern bank of the Ohio, opposite the city, many large manufactories have found convenient sites, and thus the city of Covington has grown up, divided into two towns by the river Licking. Then there are five clusters of villas in the suburbs of Cincinnati, over the hill, each of which has deemed it best to organize itself into a city, in order to keep itself select and exclusive, and to make its own little laws and regulations. The mayors and aldermen of these minute rural villages are business men of Cincinnati, who drive in to their stores every morning, and home again in the evening. Thus you may meet aldermen at every corner, and buy something in a store from a mayor, and get his autograph at the end of a bill, without being aware of the honor done you. No autographs are more valued in Cincinnati than the signatures of these municipal magnates.

But let us look at the city. The river presents a novel and animated scene. On the Kentucky shore lies Covington, dark and low, a mass of brick factories

and tall chimneys, from which the blackest smoke is always ascending, and spreading over the valley, and filling it with smoke. Over Cincinnati, too, a dense cloud of smoke usually hangs, every chimney contributing its quota to the mass. The universal use of the cheap bituminous coal (seventeen cents a bushel, — twenty-five bushels to a ton) is making these Western cities almost as dingy as London. Smoke pervades every house in Cincinnati, begrimes the carpets, blackens the curtains, soils the paint, and worries the ladies. House-keepers assured us that the all-pervading smoke nearly doubles the labor of keeping a house tolerably clean, and absolutely prevents the spotless cleanliness of a Boston or Philadelphia house. A lady who wears light-colored garments, ribbons, or gloves in Cincinnati must be either very young, very rich, or very extravagant: ladies of good sense or experience never think of wearing them. Clean hearts abound in Cincinnati, but not clean hands. The smoke deposits upon all surfaces a fine soot, especially upon men's woolen clothes, so that a man cannot touch his own coat without blackening his fingers. The stranger, for a day or two, keeps up a continual washing of his hands, but he soon sees the folly of it, and abandons them to their fate. A letter written at Cincinnati on a damp day, when the Stygian pall lies low upon the town, carries with it the odor of bituminous smoke to cheer the homesick son of Ohio at Calcutta or Canton. This universal smoke is a tax upon every inhabitant, which can be estimated in money, and the sum total of which is millions per annum. Is there no remedy? Did not Dr. Franklin invent a smoke-consuming stove? Are there no Yankees in the West?

Before the traveller loitering along the levee has done wondering at the smoke, his eye is caught by the new wire suspension bridge, which springs out from the summit of the broad, steep levee to a lofty tower (two hundred feet high) near the water's edge, and then, at one leap, clears the whole river, and

lands upon another tower upon the Covington side. From tower to tower the distance is one thousand and fifty-seven feet; the entire length of the bridge is two thousand two hundred and fifty-two feet; and it is hung one hundred feet above low-water mark by two cables of wire. Seen from below and at a little distance, it looks like gossamer work, and as though the wind could blow it away, and waft its filmy fragments out of sight. But the tread of a drove of elephants would not bend nor jar it. The Rock of Gibraltar does not feel firmer under foot than this spider's web of a bridge, over which trains of cars pass one another, as well as ceaseless tides of vehicles and pedestrians. It is estimated that, besides its own weight of six hundred tons, it will sustain a burden of sixteen thousand tons. In other words, the whole population of Cincinnati might get upon it without danger of being let down into the river. This remarkable work, constructed at a cost of one million and three quarters, was begun nine years ago, and has tasked the patience and the faith of the two cities severely; but now that it is finished, Cincinnati looks forward with confidence to the time when it will be a connecting link between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico, and when Cincinnati will be only thirty hours from Mobile.

The levee, which now extends five or six miles around the large "bend" upon which the city stands, exhibits all the varieties of Western steamboats. It exhilarated the childish mind of the stranger to discover that the makers of school-books were practising no imposition upon the infant mind when they put down in the geography such names as the "Big Sandy." It was cheering, also, to know that one could actually go to Maysville, and see how General Jackson's veto had affected it. A traveller must indeed be difficult to please who cannot find upon the Cincinnati levee a steamboat bound to a place he would like to visit. From far back in the coal mines of the Youghiogheny (pronounced *Yok-a-gau-ny*) to

high up the Red River, — from St. Paul to New Orleans, and all intermediate ports, — we have but to pay our money and take our choice of the towns upon sixteen thousand miles of navigable water. Among the rest we observed a steamboat about as large as an omnibus, fitted up like a pedler's wagon, and full of the miscellaneous wares which pedlers sell. Such little boats, it appears, steam from village to village along the shores of those interminable rivers, and, by renewing their supplies at the large towns, make their way for thousands of miles, returning home only at the end of the season. They can ascend higher up the streams than the large boats, and scarcely any "stage" of water is too low for them. Often as we had admired the four-horse pedlers' wagons of New England, with their plated harness and gorgeous paint, we resolved that, when we turned pedler, it should be in such a snug little steamboat upon the rivers of the West. Other steamboats, as probably the reader is aware, are fitted up as theatres, museums, circuses, and moral menageries, and go from town to town, announcing their arrival by that terrific combination of steam-whistles which is called in the West a *Cally-ope*. What an advance upon the old system of strolling players and the barn! "Then came each actor on his ass." On the Ohio he comes in a comfortable state-room, to which when the performance is over he retires, waking the next morning at the scene of new triumphs.

Along the summit of the steep levee, close to the line of stores, there is a row of massive posts — three feet thick and twenty high — which puzzle the stranger. The swelling of the river brings the steamboats up to the very doors of the houses facing the river, and to these huge posts they are fastened to keep them from being swept away by the rushing flood. From the summit of the levee we advance into the town, always going up hill, unless we turn to the right or left.

Here is Philadelphia again, with its numbered streets parallel to the river,

and the cross-streets named after the trees which William Penn found growing upon the banks of the Delaware, — "Walnut," "Locust," "Sycamore." Here are long blocks of wholesale stores in the streets near the river, of Philadelphian plainness and solidity; and as we ascend, we reach the showier retail streets, all in the modern style of subdued Philadelphian elegance. It is a solid, handsome town, — the newer buildings of light-colored stone, very lofty, and well built; the streets paved with the small pebbles ground smooth by the rushing Ohio, and as clean as Boston. In Fourth Street there is a dry-goods store nearly as large, and five times as handsome, as Stewart's in New York, and several other establishments on the greatest scale, equal in every respect to those of the Atlantic cities. The only difference is, that in New York we have more of them. By the time we have passed Fifth Street, which is about half a mile from the river, we have reached the end of the elegant and splendid part of the city; all beyond and around is shabby Philadelphia, begrimed with soot, and "blended in a common element" of smoke. The extensive and swarming German quarter is precisely like the German quarter of Philadelphia, (though the Cincinnati lager-bier is better,) and the wide, square, spacious old mansions are exactly such as the older houses of Philadelphia would be if Philadelphia burned bituminous coal.

Every New-Yorker supposes, of course, that there must be in a large and wealthy city one pre-eminent and illustrious street like his own Fifth Avenue, where he is wont either to survey mankind from a club window, or, *as* mankind, be surveyed. There is no such street in Cincinnati, and for a reason which becomes apparent during the first long walk. When the stranger has panted up the slope on which the city is built, to a point one mile from the river, he sees looming up before him an almost precipitous hill, four hundred and sixty-two feet high,

which has been dug into, and pared down, until it has about as much beauty as an immense heap of gravel. Around the base of this unsightly mountain are slaughter-houses and breweries, incensing it with black smoke, and extensive pens filled with the living material of barrelled pork. The traveller, who has already, as he thinks, done a fair share of climbing for one day, naturally regards this hill as the end of all things in Cincinnati; but upon coming up to it he discovers the zigzag road to which allusion has before been made, and which leads by an easy ascent to the summit.

Behold the Fifth Avenue of Cincinnati! It is not merely the pleasant street of villas and gardens along the brow of the hill, though that is part of it. Mount to the cupola of the Mount 'Auburn Young Ladies' School, which stands near the highest point, and look out over a sea of beautifully formed, umbrageous hills, steep enough to be picturesque, but not too steep to be convenient, and observe that upon each summit, as far as the eye can reach, is an elegant cottage or mansion, or cluster of tasteful villas, surrounded by groves, gardens, and lawns. *This* is Cincinnati's Fifth Avenue. Here reside the families enriched by the industry of the low, smoky town. Here, upon these enchanting hills, and in these inviting valleys, will finally gather the greater part of the population, leaving the city to its smoke and heat when the labors of the day are done. As far as we have seen or read, no inland city in the world surpasses Cincinnati in the beauty of its environs. They present as perfect a combination of the picturesque and the accessible as can anywhere be found; and there are still the primeval forests, and the virgin soil, to favor the plans of the artist in "capabilities." The Duke of Newcastle's party, one of whom was the Prince of Wales, were not flattering their entertainers when they pronounced the suburbs of Cincinnati the finest they had anywhere seen.

The groups of villas, each upon its

little hill, are the *cities* before mentioned, five of which are within sight of the young ladies who attend the liberally conducted seminary of Mount Auburn. The stranger is continually astonished at the magnitude and costliness of these residences. Our impression was, that they are not inferior, either in number or in elegance, to those of Staten Island or Jamaica Plain; while a few of them, we presume, are unequalled in America. The residence of Mr. Probasco is the most famous of these. Externally, it is a rather plain-looking stone house, something between a cottage and a mansion; but the interior is highly interesting, as showing how much money to the square inch can be spent in the decoration of a house, provided the proprietor has unlimited resources and gives himself up to the work. For seven long years, we were informed, the owner of this house toiled at his experiment. Every room was a separate study. All the walls are wainscoted with oak, most exquisitely carved and polished, and the ceilings were painted by artists brought from Italy. It is impossible to conceive an interior more inviting, elegant, and harmonious than this. Thirty years ago the proprietor of this beautiful abode was an errand-boy in the establishment of which he was afterwards the head; and when we had the impudence to look into his house, he was absent in Europe in quest of health! The moral is obvious even here at the end of this poor paragraph, but it was staggering upon the spot. How absurd to be sick, owning such a house! How ridiculous the idea of dying in it!

In this enchanting region is Lane Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was once President, and in which Henry Ward Beecher spent three years in acquiring the knowledge it cost him so much trouble to forget. Coming to this seat of theology from the beautiful city of Clifton, of which Mr. Probasco's house is an ornament, and which consists of a few other mansions of similar elegance, the Seminary buildings looked rather dismal,

though they are better than the old barracks in which the students of Yale and Harvard reside. Thirty cheerful and athletic young gentlemen, and half a dozen polite and learned professors, constitute at present the theological family. The room in which Mr. Beecher lived is still about fifteen feet by ten, but it does not present the bare and forlorn appearance it did when he inhabited it. It is carpeted now, and has more furniture than the pine table and arm-chair which, tradition informs us, contented him, and which were the only articles he could contribute towards the furnishing of his first establishment.

Cincinnati justly boasts of its Spring Grove Cemetery, which now encloses five hundred acres of this beautiful, undulating land. The present superintendent has introduced a very simple improvement, which enhances the beauty of the ground tenfold, and might well be universally imitated. He has caused the fences around the lots to be removed, and the boundaries to be marked by sunken stone posts, one at each corner, which just suffice for the purpose, but do not disfigure the scene. This change has given to the ground the harmony and pleasantness of a park. The monuments, too, are remarkable for their variety, moderation, and good taste. There is very little, if any, of that hideous ostentation, that *mere* expenditure of money, which renders Greenwood so melancholy a place, exciting far more compassion for the folly of the living, than sorrow for the dead who have escaped their society. We would earnestly recommend the managers of other cemeteries not to pass within a hundred miles of Cincinnati without stepping aside to see for themselves how much the beauty of a burial-ground is increased by the mere removal of the fences round the lots. It took the superintendent of Spring Grove several years to induce the proprietors to consent to the removal of costly fences; but one after another they yielded, and each removal exhibited more clearly the propriety of the change, and made converts to the new

system. In the same taste he recommends the levelling of the mounds over the graves, and his advice has been generally followed.

It is very pleasant for the rich people of Cincinnati to live in the lovely country over the hill, away from the heat and smoke of the town; but it has its inconveniences also. It is partly because the rich people are so far away that the public entertainments of the city are so low in quality and so unfrequent. We made the tour of the theatres and shows one evening, — glad to escape the gloom and dinginess of the hotel, once the pride of the city, but now its reproach. Surely there is no other city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants that is so miserably provided with the means of public amusement as Cincinnati. At the first theatre we stumbled into, where Mr. Owens was performing in the Bourcicault version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," there was a large audience, composed chiefly of men. It was the very dirtiest theatre we ever saw. The hands of the ticket-taker were not grimy, — they were black. The matting on the floor, the paint, and all the interior, were thoroughly unclean; and not a person in the audience seemed to have thought it necessary to show respect to the place, or to the presence of a thousand of his fellow-citizens, by making any change in his dress. The ventilation was bad, of course. No fresh air could be admitted without exposing some of the audience to draughts. The band consisted of seven musicians. The play, which is very pleasing and simple, was disfigured in every scene by the interpolation of what the actors call "gags," — that is, vulgar and stupid additions to the text by the actors themselves, — in which we were sorry to hear the "star" of the occasion setting a bad example. Actors ought to know that when Charles Dickens and Dion Bourcicault unite their admirable talents in the production of a play, no one else can add a line without marring the work. They might at least be aware that Western

colloquialisms, amusing as they are, do not harmonize with the conversation of an English cottage. Yet this Cincinnati audience was delighted with the play, in spite of all these drawbacks, so exquisitely adapted is the drama to move and entertain human beings.

At the West, along with much reckless and defiant unbelief in everything high and good, there is also a great deal of that terror-stricken pietism which refuses to attend the theatre unless it is very bad indeed, and is called "Museum." This limits the business of the theatre; and, as a good theatre is necessarily a very expensive institution, it improves very slowly, although the Western people are in precisely that stage of development and culture to which the drama is best adapted and is most beneficial. We should naturally expect to find the human mind, in the broad, magnificent West, rising superior to the prejudices originating in the little sects of little lands. So it will rise in due time. So it has risen, in some degree. But mere grandeur of nature has no educating effect upon the soul of man; else, Switzerland would not have supplied Paris with footmen, and the hackmen of Niagara would spare the tourist. It is only a human mind that can instruct a human mind. There is a man in Cincinnati, of small stature, and living in a small house of a street not easy to find, who is doing more to raise, inform, and ennoble Cincinnati than all her lovely hills and dales. It is the truly Reverend A. D. MAYO, minister of the Unitarian Church of the Redeemer. His walls are not wainscoted, and there is about his house no umbrageous park nor verdant lawn. It has only pleased Heaven, so far, to endow him with a fine understanding, a noble heart, and an eloquent tongue. It is he, and half a dozen such as he, who constitute in great degree the civilizing force of Cincinnati.

Upon leaving the theatre, we were attracted by a loud beating of drums to a building calling itself the "Sacred Museum." Such establishments are usually content with the word "moral";

but this one was "sacred." From a balcony in front, two bass-drums and one bugle were filling all that part of the town with horrid noise, and in the entrance, behind the ticket-office, a huge negro was grinding out discord from an organ as big as an upright piano. We defy creation to produce another exhibition so entirely and profoundly atrocious as this. It consisted chiefly of wax figures of most appalling ugliness. There were Webster, Clay, General Scott, and another, sitting bolt upright at a card-table, staring hideously; the birth of Christ; the trial of Christ; Abraham Lincoln, dead and ghastly, upon a bier; and other groups, all revolting beyond description. The only decently executed thing in this Sacred Museum was highly indecent; it was a young lady in wax, who, before lying down, had forgotten to put on her night-gown. There was a most miserable Happy Family; one or two monkeys, still and dejected; a dismal, tired rooster, who wanted to go to roost, but could not in that glare of gas, and stood motionless on the bottom of the cage; three or four common white rabbits; and a mangy cat. Such was the Sacred Museum. Such are the exhibitions to which well-intentioned parents will take their children, while shrinking in affright from the theatre! It is strange that this lucrative business of providing amusement for children and country visitors should have been so long abandoned to the most ignorant of the community. Every large town needs a place of amusement to which children can be occasionally taken, and it would not be difficult to arrange an establishment that would afford them great delight and do them no harm. How monstrous to lure boys to such a place as this "Sacred Museum,"—or to the "Museum" in New York, where a great creature, in the form of a woman, performs, in flesh-colored tights, the part of Mazeppa!

In all the large Western cities there is a place of evening entertainment called the "Varieties Theatre," which ladies never attend, and in which three pleasures may be enjoyed at once,—

smoking, drinking lager-bier, and witnessing a performance upon the stage. The chief patrons of these establishments are gentlemen connected with navigation, and very young men who, for the price of a ticket, a cigar, and a glass of beer, purchase the flattering delusion that they are "seeing life," and "going it with a perfect looseness." The performances consist of Ethiopian minstrelsy, comic songs, farces, and the dancing of "beauteous Terpsichorean nymphs"; and these succeed one another with not a minute's intermission for three or four hours. At St. Louis, where gentlemen connected with navigation are numerous, the Varieties Theatre is large, highly decorated, conducted at great expense, and yields a very large revenue. To witness the performance, and to observe the rapture expressed upon the shaggy and good-humored countenances of the boatmen, was interesting, as showing what kind of banquet will delight a human soul starved from its birth. It likes a comic song very much, if the song refers to fashionable articles of ladies' costume, or holds up to ridicule members of Congress, policemen, or dandies. It is not averse to a sentimental song, in which "Mother, dear," is frequently apostrophized. It delights in a farce from which most of the dialogue has been cut away, while all the action is retained,—in which people are continually knocked down, or run against one another with great violence. It takes much pleasure in seeing Horace Greeley play a part in a negro farce, and become the victim of designing colored brethren. But what joy, when the beauteous Terpsichorean nymph bounds upon the scene, rosy with paint, glistening with spangles, robust with cotton and cork, and bewildering with a cloud of gauzy skirts! What a vision of beauty to a man who has seen nothing for days and nights but the hold of a steamboat and the dull shores of the Mississippi!

The Varieties Theatre of St. Louis, therefore, is a highly flourishing establishment, and the proprietor knows his

business well enough to be aware that indecency never pays expenses in the United States,—as all will finally discover who try it. At Cincinnati there is also a Varieties Theatre, but such a theatre! A vast and dirty barn, with whitewashed walls and no ceiling, in which a minstrel band of five men and two beauteous nymphs exerted themselves slightly to entertain an audience of thirty men and boys. As the performers entered the building in view of the spectators, we are able to state that beauteous Terpsichorean nymphs go about the world disguised in dingy calico, and only appear in their true colors upon the stage.

Cincinnati, then, affords very slight and inferior facilities for holiday-keeping. We chanced to be in the city on the last Thanksgiving day, and were surprised to see seven tenths of all the stores open as usual. In the German quarter there were no signs whatever of a public holiday: every place of business was open, and no parties of pleasure were going out. The wholesale stores and most of the American part of the city exhibited the Sunday appearance which an Eastern city presents on this day; but even there the cessation of industry was not universal. And, after all, how should it be otherwise? Where were the people to go? What could they do? There is no Park. There are no suburbs accessible without a severe struggle with the attraction of gravitation. There are no theatres fit to attend. There is no "Museum," no menagerie, no gallery of art, no public gardens, no Fifth Avenue to stroll in, no steamboat excursion, no Hoboken. There ought to be in Cincinnati a most exceptionally good and high social life to atone for this singular absence of the usual means of public enjoyment; but of that a stranger can have little knowledge.

When we turn to survey the industry of Cincinnati, we find a much more advanced and promising state of things. Almost everything is made in Cincinnati that is made by man. There are prodigious manufactories of furniture,

machinery, clothing, iron ware, and whatever else is required by the six or eight millions of people who live within easy reach of the city. The book-trade — especially the manufacturing of school-books and other books of utility — has attained remarkable development. Sargent, Wilson, and Hinkle employ about two hundred men, chiefly in the making of school-books; of one series of "Readers," they produce a million dollars' worth per annum, — the most profitable literary property, perhaps, in the world. The house of Moore, Wilstach, and Baldwin employ all their great resources in the manufacture of their own publications, many of which are works of high character and great cost. Recently they have invested one hundred thousand dollars in the production of one work, — the history of Ohio's part in the late war. Robert Clarke & Co. publish law books on a scale only equalled by two or three of the largest law publishers of the Eastern cities. Cincinnati ranks third among the manufacturing cities of the Union, and fourth in the manufacture of books. Here, as everywhere in the United States, the daily press supplies the people with the greater part of their daily mental food, and nowhere else, except in New York, are the newspapers conducted with so much expense. The "Cincinnati Commercial" telegraphed from Washington fourteen columns of General Grant's Report, at an expense of eleven hundred dollars, and thus gave it to its readers one day before the New York papers had a word of it. A number of this paper now before us contains original letters from Washington, New York, Venice, London, and Frankfort, Ky., five columns of telegrams, and the usual despatch by the Atlantic cable. The "Gazette" is not less spirited and enterprising, and both are sound, patriotic, Republican journals. The "Enquirer," of Democratic politics, very liberally conducted, is as unreasonable as heart could wish, and supplies the Republican papers with many a text. The "Times" is an evening paper, Republican, and other-

wise commendable. Gentlemen who have long resided in Cincinnati assure us that the improvement in the tone and spirit of its daily press since the late regenerating war is most striking. It is looked to now by the men of public spirit to take the lead in the career of improvement upon which the city is entering. The conductors of the press here are astonishingly rich. Think of an *editor* having the impudence to return the value of his estate at five millions of dollars!

Visitors to Cincinnati feel it, of course, to be a patriotic duty to make inquiries respecting the native wine; and to facilitate the performance of this duty, the landlord of the Burnet House publishes in his daily bill of fare twelve varieties of American wine, from three States, Ohio, Missouri, and California. The cheapest is the Ohio Catawba, one dollar a bottle; the dearest is Missouri champagne, at three dollars and a half. The wine culture, it appears, is somewhat out of favor at present among the farmers of Ohio. A German family, many-handed, patient, and economical, occupying a small vineyard and paying no wages, finds the business profitable; but an American, who lives freely, and depends upon hired assistance, is likely to fail. A vineyard requires incessant and skilful labor. The costly preparation of the soil, the endless prunings and hoeings, the great and watchful care required in picking, sorting, and pressing the grapes, in making and preserving the wine, the many perils to which the crop is exposed at every moment of its growth and ripening, and the three years of waiting before the vines begin to bear, all conspire to discourage and defeat the ordinary cultivator. The "rot" is a very severe trial to human patience. The vines look thrifty, the grapes are large and abundant, and all goes well, until the time when the grapes, being fully grown, are about to change color. Then a sudden blight occurs, and two thirds of the whole crop of grapes, the result of the year's labor, wither and spoil. The cause, probably, is the ex-

haustion of some elements in the soil needful to the supreme effort of Nature to perfect her work. Nevertheless, the patient Germans succeed in the business, and sell their wine to good advantage to the large dealers and bottlers.

The Longworth wine-cellar, one of the established lions of the city, cheers the thirsty soul of man. There we had the pleasure of seeing, by a candle's flickering light, two hundred thousand bottles of wine, and of walking along subterranean streets lined with huge tuns, each of them large enough to house a married Diogenes, or to drown a dozen Dukes of Clarence, and some of them containing five thousand gallons of the still unvexed Catawba. It was there that we made acquaintance with the "Golden Wedding" champagne, the boast of the late proprietor,—an acquaintance which we trust will ripen into an enduring friendship. If there is any better wine than this attainable in the present state of existence, it ought, in consideration of human weakness, to be all poured into the briny deep. It is a very honest cellar, this. Except a little rock candy to aid fermentation, no foreign ingredient is employed, and the whole process of making and bottling the wine is conducted with the utmost care. Nicholas Longworth was neither an enlightened nor a public-spirited man; but, like most of his race, he was scrupulously honest. Indeed, we may truly say, that there is in Cincinnati a general spirit of fidelity. Work is generally done well there, promises are kept, and representations accord with the facts.

Every one thinks of pork in connection with Cincinnati. We had the curiosity to visit one of the celebrated pork-making establishments, "The Banner Slaughter and Pork-packing House," which, being the newest, contains all the improved apparatus. In this establishment, hogs weighing five or six hundred pounds are killed, scraped, dressed, cut up, salted, and packed in a barrel, in *twenty seconds*, on an average; and at this rate, the work is done,

ten hours a day, during the season of four months. The great secret of such rapidity is, that one man does one thing only, and thus learns to do that one thing with perfect dexterity. We saw a man there who, all day and every day, knocks pigs down with a hammer; another who does nothing but "stick" them; another who, with one clean, easy stroke of a broad, long-handled cleaver, decapitates the hugest hog of Ohio. But let us begin at the beginning, for, really, this Banner Pork-house is one of the most curious things in the world, and claims the attention of the polite reader.

It is a large, clean, new brick building, with extensive yards adjoining it, filled with hogs from the forests and farms of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. From these yards to the third story of the house there is an inclined plane, up which a procession of the animals march slowly to their doom from morning until evening. Here is the first economy. The thing to be done is, to transfer the pigs from those yards to the basement of the building, and, on the way, convert them into salt pork. They walk to the scene of massacre at the top of the building, and the descent to the cellar accomplishes itself by the natural law which causes everything to seek the centre of the earth. Arrived at the summit, the fifteen foremost find themselves in "a tight place,"—squeezed into a pen, in which they must remain standing from lack of room to lie down. There are two of these pens, and two "pen men"; so that the moment one pen is empty, there is another ready filled, and the work thus goes on without interruption. The fifteen animals which stand compressed, with their heads thrust upward, awaiting the stroke of fate, express their emotions in the language natural to them, and the noise is great. The executioner, armed with a long-handled, slender hammer, and sitting astride of the fence, gives to each of these yelling creatures his quietus by a blow upon the head. The pig does not fall when he is struck; he cannot;

he only stares and becomes silent. The stranger who is unable to witness the execution has an awful sense of the progress of the fell work by the gradual cessation of the noise. We mention here, for the benefit of political economists, that this knocker-down, who does the most disagreeable and laborious part of the work, has the lowest wages paid to any man in the house. He does not rank as an artist at all, but only as a laborer. Readers of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill know why. When silence within the pen announces the surrender of its occupants, a door is opened, and the senseless hogs are laid in a row up an inclined plane, at the bottom of which is a long trough of hot water. One of the artists, called "the Sticker," now appears, provided with a long, thin, pointed knife, and approaches the pig nearest the steaming trough, gently lifts its fore leg, and gives it one easy, delicate, and graceful thrust in the throat. Along the trough, on each side of it, is a row of men, each with an instrument in his hand, waiting to begin; and apart from them stands the Head-Scalder, who ranks second in the corps, having a task of all but the greatest difficulty to perform. Scald a pig ten seconds too long, or in water twenty degrees too hot, and he comes out as red as a lobster; let the water be too cool, or keep the animal in it too short a time, and the labor of scraping is trebled. Into the hot water the hogs are soured at intervals of twenty seconds, and the Scalder stands, watching the clock, and occasionally trying the temperature of the water with his finger, or the adherence of the hair on the creature first to be handled. "Number One," he says, at length. By a machine for the purpose, Number One is turned over upon a long, declining table, where he lies smoking. At the same instant two men pull out his valuable bristles and put them in a barrel, and two other men scrape one side of him with scrapers. In a few seconds, these turn him over and pass him on to two other scrapers, who scrape the other side, and then slide him along to four

other men, who trim and finish him, leaving not a hair upon his soft and quivering body. Then he falls into the hands of two "gamble-men," who insert a stick to keep the hind legs apart, and, by the aid of a machine, hang him up with his head downward. Next, the animal is consigned to the great artist of all, who performs upon him the operation so much in favor among the nobility of Japan. This artist, we regret to say, but will not conceal from a too fastidious public, is called "the Gutter." One long, swift cut down the whole length of the body, — two or three rapid, in-and-out cuts in the inside, — and the entire respiratory and digestive apparatus lies smoking upon a table, under the hands of men who are removing from it the material for lard. This operation, here performed in twenty seconds, and which is frequently done by the same man fifteen hundred times a day, takes an ordinary butcher ten minutes. This man earns six dollars and a half a day, while no one else receives more than four; and if he is absent from his post, his substitute, who has *seen* the thing done for years, can only perform it one fifth as fast, and the day's work of the house is reduced to one fifth of its ordinary production.

The long room in which the creatures are put to death, scalded, and japanned presents, as may be imagined, a most horrid scene of massacre and blood, — of steaming water and flabby, naked, quivering hogs, — of men in oil-skin suits all shining with wet and grease. The rest of the establishment is perfectly clean and agreeable. The moment the body of the animal is emptied, a boy inundates it from a hose, and then another boy pushes it along the wire from which it hangs on a wheel, and takes it to its place in the cooling-room, where it hangs all night. This cooling-room is a curious spectacle. It contains two regiments of suspended hogs, arranged in long, regular rows: one regiment, the result of today's operations; the other, of yesterday's. The cutting up of these huge carcasses is accomplished with the

same easy and wonderful rapidity. The first that we chanced to see cut to pieces was an enormous fellow of six hundred pounds, and it was done in just one third of a minute. Two men tumbled him over upon a wagon, wheeled him to the scales, where his weight was instantly ascertained and recorded. Near by was the cutting-table, upon which he was immediately flopped. Two simultaneous blows with a cleaver severed his head and his hind quarters from the trunk, and the subdivision of these was accomplished by three or four masterly cuts with the same instrument. Near the table are the open mouths of as many large wooden pipes as there are kinds of pieces in a hog, and these lead to the various apartments below, where the several pieces are to be further dealt with. Gently down their well-greased pipe slip the hams to the smoking-department; away glide the salting-pieces to the cellar; the lard-leaves slide softly down to the trying-room; the trimmings of the hams vanish silently down their pipe to the sausage-room; the tongue, the feet, and every atom of the flesh, start on their journey to the places where they are wanted; and thus, in the twenty seconds, the six-hundred-pounder has been cut to pieces and distributed all over an extensive building.

The delivery of three finished hogs a minute requires the following force of men: two pen-men; one knocker-down; one sticker; two bristle-snatchers; four scrapers; six shavers (who remove the hair from parts not reached by the scrapers); two gamble-men; one gutter; one hose-boy; one slide-boy; one splitter (who fastens the animal open to facilitate cooling); two attendants upon the cutters; one weigher; two cleaver-men; four knife-men; one ham-trimmer; one shoulder-trimmer; one packer; six ham-salters; one weigher and brander; one lard-man; one book-keeper; seven porters and laborers, — in all, fifty men. The system, therefore, enables one man to convert into pork thirty hogs a day. The

proprietors of these packing-houses pay the owners of the animals sixty cents each for the privilege of killing them, and derive their profit from the refuse. The bristles of a hog are worth seventeen cents; his tongue, five cents; the hair and the fat of the intestines pay the entire cost of killing, dressing, and packing.

There is a moral in all this. In such establishments, a business which in itself is disgusting, and perhaps barbarizing, almost ceases to be so, and the part of it which cannot be deprived of its disgusting circumstances is performed by a very few individuals. Twenty men, in four months, do all that is disagreeable in the slaying of one hundred and eighty thousand hogs, and those twenty men, by the operation of well-known laws, are sure to be the persons to whom the work is least offensive and least injurious.

There are many other industrial establishments in Cincinnati that are highly interesting, but we cannot dwell upon them. One thing surprises the visitor from the Atlantic cities; and that is, the great responsibilities assumed in the Western country by very young men. We met a gentleman at Cincinnati, aged thirty-two, who is chief proprietor and active manager of five extensive iron works in five different cities, one of which — the one at Cincinnati — employs a hundred and twenty men. He began life at fourteen, a poor boy, — was helped to two thousand dollars at twenty-one, — started in iron, — prospered, — founded similar works in other cities, — went to the war and contracted to supply an army with biscuit, — took the camp fever, — lost twenty thousand dollars, — came back to his iron, — thrived as before, — gave away twenty-five thousand dollars last year to benevolent operations, — and is now as serene and smiling as though he had played all his life, and had not a care in the world. And this reminds us to repeat that the man wanted in the West is the man who knows how to *make* and *do*, not the man who can only buy and sell. This fine young

fellow of whom we speak makes nuts, bolts, and screws, and succeeds, in spite of Pittsburg, by inventing quicker and better methods.

Churches flourish in Cincinnati, and every shade of belief and unbelief has its organization, or at least its expression. Credulity is daily notified in the newspapers, that "Madame Draskouski, the Russian *wizard*, foretells events by the aid of a Magic Pebble, a present from the Emperor of China," and that "Madame Ross has a profound knowledge of the rules of the Science of the Stars, and can beat the world in telling the past, the present, and the future." To the opposite extreme of human intelligence Mr. Mayo ministers in the Church of the Redeemer, and many of his wise and timely discourses reach all the thinking public through the daily press. The Protestant churches, here as everywhere, are elegant and well filled. The clergy are men-of-all-work. A too busy and somewhat unreasonable public looks to them to serve as school trustees, school examiners, managers of public institutions, and, in short, to do most of the work which, being "everybody's business," nobody is inclined to do. Few of the Western clergy are indigenous; it is from the East that the supply chiefly comes, and the clergy do not appear to feel themselves at home in the West. In all Cincinnati there are but three Protestant clergymen who have been there more than five years. The Catholic churches are densely filled three or four times every Sunday, and the institutions of that Church are conducted with the vigor which we see everywhere in the United States. Fortunate, indeed, are the Catholics of Cincinnati in having at their head that gentle, benignant, and patriotic man, Archbishop Purcell. It was pleasant to hear this excellent prelate, when he spoke of the forces of the United States in the late war, use the expression, "*our* army." Every bishop does not do so. It was pleasant, too, to hear him say, in speaking of other sects, "There are some things in which we all agree,

thank goodness." The Young Men's Christian Association is in great vigor at Cincinnati. It provides a reading-room, billiards, a gymnasium, bowling-alleys, and many other nice things for young men, at the charge of one dollar per annum. The Association here is said to be free from that provincial bigotry which, at Chicago, refused to invite to the annual banquet Robert Collyer and the young men of his church, because they were Unitarians.

And this leads naturally to the topic which interested us most at Cincinnati, — the happy way in which the Jews are mingling there with their fellow-citizens, and the good influence they are exerting. There are twelve thousand Jews in the city. Some of the large manufacturing and mercantile houses have Jewish proprietors, who enjoy the social consideration naturally belonging to their position. The Jews are worthily represented in the government of the city, in the boards controlling public institutions, and in those which administer private charity. Several of the leading members of this respectable body belong to the class of men whose aid is never solicited in vain for a suitable object, and whose benefactions are limited only by their means or by their duty, — never by unwillingness to bestow, — and who value wealth only as a means of safety and education to their families, and of opportunity to bestow those advantages upon others. Christians in considerable numbers attend the beautiful synagogues, and Jews respond by going to Christian churches. And, O most wonderful of all! Jewish rabbis and Christian clergymen — Orthodox clergymen too, as they are ridiculously called — "exchange pulpits"! Here we have before us the report of a sermon delivered last March before a Congregational church of Cincinnati by Dr. Max Lilienthal, one of the most eminent and learned rabbis in the country. His sermon was an argument for perfect toleration of beliefs, — even the most eccentric, — provided the conduct and the disposition are what they should be.

"Religion is right," said he; "theology, in a great measure, wrong." Mr. Mayo and others preach occasionally in the synagogues, and find that a good Christian sermon is a good Jewish one also. We have, too, a lecture delivered by another rabbi, Dr. Isidor Kalisch, before the Young Men's Literary and Social Union of Indianapolis, which is bold even to audacity. He told the young gentlemen that the prevalence of Christianity in the Roman Empire was not an escape *from* barbarism, but a lapse *into* it. "As soon," said he, "as Christianity began spreading over the Roman Empire, all knowledge, arts, and sciences died away, and the development of civilization was retarded and checked." Of course any attempt to express the history of five centuries in twenty words must be unsuccessful. This attempt is: but the boldness of the opinion does not appear to have given offence. The learned Doctor further gave his hearers to understand, that knowledge is "the source of all civilization," and theology the chief obstacle in its way.

The eyes of every stranger who walks about Cincinnati are caught by an edifice ornamented with domes and minarets like a Turkish mosque. This is the "Reformed Synagogue," of which Dr. Isaac M. Wise is pastor, — a highly enlightened and gifted man. It is a truly beautiful building, erected at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars by one of the best architects in the West, Mr. James Keys Wilson, who also built the Court-House and Post-Office of Cincinnati. The interior, for elegance and convenience combined, is only equalled by the newest interiors of Chicago, and even by them it is not surpassed. Except some slight peculiarities about the altar, it is arranged precisely like one of our Protestant churches, and the service approaches very nearly that of the Unitarians who use a liturgy. It is the mission of Dr. Wise to assist in delivering his people from the tyranny of ancient superstitions by calling their attention to the weightier matters of the law. Upon

some of the cherished traditions of the Jews he makes open war, and prepares the way for their not distant emancipation from all that is narrowing and needlessly peculiar in their creed and customs. For the use of his congregation he has prepared a little book entitled "The Essence of Judaism," from which the following are a few sentences, gathered here and there: —

"It is not the belief of this or that dogma, but generous actions from noble motives, which the sacred Scripture calls the path of salvation." "The noblest of all human motives is to do good for goodness' sake." "The history of mankind teaches, that man was not as wicked as he was foolish; his motives were better than his judgment." "Reward or punishment is the *natural* consequence of obedience or disobedience to God's laws." "Great revolutions in history always resulted in the progress of humanity." "The first duty a man owes himself is the preservation of his life, health, and limbs." "The special laws of the Sabbath are: 1. To rest from all labor; 2. To recruit our physical energies by rest and innocent enjoyments; 3. To sanctify our moral nature; 4. *To improve our intellect.*" "The best maxim of conduct to our parents is, treat them as you would wish to be treated by your children." "No offensive words or actions afford a shadow of justification for killing a human being, or injuring him in his limbs or health." "Only self-defence with equal arms, defence of others, or the defence of our country against invasion or rebellion, are exceptions to the above law of the Lord." "Domestic happiness depends exclusively upon the unadulterated affections and the inviolable chastity of parents and children." "*Palestine is now defiled by barbarism and iniquity; it is the holy land no more. The habitable earth must become one holy land.*" "The sons and daughters of the covenant have the solemn duty to be INTELLIGENT." "Punishment must be intended only to correct the criminal and to protect society against crimes."

In the same spirit he conducts "The Israelite," a weekly paper. "Liberty of Conscience — Humanity the object of Religion," is the title of one article in the number before us, and it expresses the whole aim and tendency of the movement which the editor leads. Nothing is more probable than that soon the observance of Saturday will be abolished, and that of Sunday substituted. It is impossible that the enlightened Jews of Cincinnati can continue to attach importance to a distinction which is at once so trivial and so inconvenient. Indeed, we hear that some of the Jews of Baltimore have begun the change by holding their Sabbath schools on Sunday. Who knows but that some rabbi, bold and wise, shall appear, who will lead his people to withdraw the bar from intermarriage with Christians, and that at last this patient and long-suffering race shall cease to be "peculiar," and merge themselves in mankind?

The golden rule seems to run in the very blood of the best Jews. One of the publications of Dr. Lillenthal is a History of the Israelites from the days of Alexander to the present time. He recounts the sufferings of his ancestors from blind and merciless bigotry; and then states in a few words the revenge which his people propose to take for fifteen hundred years of infamy, isolation, and outrage.

"We have accompanied," he says, "the poor exile through centuries of agony and misery; we have heard his groaning and his lamentations. The dark clouds of misery and persecution have passed away; the bloody axe of the executioner, the rack and stake of a fanatic inquisition and clergy, were compelled to give way to reason and humanity; the roar of prejudice and blind hatred had to cease before the sweet voice of justice and kindness. Israel stands, while his enemies have vanished away from the arena of history; their endeavors to make Israel faithless to his God and his creed have proved futile and abortive. Israel has conquered politically and religiously. Day after day witnesses the crumbling to pieces

of the barriers that have secluded them from intercourse with their fellow-citizens; the old code of laws has become obsolete, and on the new pages is inscribed the name of the Jew, not only enjoying all rights and privileges with his Christian brethren, but fully deserving them, and excelling in every department of life in which he now is allowed and willing to engage. And his religion — the holy doctrine of an indivisible Unity of God, of man's creation in the image of God, of our destination, to become by virtue, justice, and charity contented in this, and happy in after life — is daily gaining more ground as the only religion complying with the demands of reason and our destination on earth. And Israel does not falter in the accomplishment of its holy mission, — to be the redeeming Messiah to all mankind, to become a nation of priests, teaching and preaching the truth."

The noble rabbis of Cincinnati are an enlightening and civilizing power in the city, and their fellow-citizens know it and are grateful for it.

A place like Cincinnati needs the active aid of every man in her midst who is capable of public spirit. There is a great sum of physical life there, but much less than the proper proportion of cultivated intelligence. The wealthy men of Cincinnati must beware of secluding themselves in their beautiful villas on the other side of the hill, and leaving the city to its smoke and ignorance. The question for Cincinnati, and indeed for the United States, to consider, was well stated by Mr. Mayo in his celebrated lecture upon "Health and Holiness in Cincinnati," one of the most weighty, pathetic, eloquent, and wise discourses we ever read: —

"Shall our Western city children be saved to lead the civilization of America by their superior manhood and womanhood? or shall they be buried out of sight, or mustered into the 'invalid corps' before they are thirty years of age, and hard-headed Patrick, slow and sturdy Hermann, and irrepressible Sambo, walk in and administer the affairs of the country over their graves?"

A LILLIPUT PROVINCE.

TOWARDS the close of summer, all well-feathered Londoners migrate, and may at that season be observed flying from their native streets or squares in large flocks, like wild geese, with outstretched necks, and round, protruding eyes. Some settle on the Scotch moors, where they industriously waddle themselves thin. Others take short flights to neighboring bathing-places, where they splash in the water with their goslings, strut proudly on the sands, display a tendency to pair, and are often preyed upon by the foxes which also resort to those localities. Many more cross the Channel, and may be heard during two months cackling more or less loudly in every large hotel upon the Continent. And in addition to all these there are the *stragglers*,—a small and select race, which defy the great gregarious laws, and delight in taking solitary, and, if possible, unprecedented flight.

I must own that it is my weakness to pry into the untrodden nooks and corners of life. I have wasted many precious hours in toiling through black-letter folios and tracts which had no other merit than their rarity. And I have put myself to the greatest pains and inconvenience to arrive at a desert island out at sea, or some obscure village hid away among mountains, simply for the pleasure of feeling that I had been where few other civilized travellers had been. I have seldom received any better reward than that, but once or twice I have fallen upon a store of facts, which, however insignificant, had at least the charm of being new, and which have answered the purpose of stimulating me to fresh absurdities.

A few months ago I was standing on the deck of a steamer bound from London to Hamburg. It was midnight, and we were approaching the mouth of the Elbe. Right ahead was a light of great brilliancy and power; this, the

captain informed me, shone from Heligoland, and was seen so clearly because the island was about a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea,—a great boon to navigators, the neighboring coasts being very low. But my informant had been in the habit of regarding Heligoland as a lighthouse and nothing more; he could tell me nothing about its constitution, its manners, or its customs, and I determined to visit it forthwith.

By the late wars upon the Continent, the political geography of the Elbe has been completely changed. Between the mouth of the river and Hamburg, the right bank formerly belonged to Holstein, and the left to Hanover. Now both are Prussian. Hamburg itself is under the wing of the Prussian eagle, and may soon be under its claw. The feeling in that city is anti-Prussian; but the citizens were wise enough to side with their powerful neighbor, and to contribute troops. This has certainly saved them from the fate of Frankfort, but it is not probable that Hamburg will be allowed to remain a thoroughly independent state. Prussia will probably abolish her diplomatic, and perhaps her consular service, and permit her to retain certain important rights and privileges. It is, at the present moment, an anxious crisis for the great merchants. In Hamburg, fortunes are made with a rapidity, and to an extent, unequalled in any Continental town; this is owing to the freedom of the port; but, were the Prussian custom-house system to be introduced, Stettin and Königsberg would spring into dangerous rivalry, and her commercial interests would decline.

Hamburg is the only city in Europe which bears much resemblance to New York. It has no antiquities, for the old town was entirely burnt down about twenty years ago. It has no treasure-house of art, it has not many "histor-

ical associations." It is a city of business, and four thousand persons meet together every day in its Exchange. Its river is crowded with shipping; American cars rattle along its streets; and ferry-boats built on the American principle steam to and fro across the Alster-Dam. Its hospitals, sailors' home, libraries, and ornamental gardens are not inferior to those of New York itself: in these two cities, if the dollar does jingle too often in conversation, it is sometimes made to shine in a worthy cause. After dusk, Hamburg becomes dissolute and gay. It is difficult to pass through a single street without hearing a violin. Lager-bier saloons, oyster-cellars, cafés, dancing-rooms, and restaurants of every kind are lighted up, and quickly filled. Debauchery runs riot, and yet, strange to say, there is very little crime. The respectable classes are less well provided for as regards amusement. I went to the opera, and heard *William Tell*. The performance was mediocre, though far superior to anything that could be done upon the English operatic stage. But I was chiefly amused in watching the habits of the gentlemen who patronized the stalls.

The custom of visiting and receiving at the opera was invented by the Italians, to avoid the trouble and expense of receiving in their own homes; from Italy it spread through Europe; and although the opera-houses of London and Paris do not so closely resemble a public drawing-room as those of Florence and Milan, yet the Italian opera could scarcely exist in those cities unless it were supported as much by people of fashion as by people of taste. But I was hardly prepared to find in Hamburg a parody of polite life in this respect. During the whole performance there was a continual interchange of social greetings between corpulent ship-chandlers, their heads violently greased for the occasion, and certain frowsy women sprinkled scantily through the house. There was an old gentleman sitting next to me who turned the performance to a nobler use; he had

apparently brought his son there for the purpose of tuition; holding the libretto between them, he translated with great rapidity and in a clear voice the Italian words, at the moment that they were sung, into one of the most guttural of German dialects, thus playing the part of Dutch chorus to the entertainment, and producing a conflict of sounds which it would be difficult to describe.

I discovered, to my astonishment, that Heligoland, in summer at all events, was by no means an isolated rock; that since 1840 it has been blessed with a Season; that, celebrated for its waves, it has become the Scarborough of Northern Germany, and is visited by thousands of sea-bathers every year.

I took my passage in the little steamer which runs from Hamburg, and arrived at my destination at 10 P. M. In the dim light of the moon and stars the island bore a fantastic resemblance to the *Monitor*, a little magnified; the lights of the village answering to those of the hull, and the lighthouse to the lantern at the mast-head. The island presents this appearance only at a distance and in a doubtful light. When I walked over it the next morning I found that it was composed of a sand-bank lying under a red cliff. The sand-bank was covered with houses, which were divided by three or four streets; these were paved with wooden boards. Every house was a shop, an inn, or a lodging-house. The cliff is accessible on one side only, and is ascended by means of sinuous wooden staircases. When the summit is reached, one stands upon the real island, for the sand-bank below is an accident and an intruder. Heligoland proper may be described as a precipice-plateau, containing a small cluster of houses, a lighthouse, various pole-nets, springes, and other contrivances for catching woodcocks in their migratory flights, and a few miniature potato and corn fields. The extent of this plateau is not quite equal to that of Hyde Park. As soon as I had made this discovery I felt an intense compassion for all persons of the

Teutonic race to whom sea-bathing once a year happens to be indispensable. However, if dull, it must at least be economical, I thought; but this illusion was dispelled when I found that there was a roulette-table in the dingy little Conversations-Haus, and when my landlord handed me in a bill which would not have disgraced any hotel in Bond Street or the Fifth Avenue.

How on earth, thought I, can these poor deluded creatures pass their time? They get up at some absurd hour in the morning; they sail to a neighboring sand-bank where they bathe and then take coffee in a whitewashed pavilion; they return to breakfast, and then — what can they do? There is nowhere to walk; there is nothing to read; and in the height of the season there must be a scarcity of elbow-room. Although every house offers accommodation to visitors, it has not unfrequently happened that persons have been obliged to sleep on board the steamers which brought them, and to return to the main-land. Imagine an island being full, like an omnibus!

Then a thought came upon me which wrung my heart. *The Governor!* How could this unfortunate man exist? With a precipice on one side of his house and a potato-field on the other, what could save him from despair and self-destruction? This question was answered for me when I heard that he was married.

My eccentric wanderings have at least served to convince me of this, — that a man's sole refuge from the evils of solitude is to be found in the domestic sentiments. There is, it is true, a solitude of genius; there are minds which must climb out of the common air and breathe alone. There is also the solitude of enthusiasm, which is more common, and which is found among a lower order of men, who become so possessed with a single idea that it leaves them neither by day nor night, but is their bride, their bosom friend, and their constant occupier. But what becomes of the ordinary man, if he is excluded from the busy regions of the

world, and if his heart remains as solitary as his life? Everything dries up in him; he becomes uncouth, bigoted, selfish, egotistical, and usually ends by falling into a semi-torpid state, and by hibernating into death.

I remember that once I had contrived to creep into the centre of one of the most remote of the Cape Verde Islands. My mule suddenly turned into a by-path and broke into a cheerful amble. Experience has proved to me that, when a mule has thoroughly made up its mind, resistance is out of the question. I contented myself with asking my youthful companion what the animal's probable intentions were. The boy said that the mule was going to see the Judge, and pointed to a lovely little cottage which came in view at that moment. Then I recollected that I had heard this gentleman spoken of, and that I had a letter of introduction to him. The mule carried me into the stable from which I was conducted into a drawing-room. There, for the first time during many months, for I had been travelling in strange lands, I saw a number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. I plunged into it, and made an ineffectual effort to read every article at once. The Judge came in, and I at once perceived that I was in the presence of a remarkable man. After an hour's conversation we began to interchange confidences. He told me about his student dreams at Coimbra, — of the nights which he had passed in book-toil, — of his aspirations, his poverty, and his exile. Perhaps he saw a little compassion in my eyes when he had finished, for he added, "Those young hopes have all been crushed, and yet I am happier in this desolate spot than I have ever been in my life before." The door opened at that moment, and a beautiful woman came in, leading two little children by the hands.

"This is my happiness, sir," he said, as he introduced me to his wife. Then he looked at his children, and his eyes filled with unutterable love. "And these," he said "are my ambition."

But before my visit to the island was

concluded, I found that a governorship of Heligoland was very far from being a tranquil retreat. The present Governor, it seems, had founded a new constitution, and was charged with having assumed despotic powers, and with having perpetrated various acts of inhumanity. Governor Wall himself appeared in the light of a philanthropist as compared with this military ogre, who, having acquired a taste for blood in the Crimean War, had been sent to Heligoland to gratify his ruthless propensities. He was as bad as Eyre, for he had suspended a native politician from the Council. He was worse than Sir Charles Darling, who had defied a constitution; for he had destroyed one.

My curiosity having been excited by these complaints, I went to the proper sources of information, and in a few hours had mastered the political history of Heligoland.

In 1807 it was captured by Vice-Admiral Russell from the Danes. From that time until 1864 the government of the colony consisted of a Governor, six magistrates, and a closed popular body called the *Vorstehererschaft*, containing, besides the magistrates aforesaid, eight quartermasters and sixteen elders. The elders were the tribunes of the people; the quartermasters acted as pilot officers, and superintended all questions of pilotage and wreck; while the magistrates had the power of nominating persons to fill vacancies in the *Vorstehererschaft*, and appointed to them their own particular adherents, or else dangerous political antagonists. The Governor was a Doge.

A colony governed by pilots, lodging-house-keepers, and small tradesmen could scarcely be expected to prove a success. In 1820 there was a debt of £1,800; in 1864, of £7,200. Owing to the rapacity of the quartermasters, the pilot-trade fell into the hands of the people of Cuxhaven. And in the island itself the wildest anarchy prevailed. The six magistrates were unable to execute their own decrees; there was no prison in the island, and it seems to

have been the custom for the authorities to kidnap convicted criminals and deposit them on the main-land. Petitions were being constantly presented to the Home Government from the magistrates, asking for more power; and from the people, demanding the right to elect their own representatives.

So, in 1864, a new constitution was inaugurated, by an order of her Majesty in Council. Its plan is similar to that extant in many other British colonies, consisting of an executive council to advise the Governor; of a legislative body, twelve members of whom are nominated by the crown, and twelve others annually elected by the people, and forming the so-called Combined Court, by whom all money ordinances have to be passed. The right of franchise is exercised by all persons of sound mind who have arrived at the age of twenty-one, and who have not been convicted of felony, — the last proviso, by the by, might be introduced with propriety in New York. The candidates for representation must be, to a certain extent, men of property; that is, they must own land to the value of £1 per annum; or the half of a boat; or the fourth part of a fishing-vessel; or the tenth part of a decked vessel; or must have a yearly income of £4; or must pay a house-rent of not less than thirty shillings a year.

The new constitution was at first popular enough. The Heligolanders were willing to accept the benefits, but they soon began to complain of the burdens, of civilization. The new Governor determined to strike at the two great abuses of Heligoland, — the roulette-table, and the public debt, — which were entangled together in a very embarrassing way. Were the gaming-table at once abolished, the number of visitors would decrease, and those who, on the security of the gaming-table, had invested their money in the colonial funds, would suffer pecuniary loss. It was therefore enacted that the table should be abolished at the expiration of the lease (1871), and that in

the interim every measure should be taken to increase the revenue with a view to the reduction of the debt.

Heligoland, indeed, after a period of bungling and robbery, was placed in the same financial position as the United States after a period of war. In one case, as in the other, taxation was the only remedy. But the Heligolandians did not like their medicine, and, like children, protested that they were quite well. They refused to entertain a new and startling idea,—still less, to pay for it. They had never heard of such a thing before; their fathers and grandfathers had never paid taxes, and why should they? It was no use telling them that other people paid taxes. They were not other people. They were Heligolandians. This, it seems, when spoken in their own patois, means a great deal; for they consider themselves intellectually and morally superior to all the other nations of the earth, whom they call, individually and collectively, *skit*,—a word in their language signifying dirt. As soon as it was known that “an ordinance enacting taxation on real and personal property” had been “enacted by the Governor of Heligoland, with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council, and the concurrence of the Combined Court,” there was a grand disturbance. A reactionary party immediately arose, with the cry of *The old state of things, and no taxation!* When the tax-collectors went round, the men laughed in their faces, and the women called them names. It was in vain that the Governor summoned a meeting of the inhabitants, and addressed them in very excellent German, and gave them six months to turn the matter over in their minds. At the end of that time they were still obstinate, the tax-collectors resigned, and this victory was celebrated with festivities. But suddenly a British man-of-war appeared; a file of marines marched on shore; the ring-leaders of the reactionists were put into

durance vile—for an afternoon; and the taxes were paid up with marvellous rapidity.

The next move of the opposition was a petition, which was signed by three hundred and fifty out of the two thousand islanders, and was sent into the Colonial Office, protesting against the new constitution, and requesting the abolition of all the ordinances which it had passed. Since a certain occurrence which took place in the reign of George III., the British government has been in the habit of paying most careful attention to all popular petitions from the colonies, but this one, as may well be imagined, was refused. The constitution being popular, and the taxes being light, (there is but one person on the island who pays as much as £3 a year,) and the population extracting considerable wealth from their season visitors, they have no real grievance to complain of, and when last I heard from the island I was informed that the public debt was rapidly melting away, and that peace and good feeling had been quite restored.

This Lilliput Province, in which the Governor is the only Englishman, and his cow almost the only quadruped, deserves to be more frequently visited by tourists, as it is perfectly unique in its way. It also merits the study of English politicians. This island rock is the Gibraltar of the North Sea. With a few companies of infantry and casemated batteries, it might be held against any force, and it commands the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe. The Heligolandians are not Germans,—ethnology perhaps would rather class them with the Danes,—and they have no German sympathies. There can be no excuse, therefore, for giving up the island to Prussia, as has been seriously recommended in an English journal; though the objection to this—that by so doing England might lose *prestige* upon the Continent—is a groundless fear: at the present moment she has none to lose.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Early and Late Papers, hitherto uncollected.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

It appears to us that the graceful art of Thackeray was never more happily employed than in the first paper of this series. The "Memorials of Gormandizing" is a record of thrilling interest, and every good dinner described has the effect upon the reader of a felicitous drama. He goes from course to course, as from act to act of the play; he is agonized with suspense concerning the fate of the dishes, as if they were so many heroes and heroines; if the steak is not justly cooked, it shall give him almost as great heart-break as a disappointment of lovers; when all is fortunately ended, he takes a long breath, as when the curtain falls upon the picture of the united young people, the relenting uncle, and the baffled villain. As good as a novel? There are mighty few novels that have so much of life and human nature in them as that simple and affecting history, given in this book, of a dinner at the Café de Foy, in Paris. But they make one hungry with an inappeasable appetite, these "Memorials of Gormandizing," bringing to mind all the beautiful dinners eaten in Latin countries, and filling the heart with longing for the hotels that look out on the Louvre at Paris, the Villa Reale at Naples, the Venetian sunsets, the Arno at Florence, and even for the railway restaurants which so enchantingly diversify the flat, monotonous, and desolate Flemish landscape.

We travel with Mr. Titmarsh to Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, through the latter region, and we enjoy every one of those "Roadside Sketches," so delicate, so unerring, and so suggestive. Thackeray is a delightful traveller; for he, who can talk more wisely of old clothes than most preachers of eternity, gets out of the nothings that tourists see the very life and spirit of a country. Here is something also about modern art and pictures in England and France, which comes as near not at all boring as anything of that nature can; but we find the account of "Dickens in France" so much more attractive, that we shall always read it by preference hereafter.

For this is a book to be read many times by those loving to feel the conscious felicity of a writer who knows that every sentence shall happily express his mind, and succeed in winning the reader to the next. The security is tacit in the earlier papers here reprinted; in the later ones it is more declared, and becomes somewhat careless, though it can never beget slovenliness. It appears to this great master that what he does so easily can scarcely be worth doing, and he mocks his own facility.

The spirit of the book is the same throughout. It is not different from that of Thackeray's other books, and it is that of a man too sensible of his own love of the advantages he enjoys from the existing state of things ever to assail, with any great earnestness of purpose, the errors and absurdities of the world,—who trusted, for example, in one of his essays, never to be guilty of speaking harshly either of the South or North of America, since friends in both sections had offered him equally good claret. He is forever first in his art; and if we do not expect too much from him, he gives us so much that we must rejoice over every line of his preserved for our perusal.

A Vindication of the Claim of Alexander M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J., to the Authorship of the Poem, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." By A. O. MORSE, of Cherry Valley, N. Y. New York: M. W. Dodd.

It is no great while since Miss Peck proved to her own satisfaction her claim to what Mr. Morse would style the "maternity" of "Nothing to Wear," and now hardly has Judge Holmes of Missouri determined that the paternity of Shakespeare is due to Bacon, when the friends of Mr. Ball of New Jersey spring another trouble upon mankind by declaring him the author of Mrs. Akers's very graceful and touching poem, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," which we all know by heart. In the present pamphlet they give what evidence they can in Mr. Ball's behalf, and, to tell the truth, it is not much. It appears from this and other sources that Mr. Ball is a person of independent property, and a member of the New

Jersey Legislature, who has written a great quantity of verses first and last, but has become all but "proverbial" in his native State for his carelessness of his own poetry; so that we suppose people say there of a negligent parent, "His children are as unkempt as the Hon. Alexander M. W. Ball's poems"; or of a heartless husband, "His wife is about as well provided for as Mr. Ball's Muse." Still Mr. Ball is not altogether lost to natural feeling, and he has not thrown away all his poetry, but has even so far shown himself alive to its claims upon him as to read it now and then to friends, who have keenly reproached him with his indifference to fame. To such accidents we owe the preservation in this pamphlet of several Christmas Carols and other lyrics, tending to prove that Mr. Ball could have written "Rock me to Sleep" if he had wished, and the much more important letters declaring that he did write it, and that the subscribers of the letters heard him read it nearly three years before its publication by Mrs. Akers. These letters are six in number, including a postscript, and it is not Mr. Ball's fault if they all read a good deal like the certificates of other days establishing the identity of the Old Original Doctor Jacob Townsend. Two only of the six are signed with the writers' names; but these two have a special validity, from the fact that the writer of one is a very old friend, who has more than once expressed his wish to be Mr. Ball's literary executor, while the writer of the other is evidently a legal gent, for he begins with "Relative to the controversy *in re* the authorship," etc., *like* a legal gent, and he concludes with the statement that he is able to fix the date when he heard Mr. Ball read "Rock me to Sleep" by the date of a paper which he *thinks* he called to draw up at Mr. Ball's residence some time in the autumn of 1859. This is Mr. J. Burrows Hyde. Mr. Lewis C. Grover, who would like to be Mr. Ball's literary executor, is more definite, and says that he heard Mr. Ball read the contested poem with others in 1857, during a call made to learn where Mr. Ball bought his damask curtains. H. D. E. is sorry that he or she cannot remember where he or she first heard Mr. Ball read it, but he or she distinctly remembers that it was in 1857 or 1858. L. P. and I. E. S. witness that they heard Mr. Ball read it in his study in 1856 or 1857, and state that the date may be fixed by reference to the time "when Mrs. Ball took Maria to Dr. Cox's,

and placed her in the school in Leroy," and the pamphleteer, turning to a bill rendered by the principal of the Leroy school, "fixes the date called for by the writers in February, 1857," at which time, according to the pamphleteer himself, *Mr. Ball was on his way to California in an ocean steamer!* The postscript mentioned among the letters is said to be dated at Brooklyn in 1858, and merely asks Mr. Ball to "send by the doctor" — not a dozen more bottles of his invaluable Sarsaparilla, but — the poem entitled "Rock me to Sleep," and this postscript has no signature, and is therefore worthless.

It appears, then, that these letters do not establish a great deal; the legal gent fixes the time when he heard the poem by the date of a paper which he thinks was drawn up at a certain period; H. D. E. is sorry that he or she cannot remember, and then distinctly remembers; the postscript is without signature; two other friends declare that they heard Mr. Ball, in his own study, read "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," at the moment when the poet was probably very sea-sick on a California steamer. Mr. Grover alone remains to persuade us, and we respectfully suggest to that enthusiast whether it was not "Rock-a-by Baby" that he heard Mr. Ball read? We do not think that he or the other writers of these letters intend deceit; but we know the rapture with which people listen to poets who read their own verses aloud, and we suspect that these listeners to Mr. Ball were carried too far away by their feelings ever to get back to their facts. They are good folks, but not critical, we judge, and might easily mistake Mr. Ball's persistent assertion for an actual recollection of their own. We think them one and all in error, and we do not believe that any living soul heard Mr. Ball read the disputed poem before 1860, for two reasons: Mrs. Akers did not write it before that time, and Mr. Ball could never have written it after any number of trials.

Let us take one of Mr. Ball's "Christmas Carols," — probably the poem which his friends now recall as "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," — for all proof and comment upon this last fact: —

"CHRISTMAS, 1856.

"And as time rolls us backward, we feel inclined to weep,

As the spirit of our mother comes, to rock our souls to sleep.

It raised my thoughts to heaven, and in converse
with them there
I felt a joy unearthly, and lighter sat world's
care;
For it opened up the vista of an echoless dim
shore,
Where my mother kindly greets me, as in good
days of yore."

Here, then, is that quality of peculiarly hopeless poetasting which strikes cold upon the stomach, and makes man turn sadly from his drivelling brother. Do we not know this sort of thing? Out of the rejected contributions in our waste-basket we could daily furnish the inside and outside of a dozen Balls. It *is* saddening, it *is* pathetic; it has gone on so long now, and must still continue for so many ages; but we can just bear it as a negative quality. It is only when such rubbish is put forward as proof that its author has a claim to the name and fame of a poet, that we lose patience. The verses given in this pamphlet would invalidate Mr. Ball's claim to the authorship of Mrs. Akers's poem, even though the Seven Sleepers swore that he rocked them asleep with it in the time of the Decian persecution. But beside the irrefragable internal evidence afforded by the specimens given of Mr. Ball's poetry, and by his "first draft" of the disputed poem, and by his "completed copy" of the poem, there is the well-known fact that Mr. Ball is a self-confessed plagiarist in one case, and a convicted plagiarist in several others. He has lately allowed in a published letter that he used a poem by Mrs. Whitman in "concocting" one of his own. It was some years since proven that he had plagiarized other poems, — even one from Mrs. Hemans.

Mr. Ball has some claims to forbearance and interest as a curious psychological study. Kleptomania is a well-known disorder. The unhappy persons affected steal whatever they can, wherever they can, and come home from evening parties with their pockets full of silver spoons, which are usually sent home with the apologies of mortified friends. We believe, however, this is the first instance of kleptomania of which the victim not only steals, but turns upon the person plundered and makes accusation that the stolen goods had been first filched from him. Mr. Ball is phenomenal, but is a legislative assembly the place for this sort of curiosity? If he is of sound mind, he is guilty of a very cruel and shameless wrong, meriting expulsion from any body that makes laws against larceny. If sane,

let him go be elected to the New York Common Council.

Of this pamphlet, aside from Mr. Ball, we have merely to say that it appears to be written by the most impudent and the most absurd man in America.

Literature and its Professors. By THOMAS PURNELL. London: Bell and Daldy.

A CULTIVATED intellect, a fair degree of shrewd perception, an inviolable conscientiousness, a common sense frankly self-satisfied, are some of the qualifications which Mr. Purnell brings to the discussion of literature as seen in modern journalism, and in the lives of Giraldus Cambrensis and Montaigne, — of Roger Williams, the literary statesman, — of Steele, Sterne, and Swift, essayists, — of Mazzini, the literary patriot.

Many of the conditions of literary journalism alluded to in these essays are unknown in our country, where literature has not yet become merely a trade, and where we cannot see that literary men are sinking in popular esteem, and deservedly sinking, as being no better informed, or better qualified to control opinion, than their non-writing neighbors. We can better understand Mr. Purnell when he speaks of the imperfections and discrepancies of criticism, but are not better able to sympathize with all his ideas. The trouble is not, we think, that "critics who conceive themselves to be men of taste give their opinions fearlessly, having no misgivings that they are right," and "if a book is bad, feel it is bad," without being able to refer to a critical principle in proof, but that many who write reviews have not formed opinions and have not *felt* at all, and have rather proceeded upon a prejudice, a supposed law of æsthetics applicable to every exigency of literary development. A sense of the inadequacy of criticism must trouble every honest man who sits down to examine a new book; and it might almost be said, that no books can be justly estimated by the critic except those which are unworthy of criticism. Upon certain points and aspects of an author's work the critic can justly give his convictions, and need have no misgivings about them; but how to present a complete idea of it, and always to make that appear characteristic which is characteristic, and that exceptional which is exceptional, is the difficulty. Still, criticism must continue: the perfect equipoise may never be attained, and yet

we must employ the balance, or nothing can be appraised, and traffic ceases.

It appears to us that criticism would be even more inadequate than it is, however, if, as Mr. Purnell desires, it should have "to do solely with the disposal of the materials, and but incidentally with the quality of the materials themselves." If the German critics whom we are asked to imitate have taught us anything, it is to look through form at the substance within, and to judge that. When criticism was supposed a science, it declared with a mathematical absoluteness that no drama was good or great which did not preserve the unities. Yet Shakespeare has written since, and no critic in the world thinks his plays bad or weak, — thanks, chiefly, to the German criticism, which is an art, and not a science, as Mr. Purnell desires us to think it. In fact, criticism is almost purely a matter of taste and experience, and there is hardly any law established for criticism which has not been overthrown as often as the French government. Upon one point — namely, that a critic should judge an author solely by his work, and never by anything known of him personally — we think no one will disagree with our essayist.

We hardly know how much or how little to value the clever workmanship of these essays, which is characteristic of a whole class of literature in England, though we suspect it has not much greater claim to praise than the art possessed by most Parisians of writing dramatic sketches of Parisian society. It seems to come of a condition of things, rather than from an individual faculty. Still, it is remarkable, and even admirable, though in Mr. Purnell's case it is not inconsistent with dealing somewhat prolixly with rather dry subjects, and being immensely inconclusive upon all important matters, and very painfully conclusive on trivial ones. Our essayist says little that is new of Montaigne, and does not add to our knowledge of Steele, Swift, and Sterne, though he speaks freshly and interestingly of Roger Williams as the first promoter of religious toleration. He requires seventeen pages ("Literary Hero-Worship") to declare that a great poet ought not to be thought great because he is not a great soldier, and *vice versa*; he is neat and cold, and generally doubtful of things accepted, and assured of things doubted, — and, without being commonplace himself, he seems to believe that he was born into the world to vindicate mediocrity of feeling.

The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

HERE is a woman's showing of women's wrongs, a woman's appeal to men for simple justice. All the facts of the matter are grouped and presented anew with emphasis and feeling; and a demand is finally made for the right of suffrage as the protection for women from all kinds of oppression.

We do not care to discuss the wisdom of this conclusion; but from the premises no man can dissent. It is unquestionably true that thousands of women in America suffer an oppression little less cruel than slavery; that they toil incessantly in shops and garrets for a pittance that half sustains life, and at last drives them to guilt as the alternative of starvation; it is true that women are shut out from the practice of the liberal professions; it is true that in the trades to which they are educated they often receive less pay than men for the same amount and quality of work; it is true that the laws still bear unfairly upon them. If the right of suffrage will open to them any means of earning bread now forbidden them, if it will help in any way to give them an equal chance with men in the world, they ought to have it. We are all alike guilty of their wrongs, as long as they continue; it is not the wretch who enslaves the needlewoman, — it is not the savage in whose "store" or "emporium" the poorly paid shop-girl is forbidden to sit down for a moment, and swoons away under the ordeal, — it is not the rogue who gives a woman less wages than a man for a man's service, — it is not these and their kind who are alone guilty, but society itself is guilty. The reform of very great evils will be cheaply accomplished if women by voting can right themselves. It must be confessed, to our shame, that we have failed to right them; though it may at the same time be doubted whether the elective franchise, which is claimed as the means of justice, would not now belong to women, if it had been even generally demanded. So far the responsibility is partly with woman herself, who must also help to bear the blame for failure to ameliorate the condition of her sex in the existing political state. Mrs. Dall is by no means blind to this fact, and she speaks candidly to women, as she speaks fearlessly to men. We think her arguments would have been more forcible if they had been less com-

plex. It is not worth while to argue the intellectual capacity of women for the franchise in a country where it is given to ignorant immigrants and freedmen. It was by no means necessary to show woman's qualification for all the affairs of life, in order to prove that she should not be hindered or limited in her attempts to help herself. Indeed, Mrs. Dall's strength is mainly in her facts concerning woman's general condition, and not in her researches to prove the exceptional success of women in the arts and sciences.

regretted because we already know everything now-a-days. The work is said to be "illustrated by the author"; but as most of the illustrations bear the initials of Mr. Stephens, we suppose this statement is also a joke. We confess that we like such of Mr. Browne's sketches as are given the best: there at least all animate life is not rendered with such a sentiment that cats and dogs, and men and women, might well turn with mutual displeasure from the idea of a common origin of their species.

The Land of Thor. By J. ROSS BROWNE.
New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. BROWNE's stories of what he saw in Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland have that variety ascribed by Mr. Tennyson to the imitations of his poetry, —

"And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed."

It is this traveller's aim to keep his reader constantly amused, and to produce broad grins and other broad effects at any cost. Naturally the peoples whom he visits, his readers, and the author himself, all suffer a good deal together, and do not so often combine in hearty, unforced laughter as could be wished. This is the more a pity because Mr. Browne is a genuine humorist, and must be very sorry to fatigue anybody. In his less boisterous moments he is really charming, and, in spite of all his liveliness, he does give some clear ideas of the lands he sees. It appears to us that the travels through Iceland are the best in his book, as the account of Russia is decidedly the dullest, — the Scandinavian countries of the main-land lying midway between these extremes, as they do on the map. Of solid information, such as the old-fashioned travellers used to give us in honest figures and statistics, there is very little in this book, which is the less to be

Half-Tints. Table d'Hôte and Drawing-Room. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HERE is the side which our polygamous human nature presents to the observer in a great New York hotel. Throngs of coming and going strangers, snubbingly accommodated by the master of the caravan-sary, who seeks to make it rather the home of the undomestic rich than the sojourning-place of travel; the hard faces of the ladies in the drawing-room; the business talk of the men of the gentlemen's parlor; the twaddle of the jejune youngsters of either sex in the dining-room; and individual characters among all these, — are the features of hotel-life from which the author turns to sketch the exchange, the street, the fashionable physician, and the modish divine, or to moralize desultorily upon themes suggested by his walks between his hotel and his office. The manner of the book is colloquial, and the author, addressing an old friend, seeks a relief and contrast for the town atmosphere of his work in recurring reminiscences of a youth and childhood passed in the purer air of the country. Some of his sketches are caricatured, some of his pictures rather crudely colored; but at other times he is very skilful, and generally his tone is pleasant, and in the chapters, "Not a Sermon," "And so forth," and "Out of the Window," there is shrewd observation and sound thought.